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1916
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VOL. IX

No. 2

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Photoplay Magazine

has proven itself the clarion voice of a voiceless art

The February number, purchasably visible on New Year's dawn, 1916, continues to discuss the vital issues, gives first display to the news and perpetuates the pictorial and entertaining phases of *the only new mode of human expression discovered since the age of Pericles*. In that issue will be found

Author! Author!

A thrilling narrative of fact anent the urgent need for big, human stories in overwhelming quantity. Authors of the hour, and a serious query on the authors of tomorrow. By John H. Blackwood. A companion discussion to "Waste," in this number.

Pete, the Property-Man

A real, recognizable character of the studios brought to light by the inimitable typewriter of Kenneth MacGaffey, creator of "Mollie of the Movies." Pete will linger. In the February number he merely introduces himself. A new series of pen-comics accompany him.

Living Neighbor to the Movies

The droll account of a laywoman, and the adventures of her quiet and conservative family in the midst of Los Angeles' *camera-camorra*. By Mary Dickerson Donahey; pen-humor by Gale.

How I Teach My Gowns to Act

Marguerite Courtot, one of the world's smartest ingenues, tells how she brings dramatic personality to each sector in her wonderful wardrobe. A story for all women except those who never wear any clothes. Narrated by Lillian Howard. Exclusive art photography.

The Camera Capital: East or West?

An interesting geographic condition, future commercial necessities and a forecast. If you ever *think* about the movies, this is *your story*. By the man who can answer this question better than anyone else: Jesse L. Lasky.

James Horne's Own Story

The creator of "The Mysteries of the Grand Hotel," and many other factful screen works, tells how he does it. This is the first unit in Photoplay Magazine's great directorial series to be told in the first person.

Mary Pickford at the Summit

Fourth installment; Miss Pickford joins the Famous Players. Note: this is not a "biography," but a running, down to the minute narrative of the interesting episodes in the life of the little Queen of the Movies.

Interviews

with Marie Doro,
Wallace Reid and
many others

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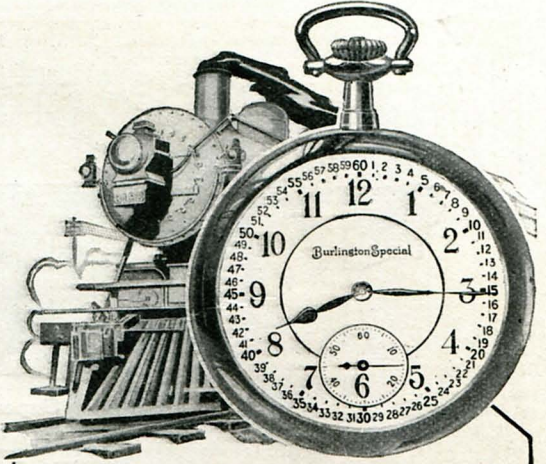
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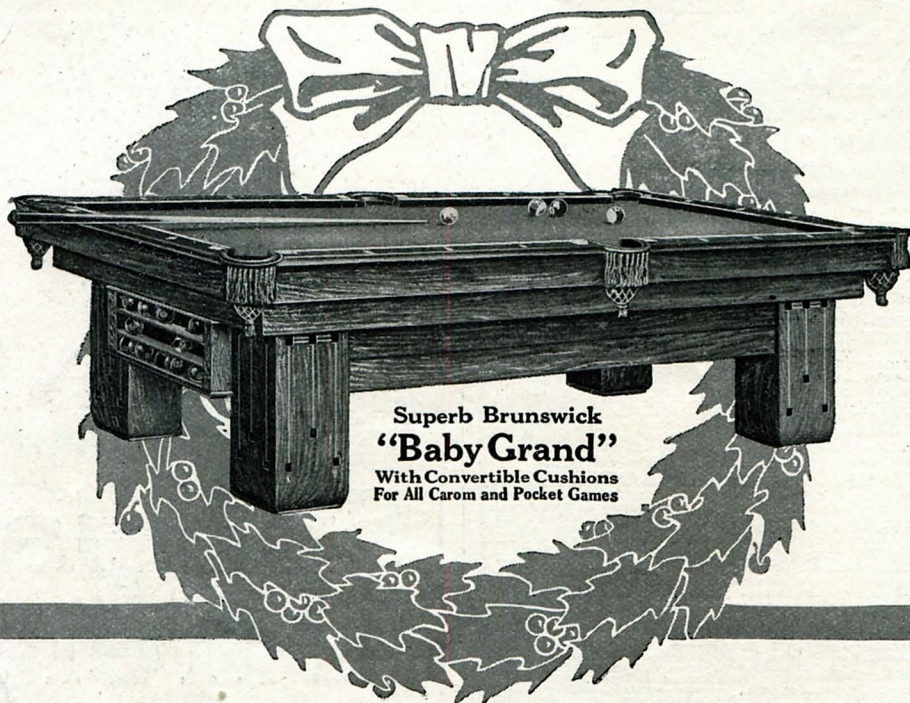
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TOM FORMAN

is best known to photoplay goers by his work with Edith Taliaferro in "Young Romance" and opposite Ina Claire in "The Wild Goose Chase," both Lasky productions. Before joining the Hollywood studios Forman acted, directed, and wrote scenarios for the Lubin and Universal companies. He was born on a Texas ranch 22 years ago and attended the Texas State University.



MYRTLE GONZALEZ

is a blend of Spanish and Irish ancestry just 21 blitheful summers old. After graduating in music and languages from a Los Angeles convent, she engaged in concert work and also played in stock before joining the Vitagraph Company. She is now with the western Universal company. Miss Gonzalez is fond of riding and sailing and is also a star at basket ball and tennis.



WILLIAM E. SHAY

began posing in a cradle in the home of New York's Fire Chief. After his public schooling he studied in a conservatory of music in Paris. Returning he played several years with Mrs. Leslie Carter and later starred in several Imp productions taken in Berlin. Shay played opposite Annette Kellerman in "Neptune's Daughter" and at present is stellar leading man in the Fox films.



MABEL TRUNNELLE

is the merry, serious girl whose expressive eyes and face mirror emotions more effectively than a hundred voices. She was educated upon the stage for the five years she has spent in films, mostly before Edison cameras. Miss Trunnelle is a modest, cheerful, winsome young American wife whose husband is Herbert Prior.



Photo by Witzel

WILLIAM S. HART

is at present one of the big guns at the Ince corner of Triangle. He ascended to the photodrama after 18 years of unusually successful experience on the "legitimate" stage in Shakespearean roles and in such well-known plays as "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." He played opposite Charlotte Walker in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Hart is six feet two of western realism.



MIGNON ANDERSON

was born in Baltimore 23 years ago and as a child actress appeared with Richard Mansfield and other stage notables. After attending school in Brooklyn she continued acting, this time in pictures with the Thanhouser company, with whom she has been ever since. Miss Anderson plays ingenue leads. She is married to Morris Foster, also of Thanhouser.



FORREST STANLEY

left Columbia University with an engineering degree and dreams of constructing skyscrapers. Slide rule and T-square soon gave place, however, to the make-up box, and Mr. Stanley rapidly became the afternoon performance idol of a successful stock company. Since joining Morosco, four years ago, he has appeared opposite Myrtle Stedman, Fritzi Scheff and Blanche Ring.

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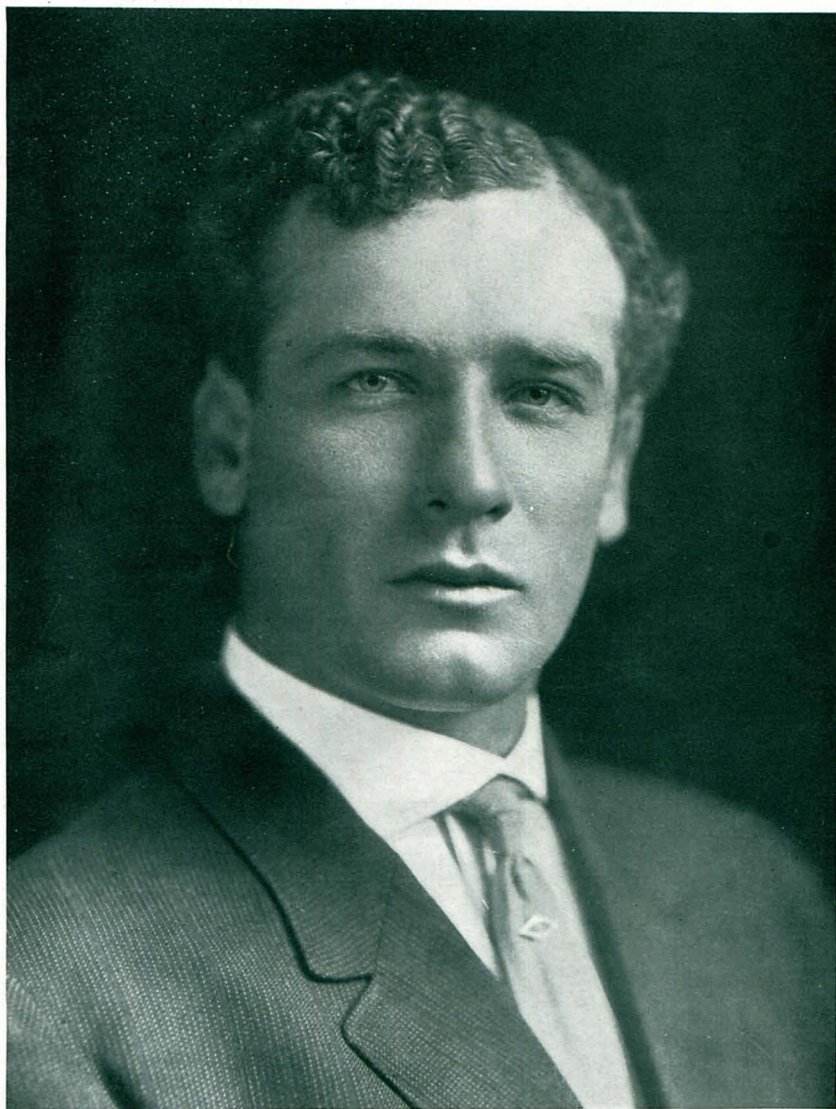
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ROMAINE FIELDING

after several years of stage experience, joined the Lubin company and has become noted for his work as director, author and the bold-bad-man of many western melodramas. Press agent rumor bulletins that he was born in Corsica and educated in the University of Minnesota. Fielding recently directed the filming of "The Great Divide," in the Grand Canon of Arizona.



PAUL W. SANTSCI,

tall, well-built Selig star, is best known from his notable work as McNamara in "The Spoilers," and Bruce in "The Adventures of Kathlyn." "Tom," as he is called by his co-actors, has progressed from a watch-maker's apprentice through stage-stock to stardom in the films, and has recently acquired the title of "producer." He is said to be an unerring rifle shot.



MIRIAM COOPER

is the elder Cameron sister in "The Birth of a Nation," the proud, dark-eyed daughter of the South to whom defeat is so bitter. She is the sister of the Little Colonel (Walthall) and Flora Cameron (Mae Marsh.) She has long been with the Reliance-Majestic studios and is well known in many of their plays, notably "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Story of a Story."



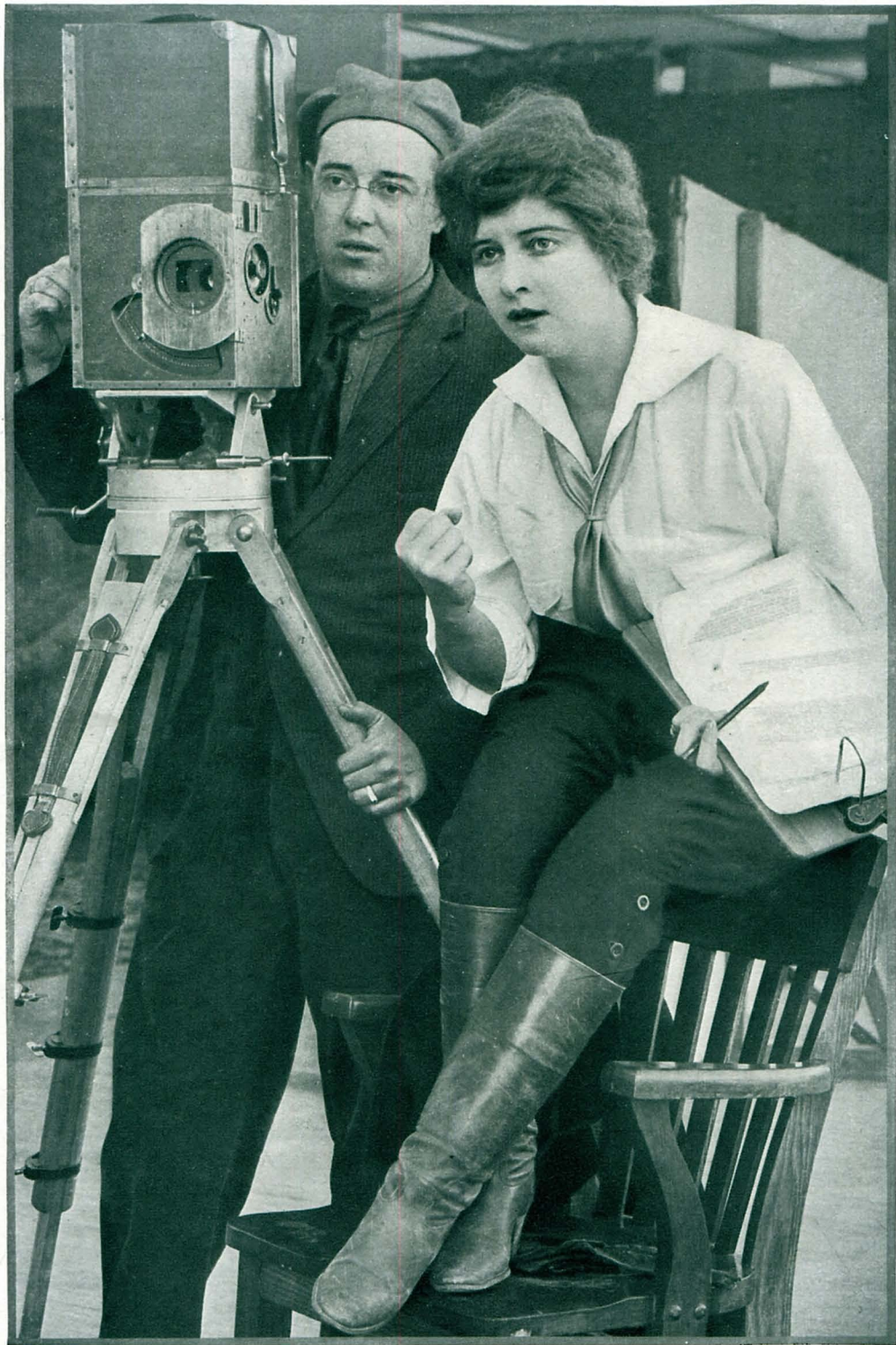
ROSEMARY THEBY

was born in St. Louis, and gained her first dramatic knowledge in the Sargent school, New York. She is notable—among photoplay people—for actually studying pantomime before she began her screen work. She lives in New York City, has been with the Vitagraph, Lubin and Reliance companies, and is now filling an engagement with the Universal company.



OWEN MOORE

has been the adored hero of hundreds of shadow dramas. He is one of the three noted Moore brothers and moreover is the husband of Mary Pickford, whom he met when both were Biographing. Owen meteoried from Ireland to Toledo, through high school, stock and seven film companies, last appearing in a Triangle release. He has played opposite Elsie Janis, Fritzi Scheff and Lois Meredith.



“Cleo Madison’s second to none!”

an assistant cameraman whispered to me. ‘You ought to see ‘em hop when they do what she don’t want ‘em to! There ain’t a director on the lot that’s got the flow of language or can exhibit the temperament she can when she gets good an’ peeved.’”

From the story by William M. Henry, in this issue.



PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WASTE!!

A FACTFUL ESSAY ON THE HIGH COST OF FILMING

By K. Owen

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

WHEN old Scout Diogenes, clothed in a fresh night gown and armed with his trusty flash lamp, started out on his quest for a man who had never sold real estate or purveyed publicity, he had nothing on me in the beginning of my search for the truth about the high cost of filming, so far as earnestness and sincerity of purpose were concerned.

Muckraking the movies from a fiscal standpoint appealed to me as an ideal reportorial assignment. Like others who have a passing acquaintance with the production of film plays, the tremendous sums of money expended in the creation end of the industry have always impressed me more than the enormous fortunes reaped by the magnates of the screen. But the enormous waste one apparently encounters at every hand in a superficial exploration of the film studios had always been a source of wonderment.

In presenting my report of this incursion behind the glittering sets, let it be understood that I hold no brief for the producers; by the same token I intend to draw no conclusions, make no invidious

comparisons, return no verdict or otherwise seek to set myself up as a censorious or mentorial critic of photoplay productions.

As this story is about "waste," that oppressive, ever present bete noire of the men who pay the bills, let us begin with a glance into one of our best sellers for a correct understanding of that monosyllable.

Mr. Noah Webster, the author involved, says that "waste" is, among other things:

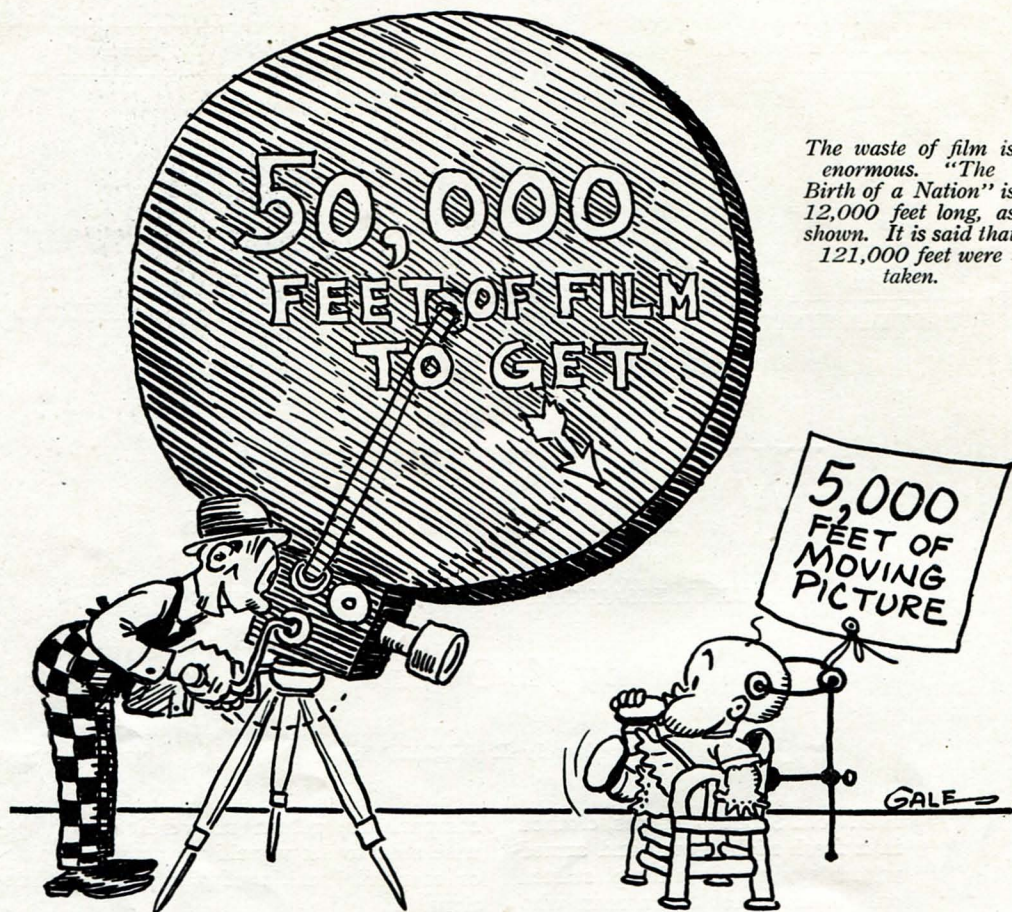
"The act of wasting or squandering lavishly or foolishly; loss that has no compensation."

Remember that last phrase: "Loss that has no compensation."

Now—let's go!

Just a minute—the preface is not complete. Just the following as an insert, vision or cut back, whichever is technically correct.

"If it were not for the enormous amounts of money expended needlessly—or apparently so," exclaimed an Eastern film magnate recently in a "just between us girls" conversation, "they would have the federal government after us for cornering the



The waste of film is enormous. "The Birth of a Nation" is 12,000 feet long, as shown. It is said that 121,000 feet were taken.

visible cash supply of the nation."

The initial impressions of a first time studio visitor are vague and dazzling. It is intensely interesting, but the lack of sequence in the taking of scenes makes a guessing contest out of it. Subsequent visits cause him to appraise his surroundings with a critical eye. Inevitably it comes to this:

"Great Heavens, what wouldn't an efficiency expert do if turned loose on this lot!"

He sees entire companies standing about, doing nothing for hours. Sometimes in the case of a big production there are hundreds, not infrequently thousands, in a company. The seemingly tremendous waste of time appals him.

The non-professional is not alone in this conclusion. The performer direct from the legitimate stage can't understand it any more than can the business man, who is

accustomed to seeing people work when they are working.

Thousands of persons actually employed in the productions cannot understand this prodigality of time.

"Ye gods," I once heard a legitimate star exclaim as he paced back and forth on the stage—as a matter of fact that isn't what he said—"Nothing but stall, stall. Everybody stalls. I came here to work. Do I? I do not."

In this particular instance there was a reason, a vital one, for several precious golden hours of idleness, but only the director and the cameraman knew the answer and they did not see fit to enlighten anyone. More about this later.

In the course of my probing, I asked David Wark Griffith, the most lavish of spenders in the film world, what he considered "waste" in producing a play.

"Spending a hundred thousand on a pic-

ture that turns out to be a flivver," came the rapid fire reply, without the blink of an eyelid.

"Time is the greatest money consumer," said Cecil B. De Mille, the foremost figure in a newer school of dramatic film production—it might be called the efficiency school. "It is frequently necessary to an artistic production to hold a company an entire day to perfect just a part of a scene—to get a little effect that if absent, improperly done, would mar the entire play."

But, like the layman, it is difficult for even some of the film magnates, the swivel chair boys who sit on the check books, to see the great objective of the creating genius of the studio—an artistic production, cost what it may.

Studio scenes such as described have sent more than one pudgy magnate off the lot talking to themselves about the high cost of filming and breathing vows to fire the whole bunch or install an efficiency system.

Incidentally, I was told of an eastern company, one of the first in the field, which had enriched all of its owners in the early days and which recently installed an efficiency system. I don't know just how far the efficiency program was carried out, but my informant told me that the "factory idea" had failed miserably, and cited proof in the release columns of the trade papers.

Light is a big contributor to the aggregate loss of time, in fact one of the biggest.

I asked the director of the company in which my

friend, the disgusted stage star, was playing the lead, why on this particular occasion the high priced company, all made up at 8 o'clock, "stalled" until 11 before he started to "shoot."

"Light wasn't right," he explained curtly.

Seeking further light I approached the cinematographer.

"Why wasn't the light right?" I ventured.

"Well, you see it's this way. This scene is a continuation of one we began yesterday. We had to wait till the light was just so—just like it was yesterday, before we shot. Otherwise the film would not match up."

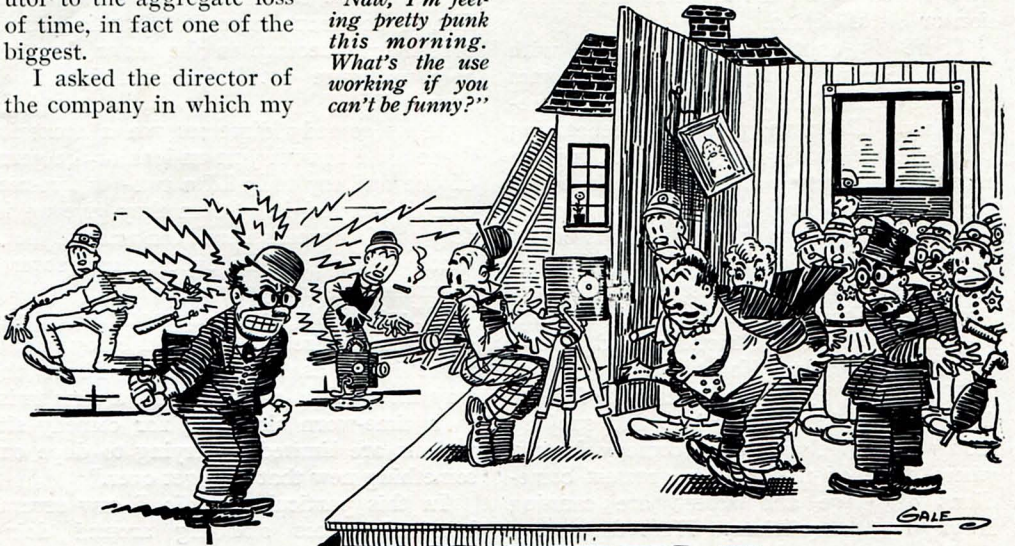
And all daylight under a California sun had always looked alike to me!

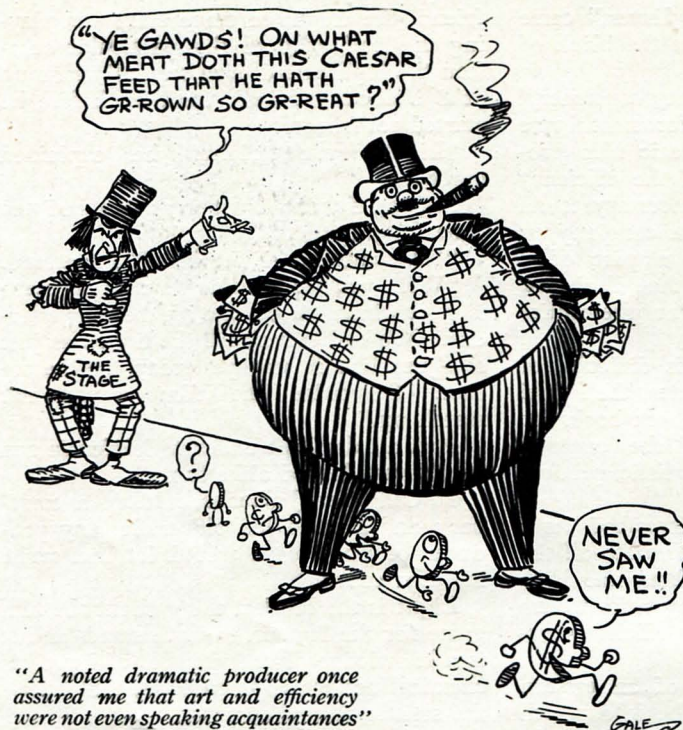
If Old Man Joshua should do a comeback and resume his old trade, any producer of photoplays would let him write his own contract.

Light is the hardest thing about the film game for the layman to understand, and it is a knowledge of the vagaries of light, its chemical actions and reactions, that makes the artistic cinema operator.

While on the subject of light it will be of interest to many to learn that this is such an important factor that the working script of the play in most of the leading feature studios specifies the exact time of day when certain scenes are to be photographed—science working hand in hand with art to perfect the latter.

"Naw, I'm feeling pretty punk this morning. What's the use working if you can't be funny?"





"A noted dramatic producer once assured me that art and efficiency were not even speaking acquaintances"

Another waste of time that is regarded as not only unavoidable but necessary is due to the many delays incident to the constant striving for artistic effects. Perhaps an entire company headed by a \$2,000 a week star will be held for hours while the director works over a child "extra" to get what he considers the right facial expression or bit of action.

There is another time spender with which the casual studio visitor never comes into contact. That is the days spent in rehearsing. The usual period for rehearsing a five-reel feature is a week, which is little enough when one considers the weeks which are given over to rehearsing a stage play of a meager three or four scenes. It is barely sufficient to familiarize the principals with their parts and the general trend of the story, and accounts for much of the time lost in developing situations and effects when they begin to "shoot."

The next big item of waste is that of film. But before diving into that subject, let us hie ourselves to the comedy factory where some of the world's greatest comedians of stage and screen are canning laughs for the millions. Here the money

evaporation reaches its zenith both as to time and film.

In the dramatic feature studios the slogan is: "An artistic production at any cost."

In the funny foundry the embroidered motto over the doorway reads: "Make 'em laugh if it takes the whole bank roll."

A noted dramatic producer, famous for film masterpieces, once assured me that art and efficiency were not only unrelated, but not even speaking acquaintances.

A noted comedy producer asseverated just as sincerely that although efficiency could be introduced in the dramatic studio, it was entirely out of the question in the production of comedies.

There is ample evidence as to the lack of anything like it in the comedy studio. An efficiency expert would be struck aghast in the average dramatic plant. An hour in a comedy studio would break his heart.

"You can't run this game with a cash register and a punch clock," a well known director-comedian told me.

"It is true that the waste of time and film is enormous, more so than in drama productions because in the latter they are able to figure out beforehand just what they will do.

"Few comedy directors use a scenario. Some start in with just an idea or the germ of one and try to build a two- or five-reel comedy around it. Often they give up in disgust after weeks have been wasted, thousands of feet of film exposed and several thousand dollars spent on sets.

"Most of the action is spontaneous, the scenes improvised. As the little boy said, 'I make it up as I go along.' That's the way most of us work, giving a new twist to a time-worn situation, for comedy situations are limited, or trying to dope out something new that will get over."

In this particular studio I saw several hundred actors standing around doing

nothing. No one seemed to have anything to do, although it was nearly midday.

I asked one comedian if he was going to work that day.

"Naw," he said disgustedly. "I'm feeling pretty punk this morning and a comedian can't be funny if he isn't feeling right. And what's the use of working if you can't be funny."

I never thought about that.

It is not exceptional for 20,000 feet of film to be exposed in order to extract from it a 2,000 foot "scream."

This is a prodigious waste of both time and film, but I am assured most solemnly that it is unavoidable. And recurring to Brother Webster's words of wisdom having ample compensation for the loss, the conclusion must be that it isn't waste.

Personally I like comedies; aye, even the rough stuff, and if I can get a good bunch of laughs what care I how much it cost some limousine-riding, diamond-horse-shoe-stick-pin-magnate back in New York to tickle my funny-bone. And I truly believe that the public at large takes the same view of the matter.

And the same applies to the thrillers and other-wise artistic dramatic productions. The public viewing for ten cents a feature that cost \$100,000 to produce is impressed by that announcement, but that's all. It is not worrying about the high cost of filming and the exorbitant bills which the perspiring magnates have to pay.

Since Griffith spent a half million (his press agent says) on "The Birth of a Nation," no one has sought to outdo him in extravagant spending, but on the coast there are in process of construction several productions that are being press-agented as greater than the Griffith masterpiece.

In the latter the apparent "waste" of time and film was prodigious.

In one of the greatest studios in the world, I was told that a director who could come within 2,000 feet of the mark set was regarded as a wonder. Many five-reel features in this and other studios run five times five reels before the cutters trim them down to fit five spools and some have gone as high as 60,000 feet.

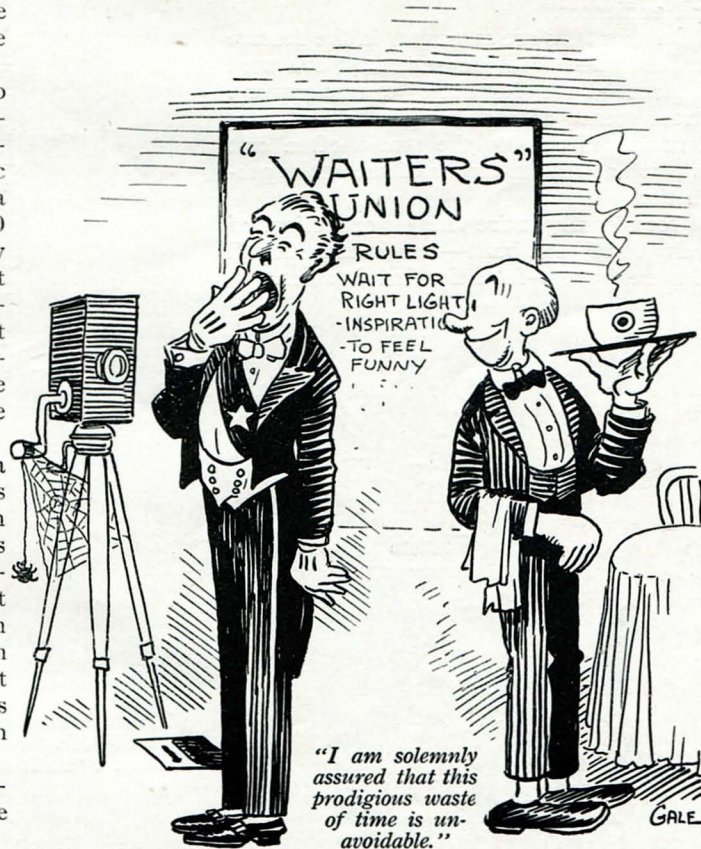
"The Birth of a Nation," the greatest money-maker ever flashed on a screen, is twelve reels in length.

Just how much more than 100,000 feet of film was photographed in the course of its production no one concerned will say, but it was way beyond a hundred reels. Some one said, once, 121 reels.

And when it was cut for the preliminary assembling there were thirty-one reels of it, 31,000 feet, nearly six miles of perfectly good photographic art and thrilling action, of which nearly four miles had to be thrown away.

Yet that wasn't waste according to the Griffith idea.

"I can see where it would have been a



failure if I had spent \$25,000 less on it," he told me.

The third big item of waste is the vast amount expended for the stupendous sets that are perhaps used for but a few moments of actual film making and then scrapped.

Pages could be written about the building and costs of these essentials to artistic productions—and being essential they can hardly be regarded as waste in its dictionary sense. The day of painted scenery in motion picture production has long since passed, as has the period of careless attention to detail. In the big feature productions which call for the showing of some famous structure, exterior or interior, of either this age or ancient history, the replica is as correct in detail as intelligent builders and artists can make it.

In most of the studios no set, no matter what it cost is ever used in another production. If an interior set is pressed into subsequent use, the decorations are changed beyond peradventure of recognition by critical audiences.

Lumber bills are enormous in the feature studios where genuine solid sets are used in place of the old painted canvas scenery. Street scenes of old world or other locations inaccessible to the studio often cost as much as the remainder of the entire production.

Occasionally entire villages or sections of a city have been built—real houses instead of mere fronts—for a few brief scenes.

NOW LET'S SEE -
SHALL WE HAVE
HIM LAND ON HIS
HEAD OR -

WE'VE GOT
TO THINK
THIS OVER!



The comedian is frequently in suspense, while, like the little boy, the comedy directors "make it up as they go along."

Just recently at Inceville, near Los Angeles, the home of one of the two dramatic sides of the Triangle Film Company, an entire village was constructed to be destroyed later by fire while a battery of nine cameras played on it.

A palace set used within the last month by the same company cost \$60,000.

Simultaneously there was under construction at the other dramatic side of the Triangle—the Griffith plant—a huge set of great height and length. Two months were spent in its erection, which, I am told, cost something like \$30,000. It was used in staging several allegorical scenes that will be shown on the screen in the lapse of less than three minutes.

In the Lasky production of "Carmen," with Geraldine Farrar, those who have already seen it will remember the entrance to the Plaza del Toros which is shown but briefly at the thrilling close of that production. It was only a "front" but it is an exact replica of the bull ring entrance at Seville, Spain, where the scene is laid. Five tons of plaster of paris were used in building it and the total cost was more than \$5,000. There are several incidents of entire trains being purchased and wrecked, and the mortality among autos is very high.

And even the comedy concerns are going in for big sets that are calculated to make

a deep nick in the company bank roll. I have seen two in the last week at a comedy studio that set 'em back no less than \$5,000 each, one a cafe set and the other an exterior used for a moment and then cast on the scrap heap.

Only a few of the important items which contribute to the high cost of filming have been discussed. In addition there are constant unexpected calls on the checkbook, against which no safeguard could possibly be provided.

Only recently a Los Angeles producer was assessed a cool \$5,000 because his star had a fever blister just alongside her pretty mouth.

The production at that particular stage called for numerous "close-ups" of the star; the company was costing \$1,000 a day, and it was five days before the star could submit to the camera's inquisition. What the producer said about it would probably serve to cauterize the bite of a rabid canine.

Many conscientious producers hesitate to release a feature that may not pass the scrutiny of that supreme board of censors—the great public—and I have known of entire productions which cost tens of thousands of dollars being buried in storage rather than risk the reputation of the company or the producer by releasing films that are in any way below standard.

Movies In Miniature

By Thomas Harvey

Biondella's Blunder

Reel 1—Miss Biondella Blunt is a very pretty girl.

Reel 2—Miss Biondella will not let the boys kiss her.

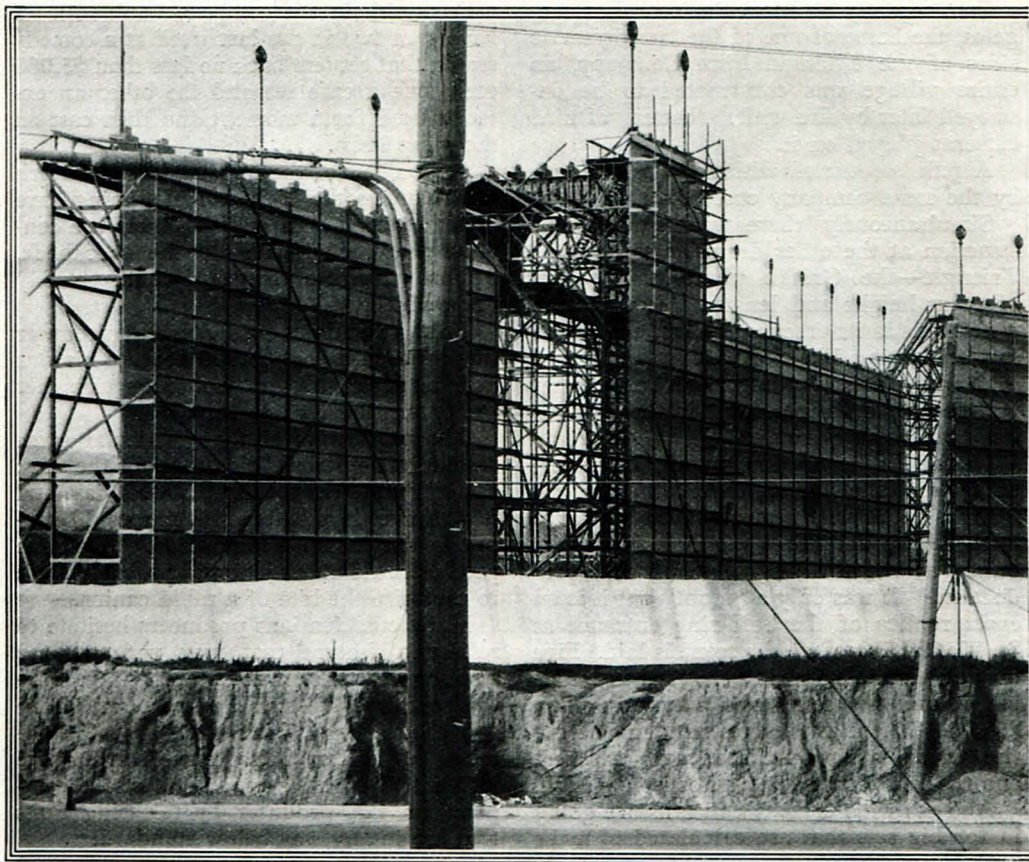
Reel 3—*Miss* Biondella is now in her fifty-third year.

The Equine Exit

Reel 1—Mrs. Fred Faultfinder buys two pounds of sausage from a fashionable butcher.

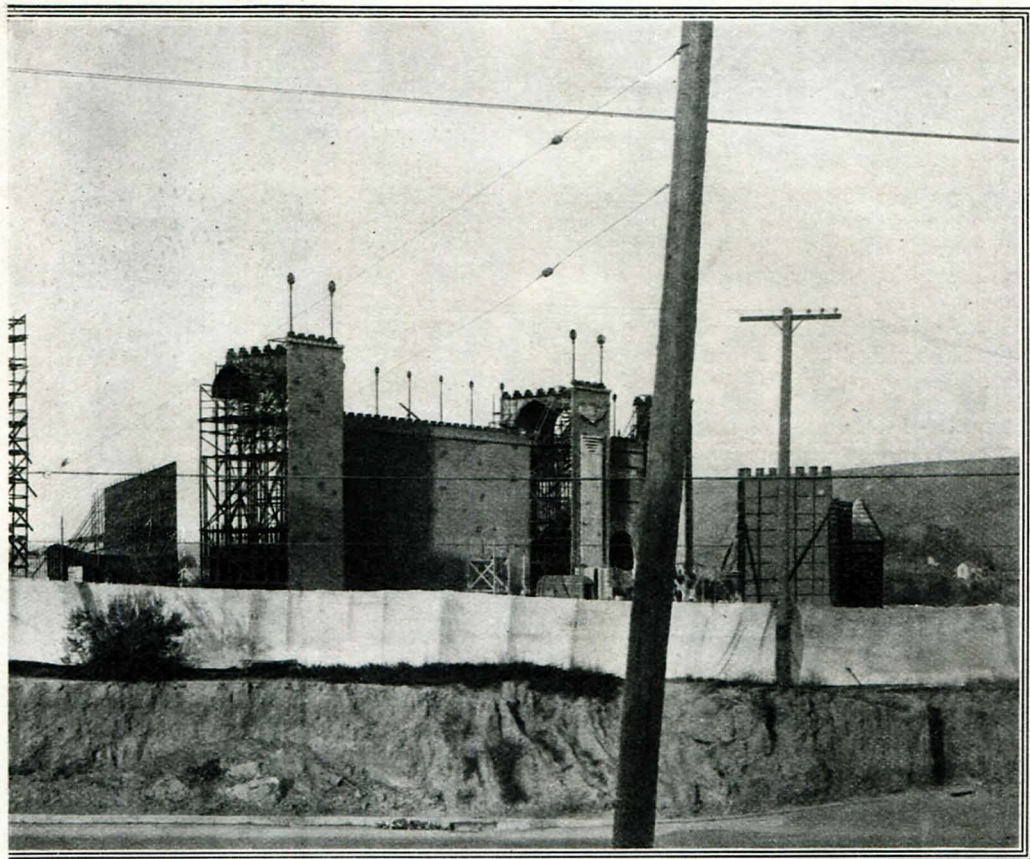
Reel 2—At the Faultfinder breakfast table, the members of the family discover themselves chewing rubber.

Reel 3—Mrs. Faultfinder complains to the butcher. He loftily informs the lady that the automobile is replacing the horse everywhere.



THE WALLS OF JERICHO? OR BAB-

WHATEVER they are, this mysterious front is the might-for an allegorical moment in D. W. Griffith's big oncoming conclusion of the run of "The Birth of a Nation," which has utive performances. Mr. Griffith does not precede his pieces with personal premises. This play has, as yet, no name. This great Angeles, and the lot is fenced off in the strictest "no admittance" ancient chariots will be driven on its top; great catapults have been erty men have revived the lost art of the mammoth mechanical



YLON? OR NINEVEH? OR TYRE?

iest photoplay setting ever reared. It is a majestic construction drama, which will probably be first revealed in New York at the already broken all theatrical records-in the enumeration of consec-large talk; in fact, the curious are distinctly not wanted on his scene was put up on a lot adjoining the Fine Arts studio in Los manner. So substantial is this mighty city wall that replicas of the made for the hurling of huge (papier-mache) rocks, and the prop-cross-bow, which shoots arrows having shafts ten feet in length.



Mary Pickford and Owen Moore in "The Wife," an Imp photoplay directed by Thomas H. Ince.

Mary Pickford:

Herself and Her Career

Part III

Illustrated by Rare and Authentic Photographs

HER PHOTOPLAY BEGINNINGS, WITH
BIOGRAPH; HER SUCCESSES, HER ROMANCE,
AND THE IMP EXPEDITION TO CUBA

By Julian Johnson



DURING the comparatively short period between Mary Pickford's two Belasco engagements came the most momentous hours of her life; neither fame, fortune nor artistic progress can vouchsafe again such wonders as those brought by the Biograph-Imp years, which introduced her to the medium of expression in which she was destined to be supreme, brought love into her life, and laid at her shy young feet the laurel of world-wide renown.

So this division of the story begins with Belasco and ends with Belasco. It starts at the conclusion of her long and successful portrayal of the little girl *Betty Warren*, in "The Warrens of Virginia," and terminates as Mr. Belasco persuades her to come back to Broadway in the flesh—a return to stardom, an incandescent name, and *Juliet*, the most remarkable figure in "A Good Little Devil." The stories of both these engagements Mr. Belasco has already told readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, with most engaging and inimitable literary simplicity. Here is a brief account of the

great days between—the hours in which Mary Pickford found herself, and in which the world found Mary Pickford.

In the almost rural quiet of the northernmost part of New York City rises a temple of cinematic art which is to the early picture-making places as the Parthenon was to the groveland temples of the Druids. It is the new Biograph studio: a magnificent building, inhabited by pretty much the same organization, managerially, which prevailed at the historic first studio at 11 East Fourteenth street, the same municipality. That first studio, now abandoned, has had a lot of figurative names. It has been called "the cradle of the movies," "the kindergarten of photoplay," and "the birthplace of screen celebrity."

The last synonym is astonishingly factual. Not everyone who has contributed substantially to directing or acting art in motion pictures came out of the old Biograph studio, but for a large per cent of today's great ones it was the starting place.

When "The Warrens of Virginia" began to wane as a first-magnitude attraction, little Mary Pickford cast about for something

"Little Mary"
in the center
of the original
Imp Com-
pany

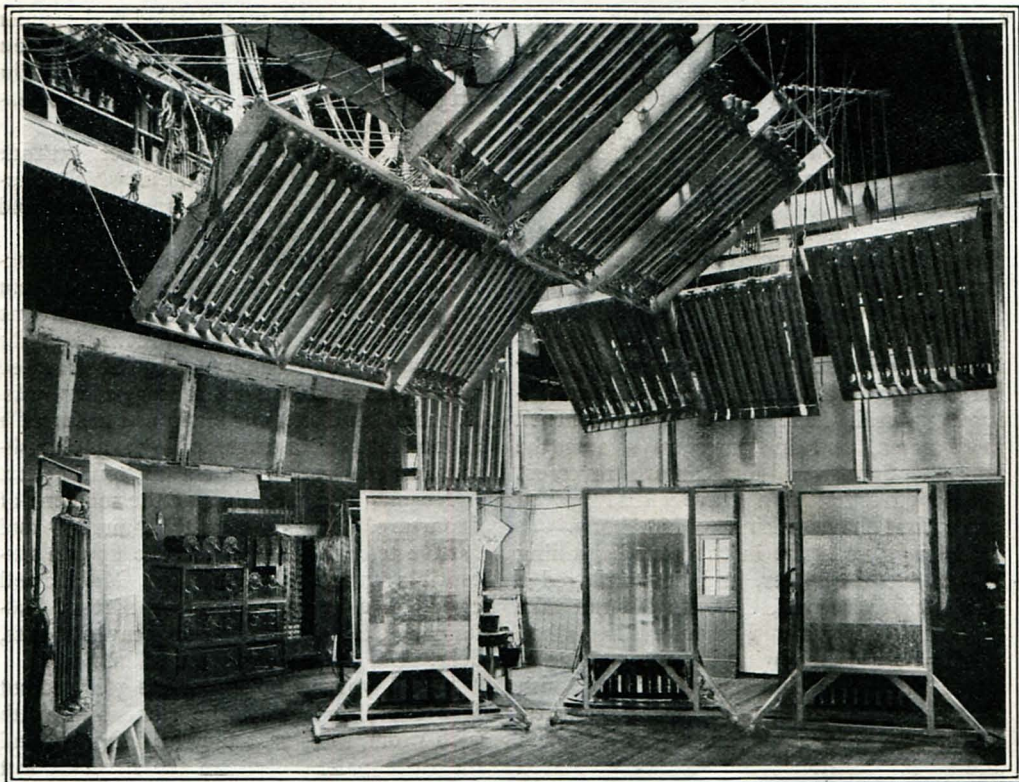
*Left to right—
top row— George
L. Tucker, David
Miles, Mrs. Smith,
mother of the
Pickfords; Bob
Daly, Tony Gaud-
dio.*

*Second row—
William E. Shay,
Anita Herndon, J.
Farrell MacDon-
ald, Hayward
Mack, Mrs. Mac-
Donald, Jack Har-
vey.*

*Third row (seat-
ed) — Tom Ince,
Owen Moore,
Mary Pickford,
King Baggot, Col.
Joe Smiley.*

*Bottom row —
Isabel Rea, Jack
Pickford, Lottie
Pickford.*





Interior of the old Biograph studio, New York. This is "the Cradle of the Movies." Here are the earliest Cooper-Hewitt lamps in a studio.

else to do. She had made good, but she was not rich, by no means famous, and the maintenance of the family depended upon the efforts of its individual members.

Mary had no particular acquaintance with anyone connected with the motion picture industry, but the Biograph was the obvious place for a picture beginner, and to Fourteenth street she went. It was to General Manager Dougherty—the same who now rules the shadow-palace far up-town—that she introduced herself.

There was nothing for her.

But Dougherty was so impressed with her quaint sweetness and charm; with her forceful, yet mouselike little personality, that he took her name and address and kept her in mind.

She took success as it came, and the camera felt out her possibilities with deliberate caution: Mary Pickford was an "extra." She was a prompt, obedient, uncomplaining and *on time* extra day after day.

Then came the first part. Recollective

authorities differ as to just what the play was, but Mr. Dougherty, who is probably right, says that it was "The Violin-Maker of Cremona."

Mary's account of this, as a terror and nightmare, is droll.

"It was particularly awful to make love to my play sweetheart," she avers; "not because I was afraid of him, especially, but because the camera confused and frightened me, the empty studio and the mechanically silent camera man embarrassed me, and I held back, and trembled, until the director shouted: 'For heaven's sake, do you love this man, or hate him? Put your arms around him, and let him put his arms around you!'"

"This man" was Owen Moore. The director, David Wark Griffith.

David Myles played the Cripple, and that completed the little cast of principals.

Mary Pickford was an immediate and instantaneous success with the Biograph company, which then had a redoubtable phalanx of future world-beaters in all de-

partments, and made picture after picture.

Yet, anecdotes of this sweet wonder-child are few and far between. Even in the jubilee of her reign as queen of the Biograph studios—enjoying a popularity among her fellow-players such as few stage folk have ever won—"Little Mary" was not a mixer.

Made up for her part, she would enter the studio and sit unobtrusively on one side until called. Occasionally her very real sense of humor would prompt her to speech. Once in a great while the resounding temper that lurks unsuspected under her serenity would smash forth in an abrupt, natural, flashing explosion. Much more often, and in many ways, was the large tenderness of her nature revealed. She loved a few and gravely disapproved a few, but she was kind to everybody.

She was an artist in the very beginning of her picture career, and never played a part, however small, that she did not take seriously—how seriously was revealed when a fellow-player, showing her a magazine in which some half-clad natives of the South Seas were shown looking at her pictures, remarked lightly: "You see your social circle is millions big!" Mary stared awhile into infinity, and then answered, softly: "That thought is so big that it frightens me."

At least one Biograph reminiscence illustrates her depth of regard for a casual acquaintance.

It was after she had attained success. A girl of about her own age, given her first chance as an extra in a mob scene, was ready to go on when word was brought that she must return at once to the bedside of an ailing mother for whose sake she was making desperate endeavors to earn five dollars a day. The message meant not only that her mother had suffered a turn for the worse; it meant that just so much greater would be the need of five dollars that day—and, too, that there would be none!

As the girl went out, furtively dabbing her eyes, someone touched her shoulder. She turned around to face Mary Pickford. "Don't cry!" whispered Mary. "Go home smiling, for your mother's sake, and your five dollars will be here tomorrow." The girl stared in noncomprehension. "Come back just a minute," whispered the little Pickford, more gently, "and leave your costume and your make-up in my room!"

The mob scene was "called," the super responded to her name, and very few knew that under the black wig and within the bright Neapolitan colors stood the *sotto-voce* Queen of the Movies.

In striking contrast was her attitude toward her own serious illness, which overtook her at Beechhurst, Long Island, and which threatened her life.

She was at the home of Claire MacDowell. The physicians ordered her sent to the hospital at once. There were no trains making proper connections, and the trip had to be made by motor. She refused to ride in an ambulance because of its gruesomeness, and she was made as comfortable as possible, with rugs, pillows and cushions, on the back seat of a big touring car.

No one said anything at the moment of departure. It was terribly funeral, and furtive tears were beginning to flow in susceptible quarters when Miss MacDowell cried, in a voice that was a sort of hysterical little shout: "For heaven's sake, dear, hold on to your sense of humor!"

"Well, you bet no surgeon is going to cut *that* out!" shot back the sick child, with such promptness that they all laughed, and the little patient sent up the silvery ghost of a chortle herself. Contemporary history renders it quite unnecessary to add that she returned alive and well.

When Mary came to the Biograph studio there was already in the company the young man destined to be the winning contestant of the many who made marital overtures. Owen Moore, now her husband, became smitten with the dainty "new girl," and made ardent love to her in many a picture which doubtless impressed the audience as the real thing. It was the real thing.

The romance of Owen Moore and Mary Pickford is one of three which ripened under the lurid blaze of those East Eleventh street Cooper-Hewitts. Other targets of Cupid were Florence Lawrence, who married Harry Solter; and Gretchen Hartman, in private life Mrs. Alan Hale.

Apropos of Moore and the Moore-to-be is a characteristic story of Mr. Griffith, their director. He had a situation in which it was necessary for Mary to register very real anger. Mary was in a particularly angelic mood that day, and nothing could ruffle her brow and temperament to the pitch Griffith desired. Owen Moore happened to be working in this scene, and, as

Mary Pickford in Biograph Days



"Little Mary" and Blanche Sweet in "With the Enemy's Help."



Mary Pickford and W. Chrystie Miller in "The Unwelcome Guest."



It was "All On Account of the Milk," with Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett.



Mary and Lionel (Ethel Barrymore's brother) in "The New York Hat."



In "The Mender of Nets," one scene showed Mary with Mabel Normand as Charles H. West burst into the room.



Another notable who Biographed opposite Mary was Henry Walthall. Above is a quaint scene from "The Reformer."



Thomas H. Ince (left) and Ray Smallwood, during their *Imp* days.

everyone had noticed, he was playing particularly well. Suddenly, without changing the position of the characters or calling a halt in the action, Griffith, with no apparent cause, began a furious and insulting tirade against Moore.

There was absolutely no justice in the torrent of vehement abuse being sustained by the astonished actor—but everyone failed to notice that while the playmaster was deriding and belittling the young man, he kept his eye steadily on the young man's sweetheart. Moore didn't know what to do, but Mary's astonishment quickly turned to exasperation, and her exasperation to positive rage—here Griffith suddenly cried "Camera!" And Mary's coy anger, called out of its little secret kennel by trickery, was potted for perpetuity and the proletariat.

It was not often, however, that false expedients were necessary to make the wee artist put feeling and power into any scene. Her Biograph engagement demonstrated, in the language of General Manager Dougherty, who discovered her as a picture possibility:—"that she is a born actress, capable of dainty comedy, rollicking farce,

deep sentiment, and the heights of tragedy."

Her success was more amazing in view of the fact that she came to Biograph untutored in camera arts, and had immediately pitted against her such players as Arthur Johnson, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett, Harry Carey, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand and Florence Lawrence.

One of the secrets of that and later success has been the frank sincerity in which she has accepted either the conscious or unconscious instruction of others at all stages of her career. She has never been too wise to learn. With this, she possesses the faculty of selection, and something of a director's ability, so there is no occasion for surprise in the fact that her late contracts give her the right to accept or reject plays in which she may appear. Many an incident or bit of business is the result of her own keen analysis of situation.

And she has to her credit the discovery of a brace of future stars at a time when she herself was low on the ladder of fame. Having met two young girls on a pleasure excursion, she saw in them the makings of capable photoplay actresses. Accordingly, she persuaded them to visit the Biograph studios. They came, Griffith saw, and Mary conquered. They were engaged to appear in a picture called "An Unseen Enemy," in which they played sisters. They *were* sisters, and their names were, and are, Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

Mary Pickford's days with the redoubtable old "Imp" company, following her Biograph beginnings, are less known, but no less adventurous, and were fraught with much further knowledge and experience for her.

The most important part of this engagement was the Cuban season, begun upon the S. S. Havana, of the Ward line. Among the departees were Owen Moore and Mary Pickford as a very surreptitious husband and wife. They had been married by a justice of the peace, and not even Mrs. Pickford, Mary's mother—who had some time since rejoined her daughter—knew until they were at sea that young Moore had actually made her daughter his bride. To accord with the usages of the Catholic church, of which both are communicants, they were remarried by a Franciscan friar last spring, at Mission San Juan, Capistrano, California. Allan

Dwan and Pauine Bush were married at the same time, by the same friar.

It has been said, quite often, that Mary Pickford's mother objected to this marriage. She did. But not in the usual narrow, conventional way. Familiar with her daughter's every thought since babyhood she, perhaps alone of all who knew or had seen her, felt keenly the tremendous career impending, and did not wish the girl's best interests jeopardized by any swiftly taken bond she might regret but could not release. Besides, Mary was very, very young.

It has been said that she has continued to object to this marriage and has been an obstacle in the path of the Moore-Pickford domesticity. To prove what a cheap calumny this is, and to reveal as well the staunch and admirable character of Mrs. Pickford, I need only relate a critical incident which occurred but a few weeks after her discovery of her daughter's wedding—while there existed between herself and Mr. Moore at least a state of preparedness.

One of the directors intensely disliked Moore, and let slip but few opportunities to show his hatred. Moore was seized with a sort of tropic fever, and, in a continuous state of moderate temperature and hard work, was probably no more angelic than he should have been. Cuban jails at that time were frequently fatal to the acclimated natives, and, pestilential places of no ventilation that they were, would assuredly be fatal to an unaccustomed person from the United States who had the additional handicap of illness. Gaining a quick familiarity with the local laws governing cases of assault, Moore's director-enemy framed a fake case with the native steward. Properly incited, Moore turned on his baiters, and quickly gave cause for the issuance of a jail warrant. Mrs. Pickford saw through the whole thing at once. And here the conspirators had reckoned without destiny's leading lady. Knowing that the news of Mary's marriage had been the bitterest of surprises, they counted at least on the passive acquiescence of Mrs. Pickford in their effort to cart Owen Moore off to the penitentiary and doom. Moore's fever had now risen until he was unable to leave his bed. His wife knew nothing of the affair, but Mrs. Pickford, exercising every wile



Lottie Pickford (seated) and Mary in the Imp production, "The Prince's Portrait," taken in Cuba.

that she had learned in a fighting lifetime, using all the force of a rugged and unafraid personality, refused to permit the service of anything like a warrant, stood off the conniving "authorities" with weapons and a valiantly heralded American citizenship, and undoubtedly saved the life of the son-in-law she has been falsely accused of hating.

The Imp organization at this time was assuredly a splendid and distinguished company. Here the Pickford family was again reunited, Lottie, Jack and Mrs. Pickford joining Mary in her photoplay work, and among those who sailed with them on the Havana were J. Farrel MacDonald, Robert William Dailey, King Baggott, Joseph Smiley, Dave Myles and Elizabeth Rhea, an ingenue. J. Parker Reed went as a representative of the Edison company.

Twelve pictures were made, and among the most important were "The Message in the Bottle," "The Prince's Portrait," and "Memories of Yesterday." The principal places which the company chose for studios were Pinar del Rio and Matanzas.

One of the younger directors and actors of this island excursion was Thomas H. Ince, then just climbing from the ranks toward his present place in the front line of photographic playmakers.

Miss Pickford joined the Biograph company approximately in June, 1909, and concluded that particular engagement in December, 1910. She rejoined the Biograph forces in December, 1911, and left

in the autumn of 1912. You will note the interlude. Here came the Imp engagement, which lasted seven or eight months.

After Biograph, Mary Pickford's next venture of great public interest was her return to David Belasco, and her stellar appearance in "A Good Little Devil," which, as has been said, was described by Mr. Belasco himself, in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Stars

TWINKLE, sparkle, little star,
In the sky so high and far!
You, though bright and shining, very,
Can't compare with Little Mary!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER OF Photoplay Magazine

will contain an absorbing and
vividly illustrated account of

Mary Pickford's

ultimate triumphs with The
Famous Players—the mountain
top of her career, under a
new searchlight.

Dorothy Kelly Her Own Columbus

HOW THE VITAGRAPHERS GOT
HER MAD TO MAKE HER GLAD

By Randolph Bartlett

WHILE hunting for Dorothy Kelly among the army of players at the Vitagraph plant on Long Island I discovered a general *esprit*, a joyousness so prevalent as to be apparent to the most casual observer; and while hunting for a more specific clue to this condition, for an embodiment in personal terms of this collective happiness, I discovered — Dorothy Kelly.

When I say "discovered" I mean it only in a relative sense, for the actual discovery of Miss Kelly took place about four years ago, and was a personally conducted affair of her own; she was her own private Columbus, and to no other person belongs one iota, jot, or other particle of the credit therefore, as will be duly recorded herein at the proper time. The discovery which I made on my own account had to do with something of which she, in her serene satisfaction with life in general and work in particular is entirely unconscious, to wit:

Dorothy Kelly expresses in a superlative degree that Dorothy Kelly in "*Rip Van Winkle*."



charming and rare quality of which there are so many spurious imitations, the joy of living.

You receive the impression, immediately upon meeting her, that every morning she exclaims, the minute her eyes are open: "Hello! Here's another dayful of happiness waiting for me to get out of bed and enjoy it!"

Whereupon she sallies forth in that mood, and every person she meets, and every film scene in which she appears, reflects something of this buoyancy. It was this same confidence that landed her in the front rank of picture players four years ago, when she was just a few minutes past sixteen and without previous stage or camera experience. Now for the tale as she tells it herself.

"I decided I could earn more money as a motion picture actress than the \$6 a week I was being paid for sketching. So one morning, without saying a word to my mother, I got up at six o'clock, and set out for the Vitagraph studio. This was something of an adventure in itself, for while I had lived all my life in New



just in order to see what I would do."

This surely was "breaking into the movies" but it is a method that can hardly be recommended for general use by applicants. Miss Kelly has justified the judgment reached that day, and in the course of her connection with the happy Vitagraph family, has appeared in many of their most popular films. In a

great many she has played opposite James Morrison.

Miss Kelly is unmarried, despite the fact that she recently received a proposal of marriage from a widower with four children in Chattanooga, who assured her that she would like Tennessee.



York, I never had been in Brooklyn. When I reached the studio I discovered a long line of people outside. Finally I found my way to Mr. Spedon.

"What experience have you had?" says he. 'None,' says I. 'I think you are very impertinent then,' says he, but I talked him out of it, and he called in Larry Trimble for consultation. Mr. Trimble kept asking me about my experience. 'I think you *have* had some experience,' he insisted. There I was, trying to be honest about my ignorance, and they wouldn't believe me.

"At last they sent me upstairs to another office and after a while I began to get rather tired of the constant questioning and besides it was nearly noon, and I was hungry and half hysterical. So I began to light into everyone around. Among them was poor old John Bunny, and I remember saying to him, 'What have you got to say about this? You're only a comedian, and you ought to be down there in the yard at work.' Another man who had just come in, was standing there, looking at me with half-closed eyes as if I was some sort of a curiosity, and I guess I was, at that. To be absolutely neutral I sailed into him a few minutes, and then Mr. Trimble came over and patted me on the arm.

"There, there," says he, 'it's all right. You go to work this afternoon.'

"The man with the penetrating gaze was A. E. Smith, still head of the Vitagraph, and the whole thing was a frame-up by Mr. Trimble, who was playing the red-headed villain, to get me mad all over



Above, Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison. The other pictures are just rays from Dorothy's sunbeam disposition.



The Judges: William A. Brady, noted theatrical producer; Lillian Russell, well-known beauty and writer; Lewis J. Selznick, general manager World Film Corporation. Below: Kitty Kelly, Chicago Tribune; Julian Johnson, Editor Photoplay Magazine.

"Beauty and Brains" Contest

(Also see page 139)

CONDUCTED BY PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
AND THE WORLD FILM CORPORATION

THERE is a room in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's offices which is shelved from ceiling to floor. The shelves are named according to the States in the Union, and the provinces in the Dominion of Canada, and although they are spacious, all of them are now comfortably filled, and there are probably half a dozen crowded to overflowing, with—

Beauty

In this room, also, there are several large tables covered with filing-cases. They resemble at a distance a wilderness of lawyers' briefs, or some years' reports on the Panama Canal. In reality, they are the penned or typed testimonials of—



Kitty Kelly

Julian Johnson

Photo © by Moffett

Brains

We told these things to Lewis J. Selznick, general manager of the World Film Corporation, just as we've told them to you. Perhaps you think we've been exaggerating. Mr. Selznick did. But Mr. Selznick was so curious that *he came to Chicago to see the progress of the contest himself.*

And as he stood surrounded by a pile of photographers' best specimens piled as indiscriminately as bricks flung down by an earthquake—his hands helplessly holding a literary riot, a snowstorm of manuscripts, he said: "I've had to do with this sort of thing all my life, but I have





never seen such tremendous, intelligent responses from every quarter of the country. With the wide range of studios, the familiarity of motion pictures to the people everywhere, I did not think there were in all America so many girls desiring to enter the motion picture field, who had not already, in some manner, or to some person engaged in the business, expressed their ambitions, and had made at least first attempts to become photoplay actresses."

Mr. Selznick's visit and very genuine astonishment was not the only notable event in the month's record of this astounding contest.

One of the judges—he is supposed to be editing a magazine, but we couldn't reveal his name—attempted to sneak.

When found cowering under his own desk in terror, and asked to give reasons, he cried: "The problem is hopeless! You've lost us in a wilderness of beauty that extends from Cape Cod to the Farallones—you've plunged us in a scintillating literary pool that touches Hudson Bay on the North and the Rio Grande on the South—from hundreds upon hundreds of beautiful, clever young women, you ask us to choose the eleven super-women, the feminine ne plus ultra. You don't want any modern-day jury. I suggest the ghosts of Rembrandt, Shakespeare and Marie Antoinette!"

When this editor person had been calmed and restored to his kennel he was compelled to take a pledge that he would not desert. As a matter of fact, it would be only too easy to start a judges' stampede right now—the torrent of pulchritude and perception has assumed awe-inspiring proportions.

This seems to be the contest's high-tide. Two stenographers are required to open,

sort, classify and distribute the mail and pictures alone.

There's no end to questions.

One chick who counts her chicklets before they're hatched writes: "Had I better buy my wardrobe now, or wait until I get to New York?"

Another: "Hadh't I better have my photographs tinted to show the exact color of my eyes, cheeks and hair?"

Another damsel admits that she can quickly prove herself a photoplay star of the first magnitude. Beware, Clara Kimball!

In contrast to this is a letter from a sweet, demure, little girl of sixteen who confesses that she hasn't the money to buy photographs, but that her yearning ambition is as big as anybody's on earth!

Also, the smart and handsome lads are making our telephones sound like a fire-alarm. Why, they protest indignantly, can't the boys get in this? Wait, boys! Perhaps your opportunity will come later; ladies first, you know, is the law of contests as well as of the sea.

And there is the

inquiry about chaperonage: PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants to assure the mothers of the country that their daughters' safe conduct will not only be ample, but distinguished. The queen-mother of the chaperons will be the wife of a distinguished general officer of the United States Army. The names of all the chaperons will be announced.

Finally, here is a word to the girls who have not entered this contest.

You still have time. See the conditions. Enter now. The larger the number of entries, the greater this surge of beauty and tide of talent, the bigger the victory that may be yours!

A REMARKABLY good idea, it seems to me, is the Beauty and Brains Contest in Photoplay Magazine. If it were a merely physical beauty competition there would be nothing new or momentous about it. But the requirement which links unusual mentality with pulchritude is very promising, because the winners will bring to their new calling qualities of mind as well as charm of person. *It is a surprise to me that some such plan has not been adopted to recruit the ranks of the dramatic stage.* But perhaps the time has arrived when we must look for leadership in idea and practice to the motion picture branch of our amusements."

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Conditions of the "Beauty and Brains" Contest

ANY girl or woman who has had no professional stage or picture experience is eligible to enter. Age, height, weight or marriage is no bar.

To enter the contest send two good photographs to The Judges, "Beauty and Brains" Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Send a profile and full face study.

Write your full name and address on the back of each photograph.

If you wish to have your photographs returned, enclose postage and write on back of such pictures: "Please return."

Contestants must also write a letter of not more than 150 words to the judges telling: "Why I would like to be a photoplay actress." The letter must accompany the pictures.

Merely to aid the Judges in determining their selections, contestants should state their age, weight, height, complexion and color of hair and eyes.

To equalize conditions for the contestants the United States has been divided into five grand divisions for the contest. Canada forms a sixth grand division. Two contestants will be selected from each of the five grand divisions in the United States. One will be selected from Canada.

The eleven fortunate contestants will be taken to New York in first-class trains and lodged in one of Manhattan's most celebrated hotels without any expense to them. They will be properly chaperoned.

Within two weeks after their arrival in New York they will be given photographic and dramatic trials at the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios of the World Film Corporation.

Contestants who pass final photographic and acting requirements under the tutelage of the world's greatest directors, will be given contracts for a period of not less than one year at a regular salary.

Those who do not pass the final trials will be returned to their homes in a first-class manner and without any expense to them whatsoever.

All letters and pictures must be sent before January 1, 1916. The names and letters of the eleven contestants selected by the judges will be published in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Here are the Grand Divisions of the contest by states:

The *Eastern Division* is composed of the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, and North Carolina.

The *Eastern Central Division* is composed of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan.

The *West Central Division* is composed of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The *Western Division* is composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California.

The *Southern Division* is composed of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The *Canadian Division* takes in the whole of the Dominion of Canada.



White
photo

The Girl on the Cover

OR, FROM PTOLEMY TO PEARL WHITE
IN A MANHATTAN MOTOR CAR

By George Vaux Bacon

ONE sunny afternoon during the reign of Ptolemy IV in Egypt, a large green beetle walked with solemn dignity up the south wall of the temple of Pasht in Alexandria.

As he progressed, a fat, bald-headed priest, clad in a white gown and carrying a long cane, emerged from the temple gate and came towards him. Spying the beetle, the priest gave a long sigh of artistic appreciation, and producing a handkerchief from the folds of his robe, netted the stately beetle and carried him into the temple.

There, the unhappy beetle was gently put to death with a sacred needle, and his green-mailed body was dipped in a cup of pungent chemicals, from which it emerged, a few days later, as bright and iridescent as when he was alive; but as hard as a solid rock. He had been thoroughly and scientifically petrified.

Then, upon his smooth white tummy, the priest, with a small, very sharp stylus of hardened

bronze, carved with care and cunning the royal cartouche, or coat of arms of the reigning King, together with a few minute hieroglyphics describing the location and greatness of the temple on the wall of which the beetle had been captured.

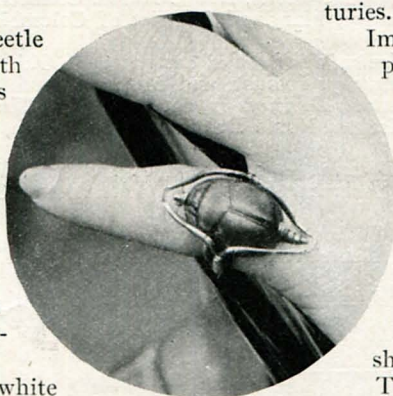
Thus the beetle became a royal scarab, sacred to Pharaoh.

When the time came for Ptolemy IV to die, the scarab was duly sent to the royal palace, where he was placed over the heart of the royal but distinctly defunct Ptolemy.

Years passed; then decades; then centuries.

The terrific dramas of Imperial Rome, Constantinople, Venice, the Crusades, the discovery of America and the final emergence of Europe into the midday of civilization took place. Through them all, the big green scarab slept on the breast of the mummied King, hid in a deep sarcophagus under a towering pyramid in the shifting sands along the Nile. The scene changes.

With a crash and a roar, the elevated trains were rattling



White Photo

Some history for a beetle!

over the intersection of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. A few blocks below, only a week previously, the temporary structure over the new subway had collapsed. Traffic, on the busy corner was ten times as turbulently congested as usual. Teamsters were cursing, motormen clanging their bells, motorists honking and stamping on shrieking klaxons for rights of way in six different directions, while an endless, restless multitude of people were trying to cross the streets through it all.

In the center of the champing turmoil, tall, majestic, unmoved, one hand aloft, clad in blue and the serenity of a god, one of the gigantic sons of Erin who sway the restless empire of the streets with pewter whistles, was holding the north and south-bound traffic at bay, while that going east and west surged by.

In the center of the maelstrom was a yellow roadster, of long, low rakish lines. In it, with a brown velour hat over her red hair, clad in a brown norfolk suit and tan shoes, and with eyes of changing green and hazel shades, sat a girl. Beside her was a young man, divided in interest between the never-ceasing surge of humanity about him, and the girl at his side, on whose finger, sleeping in a curious bed of woven gold, was the great green scarab of the fourth of the royal Ptolemies.

The god in blue turned majestically and permitted himself to behold the girl in the car.

"Can I go straight down to Thirty-second Street and turn east there instead of on Thirty-fourth Street?" she shouted.

The blue clad god's majestic serenity melted into a smile as warm as the sunshine on the slopes of Killarney's hillsides.

"Shure ye can, Miss White," said he. The whistle blew; the east- and west-bound traffic stopped, and while the south-bound traffic was being waved to right and left on Thirty-fourth Street, the red-headed wearer of the royal beetle shot straight ahead through the traffic line to Thirty-second Street, and thence on her way as her fancy listed.

Some history for a beetle!—

"I took my vacation alone, driving the car from New York to Buffalo and back."



Photo by
White

From the heart of a King of Egypt to the finger of a Queen of the Movies; from the depths of a pyramid to Herald Square; from Ptolemy IV to Pearl White! Lucky beetle!

I was the young man beside Miss White in her yellow Stutz that day when the traffic policeman at Herald Square, recognizing royalty in its golden chariot, suspended traffic regulations in royalty's favor, as is the custom in all lands under the sun, and it was but one of many amusing experiences of a whirlwind trip about town that afternoon. The journey, as, I guess, is the case with every journey taken by that best-known of all roadsters in the environs of Manhattan, took on more or less of the nature of a royal progress.

We had started at two o'clock from the Hotel Astor, where the heroine of the "Exploits of Elaine" was living. When held up at Herald Square, as just mentioned, we were on our way to the Martinique Hotel, where Miss White was scheduled for a battle with an osteopath at two-thirty. The osteopathic treatment she was to undergo, by the way, being necessitated by a fall she had suffered in taking a picture some weeks before, in which she had been dropped down a flight of cellar steps by the villain, with her hands tied behind her back.

At the Martinique, I made the acquaintance of a new Scotch friend named Green Stripe and Miss White spent an hour with the osteopath. On her reappearance, jaunty and smiling in her tan ensemble (which is extremely becoming to her), the car was cranked with a shove of her tan boot

on the automatic starter, and the yellow car with its stellar and journalist occupants, shot through Thirty-third Street (being a woman, she had changed her mind about the street she wanted after passing Thirty-fourth) to Fifth Avenue, and northwards thereon towards Central Park.

To those unacquainted with New York, I may modestly state that the trip from Thirty-third Street to Central Park is a matter of twenty-six blocks, and that at three-thirty in the afternoon, the wide avenue is the most extraordinarily solid current of pretty girls, automobiles and big green motor-buses there is to be seen on this continent.

Elaine is a cracker-jack of a driver. She threaded her way through the traffic with little spurts of speed here, and sudden slowings up there; with an ease and cleverness to awaken the admiration of the most demoniac taxi driver in New York. And as we sped in and out, from bus-top and limousine, from Ford and Rolles-Royce, came continuously:

"Look! There's Pearl White!"

And she didn't notice one of them. Not she! She was too busy driving.

When we made Fifty-ninth Street and debouched into the smooth, glistening Park drives, she began to talk.

"I've only driven this car seven thousand miles," said she. "It's a new one. I got it at the beginning of my vacation in the middle of July. I turn in my old car and get a new one every six months instead of every year or two. I find that it is less expensive in the long run, and as a result, I always have a car that



Though Miss White has never made the Kellerman type of picture, she is an amateur swimming celebrity, and spends much time in the water.

is fresh and new and up to the mark. Also, I always get better value for the car I turn in.

"I got this car just before I went on my vacation." Incidentally, I took my vacation alone, driving the car from New York to Buffalo and back."

"What?" I asked. To the Westerner, who measures distances by limitless prairie horizons, the distances in the East have always been pictured as rather small; but, after all, it is some five hundred miles from New York to Buffalo,—a good twelve hours on a fast train, and when one talks of fast trains in the State of New York, one is speaking of trains that average seventy miles an hour.

"Sure," she replied. "I had the time of my life. I had been working through a straight session of fifty-two weeks from sunrise to sunset in the studios, and I felt that I needed a good rest and a real one. I took it. A rest to me means being alone. At night I slept under the car in somebody's corn field most of the time."

"Very good, Eddie!" I reproved subtly.

"Oh, you don't believe me?" She flashed me a quick



"She is half Irish and half Italian, the Irish being on her father's side."

look with the careless, good natured yet indubitably scrappy, red-headed smile, which is the key to the character of the real Pearl White. "I certainly did it," she reiterated, "and I had the time of my life. I could have fought my weight in wild cats at the end of the trip."

There was a peculiar finality about that remark. In fact, Miss White is a young woman who has the ability to convey most distinctly the fact that "No," is an expression denoting finality—and that is something else indicative of her character.

She is one of those persons who may be best described as a "real human being." She is half Irish and half Italian, the Irish being on her father's side, and the Italian on her mother's.

In addition to that peppery combination, she was born in Missouri. Not in St. Louis, St. Joe, Kansas City, Jefferson City or any of those peaceful places where they have dramatic critics and Pompeian rooms in the hotels. Not so you could notice it. She comes from the part of Missouri where they wear homespun yet (only they call it "yit"

down there), refer to bacon conversationally as "sowbelly" and have as the central domestic decoration, popper's long squirrel rifle and powder horn over the main fire place. Yessir, I know, because Elaine, I discovered, was born down in a part of Missouri where I went prospecting for fire clay once several years ago and had some experiences as the result of wearing a pair of English riding-leggings. But that is another story.

Down where the flat banks of the Mississippi begin to rise into the foothills of the Ozark Mountains, and the trees are that thick you stub your toe against one while you're trying to keep from bumping your head into another, there was, and is, a "settlement" of approximately two hundred and fifty souls. They don't have any race suicide down there, so the population has remained the same for a generation in spite of excursions by some of the people to the cities and occasional lamented deaths of others during week-ends when the men are apt to get "market-merry" and burn gunpowder.

The name of the settlement is Greenridge.

A few miles from there, in a pine slab cabin, the red headed Miss Pearl White who these days is driving a yellow roadster in Manhattan, was born.

Attaining the age of five and a new gingham dress, she was greeted, one day, by a man on horseback while she was toting water from the family well in the back yard (which consisted of the whole western half of the United States, as the cabin faced the East), and asked if she knew a place where he could stop over for the night.

She brought him home with her, and he was put up in her father's cabin. It developed, in the course of the dinner of "sowbelly," eggs, honey, home-made bread and chicory that the stranger was the manager of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show which was traveling in that general direction. He had been obliged to go to the county seat for some legal tangle his company was in, and was returning 'cross country to join it at the nearest railroad town, some thirty miles distant.

The small carrot top of a girl, thereupon, to the amazement and amusement of the manager, recited Hamlet's soliloquy for his benefit, and asked him for a job.

The theatrical man happened to have a sense of humor, and accepted her on the spot, guaranteeing her "five dollars a week and grub" as long as the show stayed on the road. The next day, clinging gleefully to the back of his horse, with her arms tight around her new manager, she sallied forth from her ancestral home in quest of the pot of gold that lies at the end of the theatrical rainbow.

She started classically as "Little Eva," remaining with the wandering collection of "trouper" for a year. On reaching Chicago, which had been the starting point of the company's tour, she found a letter from her father and mother informing her that they had left the cabin and moved into town—meaning Greenridge, population at that particular time, 286 souls,—and asking her to come home and go to school.

She returned to Greenridge and put in six years, at school like a dutiful daughter.

Then a circus came to town, and the smell of the tanbark was too much for Pearl. Away she went with the circus, this time a bareback rider.

She put in several years with the big top, and then went on the stage again, playing the road, and was with some of the best and worst companies in America, as she expressed it herself. Her offer from Pathe Freres was received several years ago, at which time she had already played with the Universal and Thanhouser companies.

All these things she told me while we glided through the Park. She finished her narrative and we arrived at the north end of the Park at the same time. We had taken the eastern drive, and turned to go out onto One Hundred and Tenth Street towards Riverside Drive. As we emerged from the bosky recesses, a crowd of small boys greeted us with:

"Aw, chee, look! Dere goes Poil White!"

And we did! Up the One Hundred and Tenth Street hill towards Broadway at a fifty-mile clip. When they raise them red-headed out in Missouri, it means something.

"You didn't say whether or not you had ever married," I remarked, as Riverside Drive and the Hudson lay suddenly before us.

"No, I didn't," said she. "Nor will I discuss whether or not I have ever had any love affairs. I don't think such things ought to be published. I live alone, I like

to be alone and have my own way, and I do my work to the best of my ability. I don't like publicity. After all, what does the public care about me as myself? They only care whether or not I am a good actress."

We were shooting down the long hill towards the Seventies. A bell on a gray battleship in the Hudson sonorously clanged eight times.

"Every human being in the world," said I, "is interested in Romance, because everyone in the world has either been, is or expects sometime to be, in love. Next to our own, nothing is so engrossingly interesting as the love affairs of others."

"Well, mine—if I have any—are not going to engross anyone," said she with an air of finality, and put her foot on the exhilarator. The needle of the speedometer leaped ten degrees. A policeman at a crossing grinned indulgently. The green scarab in his bed of woven gold gleamed royally on the small hand gripping the big steering-wheel.

A long, low white yacht became visible in the river.

"I took my first picture on the deck of that yacht," she remarked casually. "The deck is fifteen feet above the water line. I dived from it. It's an easy life, isn't it?"

"Apparently," I remarked.

"Where do you want to go now?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "when we started out, I thought we might run up through Yonkers along the Hudson towards Tarrytown for a ways. It's a beautiful drive."

"Can't go through Yonkers," she said calmly. "I was arrested there twice last month for speeding."

That's why we didn't go to Yonkers. The policemen there don't seem to go to the movies.

Instead, we went back to the Astor and sat around in the Orange Room for two hours, talking about the autobiography which Miss White is writing, and which accounts for the fact that she simply refuses to give anyone (Even her press agent!) any information about herself, and about motor races and hair-breadth 'scapes. She's a cagey little red-headed beauty; but she's a regular human being.

"PETE!"



Mr. MacGaffey

A DROLL newcomer who will make his public bow in the February number of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*. His literary papa is Kenneth MacGaffey, whose "Mollie of the Movies" has at last ended her career of risable artistry, retiring (according to the chronicle in this issue) to apiaristic domesticity. Pete is a property man. He is one of the "I knew him when" fellows. He "wrote the show business," and though he is in the movies they are not his artistic choice. He objects to the silent drama mainly on account of its real work, which, he claims, has no place in art. There is not a woman of the stage he failed to meet when clerking in Oshkosh, or a man who escaped him when he was piloting schooners across the bar in St. Louis. Knowing how rotten they all really are, he fails to perceive how they get away with it. When the occasion really demands it, he consents to assume histrionic roles in person.

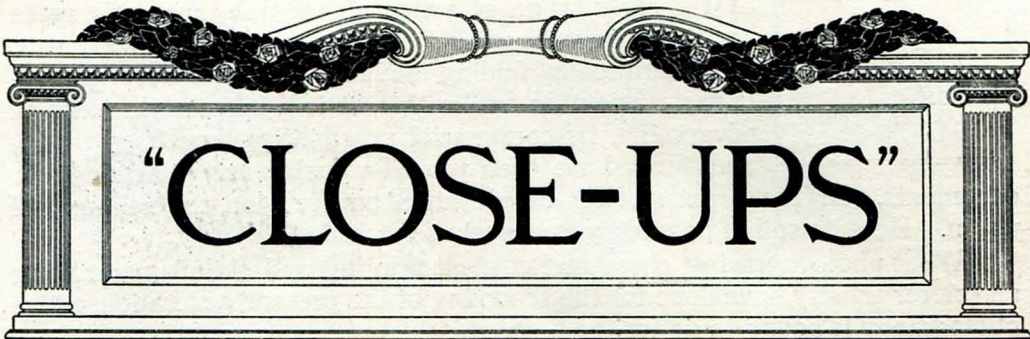
"Clara" and "Jimmie" Become Mountaineers



To produce "The Heart of the Blue Ridge," the beautiful new World feature, Director James Young took his entire company right into the heart of the North Carolina mountains, in the region of Bat Cove, the feud center, and the result is one of the most remarkable combinations of scenery and story yet filmed. In the above picture Mr. Young is seen (at left) directing the photographing of Chimney Rock Falls, which has a drop of 1000 feet.



The beautiful Clara Kimball Young, who in private life is Mrs. James Young, did her own washing, and won the devotion of the entire company by her skill with the pots and kettles. She also tamed a bear—but there's no wonder about that for a bear has eyes—and made the mountaineers gasp by her wonderful marksmanship with a rifle. The natives of Bat Cove have named the bear; they call him "Lucky Dog."



"CLOSE-UPS"

The Nicotian Pantomime

NOT many months ago Lucy Page Gaston, Donna Quixota of cigarettes, requested that, in behalf of the rising generation, Photoplay Magazine undertake a campaign against cigarette smoking in photoplays. Photoplay Magazine considers the use of tobacco a matter of personal decision, and therefore did not accede to Miss Gaston's request. Nevertheless, there are ethical if not moral grounds upon which the growing tobacconistic absurdity should be called. Active photography in almost all quarters seems to have borrowed the now-forgotten stage trick of symbolizing character in different brands of smoke. Naughty women inhale cigarettes in public. Genteel villainy drives them with the speed of an air-riveter. Big business men chew their cigars. Ward politicians have their cremos set for high-angle firing. Youth in a quandary pallmalls introspectively. You know rough country not by the scenery, but by its pipes. Smoking is one of the handiest ways to best any situation. It is the slipshod director's first aid, the actor's easiest and preferential pose. When uncertain: *smoke*.

Saccharine Poison

THIS device was recently emblazoned on the banners of a down-town motion picture theatre in Chicago:
"Viola Dana, the Sweetest Girl on the Screen. No children admitted."

Fancy Fauna

COLONEL SELIG'S typographic trumpet plays a little obligato anent the Colonel's possession of the only pair of clouded leopards in America.

We hate to contradict or abase the proud, but we met a man last Saturday night who assured us that he had the following tints in leopards, viz.: azure, cerise, elephant's breath, hazeldawnsblush, angeltoe and very dark black. He was not even permitted (by the bartender) to finish his enumeration, but it seems to us that when an humble citizen can disport such a menagerie in private there is small call to parade a couple of cats just because they happen to be a bit foggy.

*Virgin
Soil*

THE exploitation of active photography proceeds apace throughout the world. As a means of mere amusement, it is continually finding higher and higher development. It has a scientific application, it is a successful means of advertising, its commercial possibilities have been tested, and films have even proved valuable and informing war documents. In the great services of education and religion the field is still virgin. Here its soil of possibility is scarcely scratched.

What photoengraving, cheap and efficient printing and skilful mapmaking and clever artistry have done for the schooling of the present generation, active photography is bound to do for the next.

Hasn't your father complained, many times; "When I went to school we didn't have fine books, and actual photographs of every country under the sun"?

So will you say to your boy and girl: "In my school days I couldn't transplant myself to the jungles of the Amazon, or look down the Nevsky Prospect, or stand in the Bois or the Strand—simply by lowering the shades and starting a machine!"

In no coming day, but right now, the public school which hasn't a motion picture machine and a projecting room is hopelessly behind the times. The old slogan that travel is the only real education is dead; the continuous camera has brought travel to every town. The schoolboy no longer need get his sole ideas of Ceylon and Peru from books. He should be able to see Ceylon and Peru as he takes their history and material facts from type.

In the proper study of history, an entire new world of photoplay awaits discovery.

It is not a wild prediction to say that in another decade every great historical event in American history will have been actually visualized for the young mind—visualized by artists, under directors who have had accuracy as a first thought. For the proper screening of American history the next generation is sending a mute but mighty call to the biggest creative artists of the nation, and it is up to the fathers and mothers of the nation to see to it that only masters of fact and imagination shall, with unerring lenses, paint these impending pictorial histories. What tremendous, epochal subjects present themselves! The coming of Columbus, the classic of the Virginia settlements, the landing of the Pilgrims, Penn's dealings with the Indians, the struggles of the pioneers in the wilderness, the trains of prairie schooners making first vast ventures across the American desert, the first steamboats and railway trains, the discovery of gold in California, the quests of Ponce de Leon and De Soto, Latin-raced pioneers from La Salle and Joliet to Junipero Serra—how great is our drama of progress and peace, to say nothing of the vivid pageant of war!

These statements are true, in modified form, when applied to the modern church. Mere sermonizing is, unquestionably, losing its hold upon the great body of the people. To say that religion must become "practical" is expressing it coarsely and inefficiently; it were better to say that it must become tangible—is becoming tangible. And, to the average Christian, how little of the superepic of Christianity—the most stupendous, most resultful and most enduring action of history—is known!

More than any minister or ministers or books, the properly applied motion picture will reconcile creeds. We might not think ill of our neighbor of equally ardent but different belief if we knew what he believed, and actually beheld the material substances of his faith.

Between what I believe, and what you believe, though we come from the ends of the earth, there must be something in common!



The Real Critic

HE is one whose words never break into print, whose voice does not go beyond his own circle of acquaintances, but who is, after all, the most potent as well as pitiless of all reviewers.

He is the man who pays.

Published criticism which is worthy the name aims to be constructive. The conscientious critic never tears down unless he can suggest a more substantial structure—that is, granting that the reason for his comment has any plausibility at all. Oftentimes, alas, it has none!

But the man who pays makes no allowances. He has three favorite critiques, brief and to the point.

"Great!"

"Oh, pretty good."

"Rotten!"

There are the three expressions that will be hurled at you eighty in a hundred times if you ask the casual picture patron for his views on any film. From his own point of view, he is an absolutely honest critic. He may have film favorites, but he has no company bias or dramatic prejudices. Nor is he, like so many habitués of the vocal theatre, inured to surprise, dead to romance, steeped in a cold and mildewed tincture of dramatic tradition. It is a good bet that the average photoplay patron can still enjoy drama—can lose himself in a plot, thrill in an adventure, tingle in a love scene. When he expresses himself regarding the play he is not voicing some back slant of prejudice or somebody else's borrowed opinion. He is putting his own feelings into words.

Was it a real adventure, real conflict, or real love—from where *he* sat? Yes? Then the show was "great!" Was the technique of author, the actor or the director uncertain? "Oh, pretty good." And if it failed to please? "Rotten."

The man who pays bases nothing on reputation, never qualifies, seldom considers past performances as applied to his present amusements. He makes no allowances for anything. He does not—unlike the professional critic—peer hopefully for budding talent. He knows neither yesterday nor the possibilities of next week. He lives in eternal today, and all that are therein are measured by the honest-cruel yardstick of his own judgment. From the men who pay the actor might learn not what he has been or may be, but what he *is*.

This critic is not only the man who pays, but the man who makes or breaks.

Published criticism serves best when it gives him the facts in the case; when it widens his vision and helps him to be kind, but never "easy."

*Congratu-
lations!
Mr. Blackton*

THERE are a number of critical things that might be said about "The Battlecry of Peace," but whatever its faults or virtues as drama and spectacle, it is certainly the first patriotic and moving document in the line of national preparedness. In the hour of communal peril, either at hand or threatening afar, it is the duty of every citizen, whatever his job, vocation, business or profession, to help ward the danger in his own best way. Mr. Blackton has served in kind. When "The Battlecry of Peace" has done its bit through the West and South it will take much grape juice, many chautauquas and quite a number of promised postoffices to make the apathetic internal Americans forget its rousing message. If this department may suggest to Mr. Blackton: it is not capitalists who are standing in the way of national defense so much as the provincial politicians and their local boosters. Congressman Prinsalbert has found that he can win reelection much more certainly by voting a Federal building for Wheatland than by voting great guns for Sandy Hook and the Presidio.

*The
Inscrutable
Griffith*

IN another part of this issue is a photograph of one of Mr. Griffith's settings, reared for his own next suncanned play. It is a chance photograph, taken quite without a publicist's solicitation, probably without Mr. Griffith's knowledge. It is probably the biggest piece of manufactured scenery in the world, excelling even the temple of Moloch reared for "Cabiria." It is only one material incident in preparing the spectacle.

There have been murmurs, not unjustly, because the public was led to expect Griffith Triangle pictures and found only "supervisions." A master-dramatist seldom undertakes to turn out more than a play a year; a great play justifies a silence of two or three years. Mr. Griffith has shown not only technical mastery but inspirational genius in "The Birth of a Nation," and if he can "do it again," any attenuated absence will be thereby atoned. But, it appears to us that the public should have this made plain.



Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by

Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers

LAST REEL

Hollywood, Nov. 4.

MY Gawd, Clara Belle I am about to become a bride. I make haste to dash this news off to you so wen you see my wedding announcement you will not be non plused. Before long unless there is a brake down somewhere I will be Mrs. Cuthbert Clemensaw Pontiff. When dear Cuthbert got hisself nerved up enough to breath the fatil words I leped into his waiting arms like a tiger upon a defenseles goat and as I nesled my head into his waiting bosum and darn near broke his specks we blighted our troth—what ever that is.

I knew that Cuthbert was a going for to ask me to committ matrimony and coy and maidenlike I did not give him a chance to duck. It was all so rumatic it seems like a five reel Mary Pickford. I know you will like Cuthbert if I ever bring him back to Grundy cen. He is not what you would call handsome, but he has such noble thoughts. Beautiful eyes, my dear, beautiful. Of course, some may say he squints a little but you never would notice it wen his head is turned the other way. His teeth, Clara Belle, are the most prominint thing about him. In fact it was his teeth I noticed first. They sorta stick out like a couple of tomb-

stones on a dark night and the cutest Adams apple. Honest sometimes you think it is going to jump up and knock his hat off.

During our court ship he treated me like a princess of royal blood. When we were Wining and Dining at the Cafeteria he always saw that I had plenty of mashed potatoes and lots of times I have had six glasses of water without him saying a word. And toothpicks. Would you believe it Clara Belle I have enough toothpicks for my trewso right now. Liberal with his money to. Almost every time we go sightseeing in the electric he pays both fairs. He has told me often that he had just as soon spend a nickle as go through a San Francisco earthquake, anytime.

Cuthbert says I am going to be such a help to him when we are wed. Even now he lets me stick the stamps on the envelops that are to carry his dethless words to the great magazeens and then when they come back he lets me look to see if there are any the post office people failed to mark. Of course Cuthbert don't make much money. He says genisuses never do until after they are dead, but he is going to have me retire from the stage and get a regular job. Something that will not interfere with my home life. Taking in washing



"We are going to have the wedding solomonized as soon as Cuthbert can find a justice of the piece."

for example. Cuthbert says he has written a number of articles proving that a woman's place is in the home and he is sure he can get enough for me to do to keep me there.

We are going to have the wedding solemnized as soon as he can find justice of the piece that aint all corruption and grede and is willing to send two loving hearts hand in hand down the paths of life just for the experience. Cuthbert says it would spoil his hole married life if he had to pay for a wedding.

I have played in my last picture and I heard it reumerd that all the directors are going to get together and send me a vote of thanks. Aint that just to sweet for words.

Everybody seems glad to hear that I am going to get married. They tell me a lot of these female stars are bighting their finger nails down to the quick in jelous rage.

Must close now as I have to meet Cuthbert. Already he is training me in the housewifely arts by rehearsing me darning the holes in his socks.

Lovingly,
MOLLIE.

Hollywood, Nov. 15.

Dear Clara Belle:

Our wedding has been consumaed and I am now a honest to goodness wife. We have the cunningest little home. Two rooms and a fire escape. And when the curtains are up in the windows of the next flat we can see right through out into the street.

Our wedding was delayed a little on account of the fact that Cuthbert could not find a Justice of the Peace that wanted to give a marriage ceremony just for the exercise and we had to hang around a couple of days getting a crowd of brides and

grooms together so we could get an excursion rate. Cuthbert is now busy getting out a very bitter article on the corruption and greed of polITICAL grafters.

After we were wed we went on a bridal toor at the Catalean Ilands which lie in the ocean near here all surrounded by water. It is a beautiful trip, but rough and at times I wisht that Cuthbert and I had never met, but it was lovely after we got over there. You have to go by boat. We came back the same day and then the next day we hunted our little nest. I just love the little place it is so cute and especially nice when the people down stairs aint cooking onions.

Right away, the day after we were wed I got a job. I met a director I worked for once and after I told him I was a war bride and he said he would get me a job asisting the hash director in the cafeteria out to the

studio. It is real lovely and I get a chance to study the mode of eating of the famous stars that work there. Cuthbert says he thinks he will get some kind of a drug habit and be a seenario riter. He says you got to smoke or sniff something to be a good seenario riter to help you get the idears. I'll bet he could rite good ones too if he could only think of them.

Wouldn't it be lovely if he was a seenario riter and got a job out here and we could work side by side. He dealing out junk for the director and me a dealing out beans for the actors.

Well, I must quit now for Cuthbert will be waiting to see if I got any tips today. I don't know when I'll have a chance to rite again.

Love,

MRS. CUTHBERT CLEMSAW PONTIFF,
knee, MOLLIE.

P. S.—Knee is French for once was.



"It is real lovely and I get a chance to study the mode of eating of the famous stars that work there."



"Mmm . . . mm." "Mmm?" "Mm!"
 "Mmmmmmmmm—mm?" "Mmmmm."
 "Mm—"

"Oh, dry up! You two sound like a leaky sink!"

"Ouch—MY RING! . . . you can hold the other fingers, dear."

"No, you fool; Ralph Ince is *his* son. You thought John Ince was his—? Oh, Lord, no! John Ince is the father of *both* the other Inces."

"Pet my foot some more . . . I like it."

Five comments on a war film:

"Finish 'em up, me braw lads! Ah, what a bonny fight!"

"That's a little bit of all right—eh what?"

"Allons! Enfants patrie—"

"Xlvxzh&­vich vxpqndrowffsky!"

"Ach, Himmel! vat a r-r-r-r-rotten picher!"

"Stop, Billie! Can't you wait until we get home?"

"My God, they'll get him!"

"S-s-s-sh! Where d'ye think y' are?"

"Got enny more gum, Ina Claire? Thanks. Well you cert'ny do get a lot o' nollidge from these here travelling pictures. Really, m'dear, I had to come here to learn that a worm made my silk stock-in's. I always thought silk grew underground like potatoes an' cotton."

"Hey—con'uctor! Whe's thish train going? I mus' be wrong. I didn' think I was comin' into a deepo—looked like a church. Say, lemme off before I get so far m'wife can get a divorce!"

"Galonghigowungwingfangyipdowsaya-howmukbinghowyangongkow?"

"No."

"I should say I do exercise. Every night! How? Watchin' these here Wild West pichers!"

"Now look, Henry: she rolls, an' *everything*, an' *she* don't get thin! *Don't* make me do it any more!"

"John, Baby's going to cry; take her out."

"You take her out."

"No, you!"

"I won't, now!"

"Well, if you don't love our baby enough to—"

"Oh, why couldn't you leave the doggone kid home—"

"Why, Harold . . . she's asleep, dear."

"He *did*? 'N' what did you do—wink back?"

"Why, what do you think I am—a common *flirt*? No, I just waited; I knew he'd come over."

"'Carmen' is *not* a Griffit' picher! It's a Jesse Belasco."

"Aw, come on, Chimmie—beat it! Dey ain't goin' to be no more fights; nott'n' but love mush!"

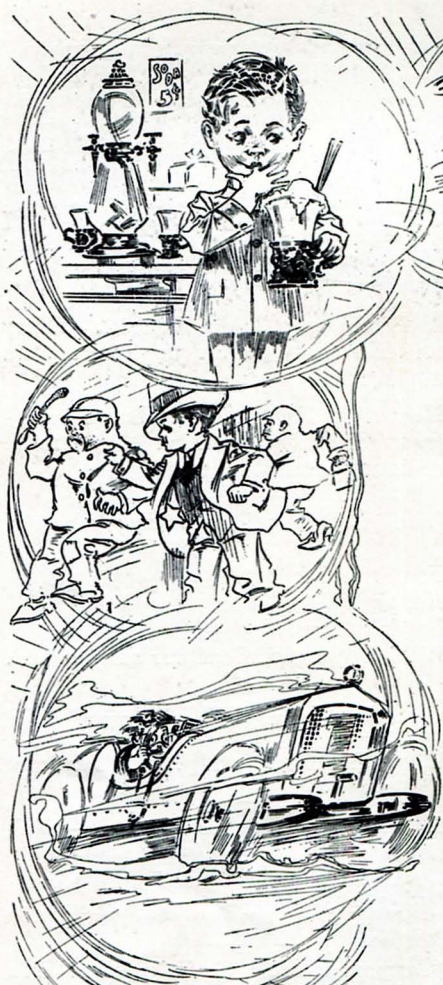
"Will you always love me like that, Luke?"

"I gotta work *sometimes*, dearie!"

"Abraham, get your hat; this show iss a cheater; three times already now ve seen that same picher!"

"No sah, Ah ain't a membah ob dat construction comp'ny no' mo'. Rheumatiz in ma feet. Ah cain't climb no ladders. Oh, yes, Ah suffers wiv it somfing terrible. Ah went down to Doctah Bunyon, an he ga'antee for a dollar an' a quarter to—"

"Say, you two thunderclouds—get your horse-shoes outside; you been in here three hours!"



Ambitions

I us't think I'd like to be
A clerk in some big candy store,
With choc'lit drops an' sody place
To sit an' drink—'nen drink
some more.

But now, some days, I wanna be
A cowboy with a belt an' gun
An' furry pants, upon a hoss;
Say, that must be a lotta fun.

An' 'en, a detectiv would be nice;
I'd arrest some guys that'r awful
mean.

Or, else, I'll be a real rich man
An' race in some big, swell
machine.

But, gee! It's mighty hard t' guess
Ezactly what I'm gonna be—
It seems t'change just all the time
With ev'ry picher-show I see.

ROBERT B. SHAPINSKY





Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1915

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Address: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Because of the rapid increase in contributions to this department, the editors find it no longer possible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Safety First

AN old couple from the country wandered into a moving picture show in the city. As they entered, a cowboy picture was being run.

"Hiram, let's not go too far down in front; the dust them thar horses air kickin' up is purty thick."

Mrs. E. Percy Killgore, Oakland, Cal.

Nth Power of Strategy

LITTLE Will had been to the movies and on his return was telling his friend Tommy of the "strategy" displayed by the hero. "But what do you mean by strategy?" asked Tommy.

"Well," said Will, with a superior air, "during a battle, if one side runs out of ammunition, and don't want the other side to know it, the strategy is to keep on firing."

Henry Grizzard, Dallas, Texas.

Like a Ford

A COZY little picture house in a wealthy section received a part of its business from its rich and conservative neighbors, although no one knew it but the ticket taker. They did not like to be seen there because it was not the fash-

ionable thing. As an old banker stole in one night he told his friend how he looked upon the place.

"I treat this joint like a bath tub," he said.

"How is that?"

"Oh, it's a nice comfortable place to be in, but I'd hate to be caught in it."

F. Byron Neale, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Optimism

A CERTAIN theatre in Canada had a soloist whose ability was more or less doubtful. One evening after she had finished "executing" a solo, and agonizing the audience, the lights went out and this title of the first picture was thrown on the screen:

"It Might Have Been Worse."

W. Hands, Ottawa, Can.

Succeeds Where All Else Fails

WILTON: "I have been eating onions. What shall I do?"

Gladys: "Go to see that film at the Strand. It will take your breath away."

George C. Horst, Baltimore, Md.

Charity Begins at the Movies

UPON Johnnie's request, his father had given him



Five Dollars for a Word

LITTLE Susan was much impressed by Marie Dressler's facial contortions as shown on the screen in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

"O Mother," she exclaimed, "she rolled her eyes so that you couldn't see anything but the whites; the yolks didn't show at all!"

Mrs. S. W. Erwin, Seattle, Wash.

a nickel "to give to a poor lame man." Johnnie was gone a long time.

"You've been gone quite a while," said his father upon his return. "Who is the lame man you were telling about?"

Johnnie hung his head,—"He sells tickets at the movie show."

Harry F. Malone, New Haven, Conn.

"It's an Ill Wind—"

TWO sons of Erin were watching a photoplay dealing with votes for women. "Oi say, do yez think thot women should get the vote?" asked one.

"Faith," was the answer, "oi wish they would, thin they'd know how hard it is to kape sober on election day!"

*K. L. Bisber,
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Hereditary Pants

A LITTLE boy was watching a flock of sheep on the screen.

"Aunt Mollie, what's those things?"

"Sheep," his Aunt replied. "Sheep's wool is what your pants are made of."

"Huh! No they're not." Willie snorted. "Mamma made my pants out of Charlie's old ones."

*Joseph Cruise,
New York City.*

Shady Story

IN a theatre which provided both vaudeville and motion pictures for its patrons, a little wisp of a girl had been waiting a long time for the curtain to rise. Turning to her mother finally, she asked impatiently:

"Mamma, when will the shade go up?"

Sylvia Wittenberg, Rochester, N. Y.

Correspondence With Heaven

LITTLE Bess had seen a picture in which was shown several business letters all ending with "Yours truly." Later when Bess was being put to bed she finished her prayers as follows:

"God bless mamma and papa. Yours truly, Bess."

Edith Shedlov, Minneapolis, Minn.

Did It Break Him

SLATZSKY and his son Bennie always sit up-stairs in the five cent seats when they go to their favorite theatre. On the main floor ten cents is charged.

One evening as they ascended the stairs to the balcony, awkward Bennie stumbled, lost

his balance, and fell over to the first floor. His father rushed to the railing, indignant.

"See vat you done, Bennie, you fool!" he shouted. "Now it vill cost you anoder nickel!"

Sophie Greenfield, Quebec, Can.

Accommodating

DURING an intermission, two old men were talking about how certain pictures are made. One of them said:

"I read in the paper that a moving picture actress ran an automobile over a 60-foot cliff into the sea. They don't really do that, do they?"

"Oh, my no!" said the other old man. "They just raise the ocean to the top of the cliff, run the auto into it and let it settle gently down again."

*William Storch,
Brooklyn, New York.*

Chivalry Is Not Dead!

IN a recent production featuring Lillian Gish, the villain tears around the room after the girl. Finally catching her, he seizes her in his arms and starts for the door.

Suddenly the tense silence was broken by a roaring voice from back of the theatre: "Drop that girl, you skunk!"

*Clifford B. West,
Germantown, Pa.*

This Side Up With Care!

THE scene showed a woman on her death bed with a new-born babe at her side. The husband went out and instructed several men to spread straw in front of their home, to lessen the noise of passing vehicles. A little miss in the audience said to her mother:

"What's that for, mamma?"

"Didn't you see that the woman in the house had a little baby sent her?"

The little girl gazed at the scattered straw. After a long pause: "Awful well packed, wasn't she, mamma."

Anonymous, Jersey City, N. J.

Charley's Monkeyshines

AN old organ grinder and his monkey had just passed the door and little Margaret ran to her mother exclaiming: "Oh mamma, come here quick! A mean looking man has got Charlie Chaplin tied and he's making him dance on the sidewalk."

Claude V. Barrow, Eagle Lake, Texas.



Investing in the Movies

THE SIXTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

THE other day I was the silent umpire of an argument vigorously engaged in by a successful photoplay producer, the manager of a large film exchange and the proprietor of a "regular" movie theatre. The producer said "I am convinced, after watching the business for a long time, that my end of the business becomes less profitable each year. You exchange men and exhibitors are making all the real money."

The exhibitor had a different story—"There is nothing big in my end of the business any more. You fellows get the cream. A comparatively short time ago five or ten dollars rented a corking feature. Now you hold us up to the tune of twenty-five and fifty dollars for a feature film, to say nothing of the regular program releases. I wish I were in either of your places."

The exchange man felt that he was getting the little end of the business all the way through. When cornered on the point of profit, however, each owned up that he was showing "a little money to the good," still it was the old story—the butcher wants to be a baker.

This conversation hinged entirely on "who makes the most money." Nothing was said directly about the risks in each phase of the business. Most of us in analyzing a business venture take a point of view similar to that of these movie men. We say to ourselves "Where can I make the big money," without first carefully considering the risks involved.

If you are thinking of Investing in the Movies it is of vital interest for you to look into the different phases of the moving picture business, not only from the standpoint of dividend returns but also

from the standpoint of relative safety. What are the hazards!

The producing end sounds easy. All you need is a studio—a staff of directors—a bunch of actors—a camera man—a scenario—turn the crank—develop and print the picture—sell the films and count your profits. That's what all of the circulars of new companies say. The essentials of producing, however, entail numerous risks.

Let us look at the motion picture plant. A motion picture studio equipped efficiently to turn out the kind of films that the public wants costs from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars. A building constructed for motion picture producing is of such peculiar design that it can be used for practically no other line of business. The equipment is also highly specialized. The "props"—all manner of odds and ends of furniture, scenery, costumes and the like, necessary in the staging of a production, are junk except in use.

The motion picture studio and all its accessories depreciate so rapidly that if the producing company is compelled to go out of business even soon after it is established, the stockholders get mighty little money from the sale of the plant and equipment. In most manufacturing businesses the investment in the plant can be protected against fire loss. Films are highly inflammable. A plant devoted to any phase of the motion picture producing business is such a bad fire risk from the fire underwriters' point of view that it is difficult to get insurance except at a price practically prohibitive.

The directors, the much talked of men who command the actors and make the scenario into a finished production, are variable factors. You probably have noticed

a number of concerns that are capitalized in part on the reputation of unusually talented directors. While these men are on the job the producing company has a most valuable asset. But directors sometimes die or resign to work with competitors, or lose their punch. That part of your investment which is capitalized in directors is not absolutely safe.

A well-known motion picture producer recently said "My greatest worry is the actors that I engage for my films. An actor or actress, who is making fifty to seventy-five dollars a week on the dramatic stage, won't work for me for less than one hundred and fifty dollars a week and I must pay the price. If I don't some other producer will. As soon as I develop a film star and am just ready to make a profit on my investment of time and money some other producer offers my star more money than I can afford to pay. I lose not only some of the good will that I acquired by educating the public to like my actor I am featuring, but I also have developed a star for some other company."

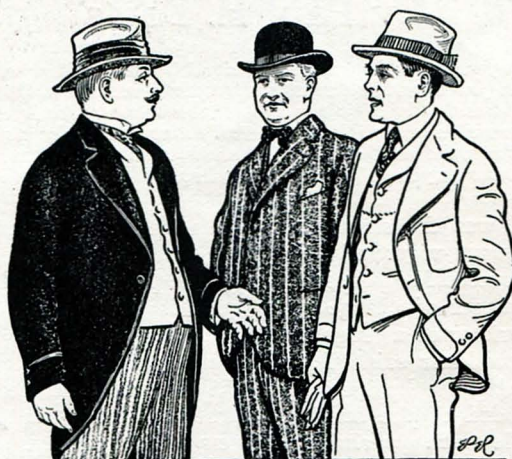
The scenario department of a producing company is a source of constant worry. It is mighty hard to judge from a scenario exactly how the film will look when it is screened. The manufacturer is always gambling on his ability to choose a story that will get by with the public. Last year a prominent producer released a society drama, featuring a well-known actress. The success was so great he at once made another along the same general line. The first made a profit of over fifty thousand dollars, while the second lost more than that. The public's taste had changed in a few months.

Probably most important of all to the producer is his market. As I have mentioned in other articles, a producing company must be able to sell from twenty to thirty prints or copies of each photoplay that it produces to make expenses. The film that is being made today will prob-

ably not be released for several months. The manufacturer must be able to gauge how many copies he will sell a long time before release date, so that he can estimate the amount of money he can invest in each production. Some manufacturing companies have a definite contract arrangement with a strong distributing company which takes its entire output. Other manufacturing companies have no definite written contract but have what amounts to the same thing, a working arrangement with a distributing company. This market risk is most important. Be-

fore investing in any producing company it is well to make sure that there is an absolutely certain outlet for the product. I have noticed recently several new companies that lay great emphasis on their studio, their directors and their stars yet say little about what they are going to do with the films when they are made. If I were investing in these companies I would be as interested in the market as in the facilities for making the film.

The producers of feature films have still another risk which has not been mentioned. The regular program, or one-reel productions, cost from one thousand to two thousand dollars a subject and the manufacturer usually makes a number of these at the same time. The feature film producer often bets his entire capital on one production. If an ordinary feature, cost-



Producer: "My end of the business becomes less profitable each year."

Exchange Man: "I have to maintain thirty to fifty branch offices."

Exhibitor: "Ten dollars once rented good features; they now cost fifty."

Most of us take a point of view similar to these movie men. We don't consider risks.

ing from ten to twenty thousand dollars, is not artistically good, or if the producer is not able to market a satisfactory product, either through some exchange system or by selling state rights, he is sure to suffer a real solar plexus blow. On the whole the producing end of the business is not as rosy as some people believe it to be.

The exchange end of the business also has many hazards. An exchange system to be highly successful must necessarily be of wide scope with offices all over the country. The reason for this I explained in detail in my first article. It is a difficult matter to control from thirty to fifty branch offices. The exchange companies have difficulty in getting efficient, honest managers, able to keep up with the pace. I know of an exchange in a large city that changed managers four times in one year. The exchange manager must always be on his toes to meet competition. He is at all times obliged to deal with exhibitors who are renting films from other distributing companies. One or two bad films will certainly hurt the business in his locality. He is continually harassed by details. A train due at Centreville at 6:00, carrying five reels of film for the Star Theatre's evening bill, is two hours late. The exhibitor is up-in-arms and blames the exchange for the delay that is really the fault of the railroad. The exchange probably loses its customer.

The exchange business, however, has this big advantage. Its numerous offices are situated in all kinds of localities, and each exchange serves several hundred exhibitors; so that if the exchange system is properly managed the risk is widely distributed. A distributed risk is much more desirable from the standpoint of the investor than

one that is concentrated into one point.

The exchange is of course dependent on the manufacturer of the films. It always runs the risk that the manufacturer may not turn out the kind of films that will please the theatre's patrons. Most exchange companies have been in the past so organized that they have only a moderate control of the output of the individual producer. Exchanges, like producing plants, are bad fire risks. A few weeks ago one exchange concern suffered a fifty thousand dollar fire loss in a southern city. Circulars concerning motion picture companies often fail to refer to the above hazards.

The exhibitor has his share of troubles. The first, of course, is the choice of location. If he builds a theatre he wagers a considerable amount of money that he is choosing the right corner. If he leases a building he assumes a heavy obligation that may break him if his judgment is not good. He must gauge accurately the public's taste. He runs the risk of not being able to judge the kind of films that his audience wants; and what is more often the case he runs the risk that the exchange will not give him the kind of films that he orders.

There is also a chance that he will not fix his price of admission at the right figure.

The exhibitor must work out with infinite precision the cost of his operation and the exact amount of money he can put into his bill and give the public its money's worth—a n entertainment that will please, at a cost that leaves a margin of profit. After he has his business developed he must be able to meet competition. I know of several desirable theatres, doing a most profitable business, that failed because better business men opened theatres in the same



Remember there is another list besides the "Favorable Prospects."

vicinity—men able to give the public better entertainment. Numerous exhibitors have been put out of business by larger theatres. The theatre proprietor must at this time be a mighty good business man to make money.

The serial end of the film business has attracted considerable attention recently. Most serial companies are intermediate concerns. They arrange with newspaper syndicates for a wide publicity campaign, contract with a producing company to make the serial and arrange with a distributing company for their distribution. Some of these concerns have been unusually successful. The hazard of the serial company is that all the eggs are in one basket. If the serial is successful the enterprise is highly profitable, if the serial is not granted the public's approval the proposition is financially a fizzle. Besides, serial popularity appears to be diminishing.

It is obvious that these numerous hazards of the motion picture business can only be overcome by efficient executives.

This brings us again to the ever important point of management. Before investing in any motion picture concern be sure that the men in charge are honest and have a reputation for success—in *the motion picture business*. Don't be misled by fellows who talk big. Let them show what they have done. In the motion picture business, like all new industries, great emphasis is laid on the enormous possibilities for profit—little is said concerning failures.

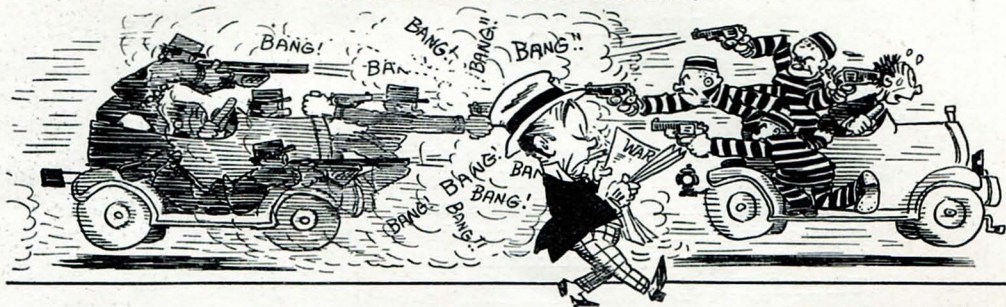
All of the advertisements and circulars of both old and new concerns emphasize the good points of the business but say little about the risks. I am very sure that the motion picture business has great possibilities for profit if one can locate the proper place for one's money. But I want you not only to see the industry from the standpoint of dividends but also to appreciate that the hazards of the business give you a real run for your money;—that the risks should make you exceedingly cautious.

Not-Yet Serials

Pointers to Producers for Future Features

Aberrations of Abigail.	Imprecations of Imogene.	Quarrels of Queenie.
Burglaries of Bertha.	Jailbreaks of Jezebel.	Robberies of Roberta.
Calamities of Calpurnia.	Killings of Kitty.	Sins of Sibyl.
Delinquencies of Delilah.	Libels of Lizzie.	Thieveries of Theodosia.
Evils of Evangeline.	Mayhems of Margaret.	Usuries of Ursula.
Forgeries of Florence.	Naughtinesses of Nancy.	Villainies of Victoria.
Garrotings of Garnet.	Orgies of Orillia.	Wickednesses of Winifred.
Hazings of Hazel.	Pilferings of Priscilla.	Xenogamies of Xanthippe.
Yappings of Yetta.	Zigzags of Zira.	

Seen On the Street



Do we duck and run for cover
Seeing death thus near us hover?
—We never even hurry.



Do we stop and look aghast
When good men are falling fast?
—We should worry.



And you'd think this crazy stunt
Would disturb our formal front.
—But we never even look.



Oh, we're used to things like these
Here in live Los Ange-les,
—Used to seeing thrilling movies "took."

News!! If—

If Director Young had been a painter:—

"The Metropolitan Museum has purchased James Young's four master-canvases of Russian life, grouped under the general title, 'Hearts and Exiles.' No painter since Verestchagin has depicted the steppes with such power—and certainly no Anglo-Saxon at any time has wielded a brush so authoritatively descriptive of the Slav and the Tartar in Europe."

If Director Sennett had lived in Queen Elizabeth's day:—

"Yestereve ye rollicking jester Sennett, surnamed Mack, did put a right royal one over Sir Walter Raleigh, ye Queen's favorite. Hearing that Sir Walter hath on occasion spread his cloak upon a muddy ground for my lady's feet—hearing this reputable tale, ye good varlet Sennett hideth behind a bramble bush until ye lady cometh along—and then throweth *himself* into the mud to be stepped on. It was ye good fat Queen herself, and though ye Sennett fellow is, they say, about to die from a French heel in ye pantry, he will be knighted; and ye jester Will Shakespeare is so jealously enangered that he hath turned from laughter to a tragic play called 'Hamlet.'"

If Director DeMille had been an historian:—

"A remarkable work on Africa, called 'The Explorer,' has just come from the pen of DeMille. It is not a description of Africa; it is Africa, as thoroughly and completely as his brochure, 'Seville of the Toreadors,' was modern Andalusia. Few living men have the knowledge, the fine touch of exactness, which marks the output of this veritable authority."

If Griffith had been an astronomer:—

"David Griffith, through the thirty-inch refractor on Mount Wilson, has discovered that the so-called canals on the planet Mars are no canals, but phases of primitive development. These are uniting in a black belt which threaten the white, or more developed spaces about them. The observer, however, has no doubt that the white area will eventually cover the entire surface. All interesting data in re *the birth of a world*."

If Director Porter had turned his inventive talents to commerce:—

"Edwin S. Porter's inventions yesterday included a device for chauffeurs to honk their horns by merely thinking a warning; an apparatus where a policeman may see up any alley as far as the side-door—from his fixed post on the corner; a block-signal system for social queen's making it impossible for a chicken to meet any two friends simultaneously; and a neat self-slaughterer for fools approaching Wall street: the device explodes and annihilates the wearer if he gets below City Hall Park—thus saving his estate for his family."

Look, girls!
Seal with
sable collar
and cuffs,
and it cost
only
\$2,000!

Adorning A Dawn

PRESUMPTUOUS UNDERTAKING,
WHETHER THE DAWN'S A SUN-
RISE OR HAZEL! NEVERTHELESS...

By Lillian Howard

Photography by McClure

IT had been all too short, this flying motor ride through the crisp November air to Amityville in the Long Island pines. My companion had chatted on everything from the movies to suffrage, always first and last coming back to these two themes. For the blonde, curly-haired hostess who looked very boyish in her closefitting, rose-velvet cap was none other than Hazel Dawn, star in the movies,—and who ever heard of an actress not a suffragette?

However even "The Cause" lost interest along side of the tale of this school girl, in Eng'and, saving her lunch money that she might have the shilling to see her favorite, Mary Pickford, in the films! And now less than six years later, her dressing-room in the Famous Players adjoins Miss Pickford's!

As we neared the Amityville home where Hazel Dawn lives with father, mother, five sisters and a brother, the object of the trip came to mind,—an interview on the clothes of this young star possessed of one of the most exquisite wardrobes owned by any girl in the country. Arriving we were met by the gracious mother whom I addressed as Mrs.

Dawn, having heard her so-called. Then I vaguely remembered hearing that Hazel Dawn was born Hazel La Tout, in Ogden, Utah. But uncertainty was arrested when the youngest sister Eleanor was observed wearing a watch plainly monogrammed "E. D." and the assurance came that Dawn was now the family cognomen.

Then began an inspection of rare wardrobe riches,—hanger upon hanger of the loveliest filmy chiffons, luxurious fur-bordered garments, soft velvets, limp with their richness. What most struck one's eye was that the predominance of shades rose from palest lingerie tints to the full splendor of an aurora borealis hue. This glowing rose color was present in frock, gown, and cloak and in hats innumerable.

But there was

Of course this pink satin boudoir costume, a la swan's down, must be the very latest, to be up with the Dawn



something to do besides look and exclaim. An interview must have statistics. Instinctively could one help wondering how much of an outlay it took for all this passing treasure?

In the meantime the owner had slipped into a dream of a boudoir creation, sort of glorified pajamas, as a beginning for a day's gowning. For her, active and vital, one would expect this free costume instead of a languid garment of floor-trailing laces and diaphanous chiffons. I looked; I admired. She whispered the price. It was all right for a star.

"How much do you think it costs a girl to dress, Miss Dawn? I mean the starting outlay for a comprehensive wardrobe of essentials."

"Well," came the startling answer. "a girl can be well dressed on four hundred dollars for a season's outlay. Of course she can spend four thousand easily enough."

"The suit of course," she continued, "is

the first essential. If she is religious about keeping it pressed and then goes in for hats and shoes,—shoes and hats are my hobbies you know,—

she has laid the foundation of a smart wardrobe.

I should prefer having one good suit and changing it by dark and light furs, to possessing two of these run-to-death fur trimmed suits seen everywhere. After the suit she has her one-piece cloth frock and an allover coat; then an afternoon dress, and I always have at least

one such in velvet; then an evening gown and evening cloak. That

makes, let me see, six essentials. From there one branches out and goes in for variation as far as one pleases."

"But wouldn't these costumes alone eat up the whole four hundred?"

"Not at all," came the quick response. "I've gotten awfully good looking suits for forty-five dollars (one can when one is a perfect thirty-six). Then again I've gone as high as two hundred and ninety-five. To be really logical in one's wardrobe expenditure, I should say half the sum should go for costumes and a like amount for shoes, lingerie, hats and furs. Then the wardrobe is in harmony."

On the bed where the wearer had discarded it, lay the lovely sealskin sable-trimmed coat which she had worn out in the car. She followed my eye. "That is my pride. Isn't it a beauty?" It surely was—a full two thousand dollar beauty.

At this point Eleanor Dawn came in with a package just arrived. "Here is the handkerchief Hazel—on approval." And turn-

ing to me, "Hazel has a passion for laces. She has been buying quite a lot from the Belgian sale and I selected this one yesterday."

THE choice seemed to meet with all the approval that an adoring sister could ask.

"Do you care for needle work?" I queried.

"Love it," was the prompt reply. "I think I care more for lingerie than anything else—excepting shoes—and mine is all handmade."

"Yes," said Eleanor, "she never wears a piece of lingerie more than once before it goes to the laundry. See what heaps she has," and she opened several draws of a chest, showing almost enough to stock a January sale.

"Did you make any of it?" I asked.

"No, not of this, but I can. In school in France it was part of our training to make all our lingerie by hand."

Then her shoes hobby came to mind. "Shoes are your extravagance, you say?"

"Yes," replied the owner of a four and a half A. "Just now I own eighty-three pairs of boots and slippers. Whenever I see a goodlooking pair I simply don't resist. Then, too, I am all the time losing slippers."

"One of the penalties a star pays is being the object of the souvenir purloiner's craze."

"Only the other week," the victim continued, "I lost one of a pair of pink satin slippers from my dressing room and I had just that day sewed on a thirteen dollar pair of buckles."

Hazel Dawn was now fastening the bodice of a lovely "rose dawn" broadcloth frock with a large bar pin of diamonds. She laughed, "Speaking of needle work, here comes a button off. I've the most wonderful mother who won't let any one but herself attend to my things. I don't usually wear this bar in this fashion." One looked admiringly at a large bar pin of diamonds. "I have a set of five of them."

"Do you clean your own jewels," I hazarded.

"I do when I have them out of the safety deposit box. I can clean them quite as well as the jeweler. I scrub them with pure alcohol on a camel's hair brush, then lay them in a box of sawdust."

Her bracelet gleamed as though it had just received the foregoing treatment as she donned a charming afternoon or luncheon frock of black velvet made with very short sleeves in the latest French mode.

"Do you know the count of the stones in that bracelet? I have in all my pieces of jewelry, eight hundred and seventy-five diamonds—no other stones. Diamonds and pearls are my favorite jewels."

Every one remembers Hazel Dawn in the "Pink Lady." It was that which brought to mind the violin. And standing in a lovely Callot tea gown of

What was in the fruit basket: six pairs and a peach.





Above Miss Dawn wears a suit of rich tête de negre velour designed by Hickson. Collar and border are of beaver; the cap, of the same fur, is adorned with silver designs.

flesh-colored velvet, she delighted ear and eye, playing for a few moments. Her education in England, where she went as a child of nine, was supplemented by study in Paris, followed by a course of violin instruction in Munich.

In a simple dinner gown, again in the "rose dawn" shade of velvet, cut on

severely classic lines one was reminded of her film portrayal of "Niobe."

"This gown is very Greek," she remarked. "Of all costume designing, with constant changes of inspiration from bygone periods, nothing suits me so well as the gowns on the old Greek

This evening gown of rose chiffon velvet with seed pearl cords was designed by Gidding along the Greek lines of which Miss Dawn is so fond.



lines. I seldom wear a corset, so I am much more at home in Niobe's robes than the basque structure of the Watteau period fashion demands."

As she spoke she took a sumptuous evening wrap from a cavernous closet and wrapt herself in the folds of its wine

The pink Dawn evening gown below is silk with silver lace flounces. Gidding included the new Watteau back in this charming Bo-peep model.



The all-over coat shown above is in old red velour, with the latest military cape effect. Designed by Gidding.

colored velvet, collared and cuffed deeply with silver cross fox. With this she had completed for inspection costumes needed for passing phases of a day's work and play.

The car was waiting to make the return trip. As the owner of the eighty-three pairs of footwear reached this part

of her costuming she made a careful selection from half a dozen pairs of street boots.

Getting a suit from the closet disclosed somber hues of wellcut garments, with and without fur. A beautifully cut black velvet model found favor.

"With this you see I can make different costume effects by my fur,—white fox for the black and white symphony, yellow fitch for a study in black and yellow, and coal black fox for the picturesque all-black."

As I made final notes, Miss Dawn said, laughing, "You wouldn't think I had half enough clothes could you see the letters I get asking for them. Yes, I give them all away as the modes change. It's demanded of actresses that we be up to the minute in styles. But I don't give them away indiscriminately. I have a letter put away. It runs: 'Dear Miss Dawn—I like the hat you are wearing very much and wish you would send it to me. If you can't send it, send

something else. I am expecting them soon.' Nothing more or less. That letter went in the scrap book. I kept another, too. A woman wrote me that her daughter, the main support of a family of younger children, could not get work for want of decent looking clothes. The girl was desperate and apparently the mother, too. I investigated and found it all true. Then I went through my wardrobe and my sister's and sent clothes for the girl and also the other children—hats, shoes, dresses, coats. The mother wrote me a beautiful letter. She said her daughter found work, thanks to the clothes, and the letter was actually tear-stained in the lines in which she attempted to express her gratitude."

And I was even more deeply interested in Hazel Dawn when I found that from a wardrobe of such riches, she has found ways to bring forth greater treasure than the lovely garments themselves.

Edith, the Veteran

FIVE years in vaudeville, a short time with Famous Players, and two years a twinkling member of the Imp stock company playing everything from doll parts to mature feminine leads.

Sounds like the career of a confirmed star of twenty-five-plus-ten, doesn't it? But it's not; it's just petite Edith Roberts, whose every appearance upon the screen brings a shower of "Isn't-she-cute!"s. For Edith is only fickle fourteen, and not fickle at all. She's faithfully in love,—with her work.



They say that Edith has been a regular movie actress longer than any other girl in the world her age. She was born in New York in 1901. Some of her best-known plays are Universal's "The Toymaker of Leyden," "When the Call Came," and "Billy's College Job."

"Her first director, Julius Stern, corrected, scolded and nagged out of the girl any conceit she may have had," says her mother,

"and now we may safely say she has accomplished something worth while."



PEGGY

AN AMERICAN LASS WHOSE SWEET DEVILTRY WON
A STAIID SCOTCH VILLAGE AND ITS PASTOR

By Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by Thomas H. Ince

BEFORE Peggy Cameron left her home in Chicago for the Highlands of Scotland, she had become accustomed to seeing men politely follow their womenfolk into a neighborhood millinery or candy shop to cast their votes. Getting the franchise had not forced women to go to the "awful polls." The polls had come to them. And to the girl there was nothing unusual in this for her scheme of the universe required things to come to women, and especially to one, Peggy Cameron. So when she drove her racing roadster into the staid Scotch town of Kirkwood that Sunday morning and saw with what meekness the women followed their men folk out of the little church, she had a queer sinking feeling at the pit of her heretofore undaunted young stomach.

Peggy slowed up to a stop because she had to. Kirkwood was not used to seeing automobiles driven on the Sabbath, and

the villagers streamed steadily from the church yard across the street according to the custom of years. They stared openly at the roadster and the girl at the wheel.

"Please, can you direct me to the home of Mr. Andrew Cameron," asked Peggy, leaning forward to a little, gentle-faced woman following a stern, stodgy Scotchman.

The woman raised startled eyes to Peggy's, but before she could speak, her man stepped forward as if to shield her from some danger.

"I am Andrew Cameron," he said coldly. "What mean ye by breaking the Laird's day coming among us like a devil's gadfly?"

"I'm Peggy, Peggy Cameron, your niece from the States," explained the girl expectantly.

"Full wull I know ye're Peggy. Wud I be troublin' to chide ye if ye were not disgracin' me?"



They received them with horror; for the car was the newest model. Peggy's maid a revelation in trimness, and Peggy herself a bewitching beauty.

Her uncle's manner and speech were decidedly an affront. Peggy gasped. She had come thousands of miles at

his invitation to be one of his family now that her father had died. She had a fortune of her own and so could not be a burden. Naturally she had expected a welcome.

"What's the matter with me?" flashed the girl. "My father picked this car for me himself. He said it toned down my highlights, whatever they are. He loved me in this rig. What's the matter?"

By this time Peggy and Cameron had a goodly audience. The villagers had been looking for the coming of the girl ever since it had become known that she was to live with her uncle, the richest mill owner in the country side, and presiding elder of the kirk, who was the final authority in their town. Now they received her and her car and the maid beside her with horror; for the car was the newest model, Peggy's maid a revelation in trimness, and Peggy herself a bewitching little beauty, with copper hair, saucy features and starry eyes. Just now the thick fringes of those eyes gleamed with a tear or two of rage.

"Gae haeme and hold thy tongue," commanded Andrew. "Ye're brazen. God loves the 'umble woman of meek and Christlike spurrit. He hates auto cars and

Jezebul garb on his holy day."

In an instant Peggy's April humor had changed. "When did you have that talk with God, Uncle Andrew?" she inquired roguishly.

Consternation fell on the little assemblage. Andrew Cameron's heavy jaw set and his frown blackened. He was struck dumb by such blasphemy. He drew himself up like a tribal leader, waved the shocked villagers away and grasped the hand of the Reverend Donald Bruce as if he needed spiritual help in this awful moment. Peggy, now again at peace with her-

self because she had had the last word in the argument, smiled sweetly. Her interested eyes rested on the splendid face of the perturbed young minister, only a year out of Edinborough. The Reverend Bruce took one sorrowful look in her direction, caught a bewildering smile and hastily turned away. Peggy broke the spell.

"Mariette," she said to her maid, "get down and let me make a place for my dear Aunt Mary and Uncle Andrew. Come Aunt Mary," as the maid hopped down. "You'll love a little spin home," and Peggy leaned out enticingly. And the wonder of it was that the little woman, whose heart had gone out to this sprite so different from the staid girl she had been in her youth, and who had secretly yearned for the delight of riding in one of the luxurious long road monsters that sometimes brought tourists through the picturesque mountain hamlet, made a movement toward Peggy. Nothing else could have so angered the presiding elder. The purple of his wrath surged from his heavy jewels to his forehead. "Dinna move till I tell ye," he ordered her. "And you, shameful daughter of my fugitive Godless kin, gae to the thirrud white house on yonder hill and gae slowly as becomes the day, or answer to me." And he threw out his strong right arm like a semaphore to point the way ahead. He was too blinded with fury to see the new spark of rage in the girl's

changing eyes when he had mentioned her father, who, of a truth, had fled his austere home and the frequent laying on of the rod to find a freer, happier life in the land across the sea. But he did not mistake the defiance in her tone as she answered flippantly,—“Oh, surely, if you insist.” And the white car with the jaunty little figure at the wheel and the “outlandish” looking maid beside it, shot away with a spurt of speed that was a challenge.

Andrew Cameron stood shaking with wrath. He paid no attention to either his wife or the Reverend Bruce, who had witnessed the last exchange of hostilities from a little distance. Now he approached the big man of Kirkwood respectfully.

“Elder,” he said, “perhaps harshness is not the better way with this strange girl. She looks to be younger than you said. Maybe she will soon learn our ways.”

“She soon wull, Reverend Bruce, she soon wull. She’s full eighteen. Come Mary.” And Andrew Cameron strode after the offending roadster with his wife following obediently.

At home the old people found Peggy talking animatedly with her cousin Colin, the only son of the house and grown to manhood, but as much in awe of Cameron as was his mother. Colin was listening to Peggy’s mischievous version of her scolding with awe and a wondering admiration fighting for place on his lean face.

“Begone, Colin!”

Peggy turned at the sound of the harsh voice. Then she looked back again to watch the remarkable spectacle of a young man retreating before a word like a well-trained dog.

“Mary, to your duties.”

The little woman went silently also, but the sweet, entreating look she turned to Peggy was to remain with the girl always. When uncle and niece were alone the old man grasped Peggy’s hand and held it hard. He felt not a tremor of flinching. This so amazed him that he forgot to renew his attack.

“Peggy, my dear,” he said instead, gruffly, “ye’re welcome to my hame. I asked ye. In my care ye’re left. But me ye must obey. Now gae to your room and put on some modest dress.”

“Thank you, uncle, I will at once,” and Peggy scurried to her room where her maid and her trunks were waiting.

“Mariette, get out my frilliest house dress,” called Peggy gaily.

In a few minutes, Peggy’s hair shone in the most modish of swirls, her arms to the elbow, and a V of neck showed white from a modishly cut dress of chiffon and fur, and her twinkling feet matched in dainty shoes of the same color. When she was fully satisfied with herself, she hurried down as wickedly intent on aggravating her uncle as she ever had been to excite the dear smile of pride that she had loved to see come into her father’s face.

She succeeded. The very next day she was put in the hands of the village dress-maker, and they were curious, clumsy hands enough. They fashioned the plainest of frocks to please the exacting elder. But somehow that did not succeed in making Peggy look dutiful. The minute she put on the ugly dresses they took on smartness.

The second self denial for Peggy came with her uncle’s order that she give up her racing car. In answer

She was a sort of lightning rod down which her uncle’s anger flashes slipped harmlessly.



Peggy calmly got into her roadster and was off.

"I'm going to take Janet McLeod out to-day," she called back. "Her face looks like paste she's so pale."

Cameron stood swelling with anger. Janet McLeod was a sore topic with him.

She was a weaver in one of his mills and her black blue eyes and blue black hair had set young Colin Cameron dreaming this long time. Of late the young man had been seen much with Janet, and Cameron, who wanted his dollars to meet and swell with other dollars, had threatened to horsewhip his son if he saw this lowly girl again. He felt in need of sympathy and so trudged off to enlist the help of the Rev. Donald Bruce.

As the sun was showering sunset gold over the western mountains, Peggy ran her roadster into the barn and decided she still had time to tighten up some grease cups. So she donned her overalls and climbed under.

Suddenly she heard footsteps and then a kind of horrified snort in a voice she'd learned to know well. By way of answer she waved her silken ankles.

"Come out o' that," thundered Cameron.

"Coming," cheerily answered Peggy. Her wriggling pulled up the overall legs till more and more silken adjunct to ankle showed. Outside Cameron and the Rev. Bruce, who had come reluctantly to help admonish Peggy, gazed in awful fascination. When the girl's bright eyes and hair emerged, the Rev. Bruce, his face flaming, tardily turned his back.

"Into the house, ye shameless one."

"What are you going to do to my car?" demanded Peggy.

"The car ye'll see again when ye're twenty-one," answered Cameron. Peggy took the loss of her car philosophically. She wouldn't have taken it at all if it hadn't been for her Aunt Mary and cousin,

Colin. She loved them both and felt that she was a sort of lightning rod down which her uncle's anger flashes slipped harmlessly, while they were protected. And it didn't take her long to find that she was getting more out of the walks than the drives. Before she had viewed Kirkwood as through a telescope. Now she turned on the high power of her microscopic eyes and found marvelous interests.

One of her new delights was amusing the story-starved children she met. She told them all the stories she knew

and then began to manufacture new ones designed especially to induce the children to cease catching and torturing bugs and butterflies.

When the good housewives of Kirkwood learned of the fairy tales being told to their children, they held an indignation meeting.

"She couldna stop wi' bein' brazen an' flauntin'" they told each other. "She must tell black lies to our innocent bairns."

But the children stopped vivisectioning the crawling and flitting inhabitants of the bushes and Peggy was so enthused with her good work that she determined to conquer more fields.

One poor old woman, Mrs. Ferkin, who lived at the edge of the village in a tumble down cottage, excited the girl's sympathy. Her husband was a hanger-on at the village tavern. He usually stumbled home at nightfall besotted.

One bleak November afternoon, Peggy found her old friend in a bad way. She



Cameron stood swelling with anger. "The car ye'll see again when ye're twenty-one."

was ill and there was neither fire on the hearth nor porridge in the pot. The girl soon had enough old tree branches collected to make a fire and then ran out into the gloom to fetch Ferkin, who had gone into town to get meal. Soon she saw the bent old figure stumbling along in the gloom. He was tipsy and he had no meal.

Peggy was ablaze with indignation. "The old scarecrow," she told herself, "I wish I could scare the taste for liquor out of him." She shook him by the arm and demanded the reason he had not thought of his sick wife.

"Just a wee bit drap too much," Ferkin whiningly explained.

"If you don't stop taking the horrid stuff, do you know what's going to happen to you?" Peggy cried in his ear. "If you take another glass a death-white rabbit is going to hop just a grave's length ahead of you, and you're going to follow, grave's length by grave lengths till you fall into a fiery pit."

Peggy's voice had grown hollow with foreboding and old Ferkin peered fearfully into the dusk. Just then the girl's white poodle came trotting round a bush. The old man shrieked and broke into a shambling trot toward home, while Peggy hurried on toward the village to get the

ingredients for a strengthening gruel. She half turned as she heard sturdy foot steps behind her.

"Miss Peggy, it is I, your parson," called the Rev. Donald Bruce.

"The poor ridiculous soul, he can't forget it for a minute," thought the girl.

"Miss Peggy, does your uncle know you are out at this hour?" asked Rev. Bruce severely.

"He probably does by now," and Peggy laughed lightly.

Rev. Bruce felt uncomfortable as he always did when with Peggy. He groaned inwardly as he wondered why this wild daughter of a wicked world could make his heart beats nearly smother him.

"It's unseemly for a young girl to be out alone so late," he said.

"My but you'd make a wonderful full back for football," Peggy answered sweetly. "I am,—I was a good back," said Rev. Bruce almost boyishly and Peggy's most contagious laughter rang out at the success of her manoeuvre.

"Good-night," she said cheerily. "I've got to take some things back to Mrs. Ferkin," and she darted into a little store.

When she came out Rev. Bruce was still waiting. He understood now what Peggy was doing, and he was elated with her



The youth hissed in the shrivelled ear, "A grave's length ahead—a grave's length ahead!" Old Ferkin jumped. He was sure now the spirits were after him.



"The man is Colin, your son." "It's a lie!" roared Cameron. He bowed his head and gripped the table till his tendons bulged.

charity and the chance it would give him to praise her. But he couldn't lose the pastor in the man.

"Miss Peggy, you're a good girl when you want to be," he said. "Why can't you put your wickedness away entirely and become Christlike."

"Oh Lor-r- fiddlesticks!" gasped Peggy. And they walked to the cottage in silence.

It was a revelation to the young minister to see how gentle Peggy was with the poor old woman and how able with the gruel. When he escorted her back home late for her supper, he trembled as she conventionally put her arm in his. At the Cameron door Rev. Bruce said "Do not chide her, Elder Cameron, she was doing God's will. She was an angel itself to-day."

The Rev. Bruce walked away with a lighter step than usual. He acknowledged now to himself that he had become afraid that he would fall before this evil temptress, he, the shepherd of the flock. But now his heart was singing with hope. He would not fall. He could and he would raise her to him.

The next day Peggy found Mrs. Ferkin worse and calling miserably for her old husband. He was again at the tavern. Peggy determined if there was a way in the world she'd get him and send him

home. She knew a woman could not get into the ale room so she went home, put on some of Colin's clothes and got away without being seen.

No one paid any attention to the youth, who entered the tavern and slipped up behind old Ferkin nodding foolishly over his drink. The youth leaned forward and snatched the old man's glass.

At first the befuddled brain refused to cope with the problem of the vanished glass. Noting this the youth hissed in the shrivelled ear, "A grave's length ahead, a grave's length ahead, the death-white rabbits will lead you to the fiery pit."

Old Ferkin jumped. He was sure now that the spirits were after him. He stumbled out and toward his cottage as fast as he could go. Peggy slipped after him in the hope of getting back to her uncle's house without being detected. But just outside she ran head on into the Rev. Bruce. He thought she was some lad, who had been in the ale house, and shook her roughly by the arm. Her hat fell off disclosing the boy to be Peggy. The Rev. Bruce gasped while Peggy dove for the hat, pulled it again over her ears and ran on.

The young minister was heartsick. Would he ever know this untamed, devil-

ish girl? Could he do his duty by her as he learned her evil ways? This minute he should be heading for Andrew Cameron's mills to tell her guardian of Peggy's last disgraceful exhibition of waywardness. He hesitated, then turned in the opposite direction. His feet, dedicated to walk in the ways of righteousness refused for once to obey the dictates of conscience. Shaken and full of anxiety he went home to pray.

Just what would have happened to Peggy if Cameron had learned of her escapade not even Peggy or the Rev. Bruce had need to consider, for a new catastrophe, so sudden and terrible befell the community that the daring outlander for a time lost interest. The paling cheeks and haggard eyes of poor Janet McLeod, the weaver, were accounted for. The unhappy girl had fallen by the way and would soon give birth to a nameless baby.

All Kirkwood was aroused. The women, and even the men, stopped to talk about the horror of it. And the children were cautioned to cross the street and look the other way if Janet McLeod, unloved by God, approached. If the poor girl had developed leprosy she could not have been more hatefully shunned. And the whole village looked forward to the time when the conference should send her from the sight of good people. In the town there was only one person who asked the question, "Who is the man?" Peggy was that person. And she asked it directly of the one person her bright, seeing eyes had told her could answer,—her cousin Colin.

The conference met quickly with Elder Cameron presiding. Only one thing was presented or decided on,

the banishment of Janet. The girl was called in to hear the decision.

It was a scene to break one's heart. Stolid, stern-faced men were gathered round a table, where a bible lay. Cameron stood towering over them, a rock of condemnation. Behind him stood the young



Cameron blurted out, "Reverend Bruce, when will ye be takin' a wife?" The young minister colored and Peggy giggled.

minister, his handsome face also hard and pitiless. And before them all, alone, the drooping figure of the unhappy girl.

Elder Cameron had already pronounced judgment and Janet had bowed to it. But the merciless ordeal had not stopped there. Each member of the conference had taken his turn at tearing the soul of the girl, till sickened and afraid, she was reeling from faintness.

"And now ye sinning hussy, begone," Cameron was commanding, when to the consternation of everyone, Peggy jumped into the room. Her face was livid, but never had her hair shone so red and her eyes flashed such fire.

"So Janet is to go. Does the man go too?" The ringing question was a demand. Its unheard of audacity stopped Janet on her way to the door. Dead silence ensued. But Peggy was undaunted.

"Do you know who the man is?" she demanded again. The stare of scandalized eyes was her only answer. Peggy stared straight back into her uncle's face.

"Uncle Andrew, you pride yourself on being just," she blazed. "All of you old hard shells do. And is it possible that you think there is any justice in this? Isn't the man to blame too? Do you want to know who he is?"

The austere heads around the table nodded and Cameron gave sound to one guttural word, "Aye."

"The man is Colin, your son."

"It's a lie!" roared Cameron.

"It's the truth," said Colin quietly as Peggy pulled open the door where the trembling youth had been waiting.

Cameron bowed his head. His hands gripped the table till the tendons bulged. Slowly he came back to himself and looked up, a tired old man.

"No Cameron has ever shirked his duty," he said doggedly. "Colin, ye will marry Janet this day."

Colin stepped quickly to Janet's side and the poor girl's change from desolation to happiness was sweet to see. Peggy's eyes softened with delight as she left the room.

At home she dressed quickly for traveling while her maid packed her things. When she entered the living room, she found Cameron and his wife there.

"What mean ye, Peggy," asked her uncle. The old sting was gone from his

voice, the pomposity from his manner. Her Aunt Mary was crying.

"I'm going back to America," said Peggy. "If I stay in this awful town, I'll burst. And anyway, no one here loves me." There was a little break in the girl's voice at the end.

The door bell interrupted. The Rev. Bruce's voice was heard asking excitedly for Peggy. The girl felt a sudden agitation and begged her aunt to be excused. "Tell him I can't see him, auntie, please do. Tell him I'm just starting for America."

Peggy heard her aunt's trembling voice deliver the message, then started with pleasure.

"By God, I must see her," came in the young minister's voice and his stalwart person followed the words.

Peggy didn't run. She looked roguishly into the Rev. Bruce's face and said happily, "Oh, do swear again, dominie, I love to hear you."

Mrs. Cameron appeared in the doorway, but Cameron waved her back and went out too. "Mary," he said softly, "we're not wanted in there. And don't grieve about Colin. May be it's a' for the best."

Neither Peggy nor the Rev. Bruce ever told what was said between them. But when lunch was served the girl had taken off her wraps and spoke no more of leaving. The Rev. Bruce stayed too.

As the meal progressed something more than the trouble of the morning seemed to be on Elder Cameron's mind.

He asked guarded questions about Peggy's resolve to remain, and got guarded answers till he could no longer stand the strain. Finally he blurted out with "Reverend Bruce, when wull ye be takin' a wife?"

The young minister colored and Peggy giggled. The giggle was both reassuring and daring.

"Peggy'll say when," he answered joyously.

Her Aunt Mary rose to kiss Peggy while Cameron pushed a bell. The man of all work appeared.

"Tim," ordered his master, "get out that white automobile my niece grew tired of. She'll be usin' it again. And mind Tim. Hereafter do the bidding of Miss Peggy Cameron. She's engagin' ye to mind the car."



Photos by Matzene



Bessie Learn

DO YOU THINK IT'S
PROPER TO REFER
TO HER AS THE
"BANTAM CHAMP"
OF LEADING WOMEN?

By Johnstone Craig

*She made her first stage
entrance in a baby carriage.*

SAYS Al Jolson: "What is grammar when you know each other?" So: what is dignified formality when you're trying to describe a real person?

I had intended to start this demitasse tale by calling Bessie Learn the Bantam-weight Champ among Leading Women. Then I reflected that prizefight phraseology was no carpet for dainty feet to tread. I tried to find other allusions, alliterative, pictorial or merely sugary, but I stuck. She *is* the bantamweight champ, so why not say so?

She is one of Edison's best known, tiniest and most-liked actresses. Barely five feet tall (*avec* heels) she always seems



somewhat loftier in her pictures because of her slenderness.

An ingenue by nature and predilection, she has mastered the arts of tragedy as well as of comedy. In serious plays, indeed, she is a factor to be reckoned with. I know of no woman on the screen who can register sincerer emotion in a simpler way. And simplicity is success in pantomime, as it is in everything else.

You wouldn't think Bessie Learn was getting on in years. Oh, dear, no. But she is. Oh dear, yes. She is twenty-three! Nowadays anybody playing leading business (even the gray-haired ones) never admits more twenty-one years, or twenty-two at most. It's not being done.

Bessie Learn, like Earle Williams, and a number of others, is a Californian. She was born in the city of San Diego. But when two years of age her parents moved to Chicago. Odd, isn't it, that very few of the art-horde now permanently camped in California were born there, while many who do claim that as the State of their nativity are to be found upon the Eastern coast?

Her first stage appearance was at McVicker's theater, in Chicago, where (in 1900) she played a little part in "Hearts are Trumps." Even then the consistent bantam of her class, she was wheeled onto the stage in a baby carriage.

The eight-year-old actress was destined for big associations. With Chauncey Olcott, she played in "The Romance of Athlone," and "Wild Irish Rose."

With Amelia Bingham, she played in "Hearts are Trumps;" "The Little Princess," with Millie James; in "Lover's Lane;" in New York, with Mary Ryan and Edwin Arden in "Home Folks," with which she was identified two years; with Henry B. Irving in "Paola and Francesca;" with H. B. Irving in "Midsummer Night's Dream;" in vaudeville with Robert Hilliard and William Harcourt; and as the boy, in "Polly of the Circus."

She has been associated at various periods of her brief but extraordinarily interesting career with some of the best known men in picturedom, including Thomas H. Ince, James Young, Joseph Smiley and the late John Bunny.

She had already arranged to appear in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" when the Edison company wrested her from the speaking stage to its potent silences. And

she has been before the camera ever since.

Bessie Learn's philosophy, credo and practice are work. She works consistently, month in and month out, and the increase in her own expressive abilities is abundant proof that she works to some purpose.

As for hobbies: sewing and motoring. Her salary enables her to keep a handsome car and chauffeur—but she dispenses with that mechanical luxury, for she avers that no man or woman should own a car which cannot be personally driven. Otherwise—argues the direct and practical Learn—why not take a street-car? It's about as quick, and there's no upkeep or tire bill.

Sewing is an intense passion with these Edison girls. They all do it. Viola Dana sews desperately, day in and day out. Mabel Trunnelle sews. Bessie Learn sews. She is a hat-maker and a gown-maker. Whether she takes in tailoring, or does a little sweat-shop work nights, I don't know. Possibly. She looks rich.

Of her film productions, "According to their Lights," "In the Shadow of Death," and "Sally Castleton, Southerner," are as well known as any, and are representative of her fine and varied talents.

What? You, little girl over in the corner—did you ask if Miss Learn had ever had any "exciting experiences?" You did? Very well. Miss Learn, stand up and tell us something breathless.

"I've had quite a few exciting happenings in pictures, but the most exciting time I ever had in my life was in trying to get out of the war country. I think I was lucky to get back at all.

"You see, I had been there for three months; I had finished my trip and was ready to come back home—this was in the late summer of 1914—when, in the little Holland town where I had been resting, I was informed that my steamer line had cancelled all of its sailings.

"I was on the very last boat which left the Hook of Holland for Harwich. We went through the North Sea at night, lights out, boat deck full of people, and expecting torpedoes every moment. I had not expected a sudden drop in temperature, and I remember that I was compelled to crouch in a corner of the deck all night in a cold wind—with nothing but a shirt-waist, and a rug that a kindly stewardess had thrown me! At least fifty times I was gruffly asked my nationality."

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

FOREWORD: No monthly magazine whose dramatic reviews are devoted either to the theatre or the theatre's silent sister, the screen, can make its columns serve as indices of current attractions. The monthly magazine is forever barred from being a handbill. It is rather the purpose of the periodical to discern tendencies, to discuss the large attempts, to point out trends of popular favor, to comment upon general dramatic movements, to herald new authors, actors or producers—to give the reader news, and to tell, or at least to attempt to tell, what the tidings portend.

WHAT about Henry Walthall? Unquestionably his is the subtlest and most spiritual of the screen's impersonative talents. Essanay has made every endeavor to provide him worthy vehicles, but since coming to Chicago he has done little which measures up to his own innate ability. Neither he nor his employing corporation can be charged with superciliously slighting opportunities: rather, with honest missteps in their effort to take advantage of them.

Under discussion here is "The Raven," a pretentious, widely advertised and no doubt costly picture play based upon the life of Edgar Allan Poe.

Poe's value as a dramatic subject may be questioned. A literary one, certainly. The large episode upon which author Hazelton has bent Essanay's best battery of cameras

is the romance of Poe and Virginia Clemm. Incidents of Poe's life, and even pre-natal history, are very faithfully reproduced. In the replication of his infancy, and the death of his mother, there is painstaking fidelity. John Allan, who adopted him, and unknowing immortalized his own bourgeoisie name between "Edgar" and "Poe," is a very real character. Warda Howard is delightful as Virginia, and in the earlier episodes there are some scenic and camera effects which are more than faultless: they are ingeniously admirable.

For the right man—be he essayist, novelist, biographer or dramatist—there is in Poe's later years a thrilling tale; coffin-colored, perhaps, but even in its darkness luridly vital. The very painstaking care which has been lavished on all but a few of the inconsequent details of this produc-

tion brings up in strong and pathetic relief its poverty of imagination and impediment of meaningless incident.

Poe—his tragedy as well as himself—existed entirely in his own skull. Poe descended from neurotic ancestry, lived a hysteric sort of life, and rushed to a drunkard's grave on a very thin tide of red liquor which might never have floated his ship of mentality off the bar of reason had it not been for his inherited constitution. Outwardly, Poe's existence was dull. People were far from being as unkind to him as he was to himself. He virtually ruined his own chances of material success. The author of "The Fall of the House of Usher" is not the subject for a sob-sister play. He is magnificent material for an ironic comedy of gargantuan proportions.

A black bird on a white bust, double-exposure materializations, graveyard scenes, lyre-shaped pearly gates and sad close-ups are not supremely important elements in a lifestory of the world's greatest depicter of horror and despair. It would have been infinitely more dramatic had the director insisted upon putting the taint into things only when seen through the poet's eyes;

had he shown, as only active photography might show, the curdling of every sweet possibility, Poe's distortion of every happy thought, the inescapable curtain of gloom over every sun which rose upon his days. Poe existed in a melancholy hell of his own making, and in contrasting his own vast, sombre, cypress-shaded fancies with the bright, bird-twittering world in which he probably lived lay an Appian Way of accomplishment. We have a photoplay of America's supreme poet which lacks the poetic synopsis of that unholy imagination which became a cancer—made unimaginatively.

Who is principal culprit: the author, director Brabin, or the actor?

The proletariat is not excessively interested in Poe at any time. This picture will not greatly enhance the Poe following—however it may be received by the Walthall admirers.

AN infinitely better Walthall play, considered either as art or reality, was "The Outer Edge," in which a physician, brought to the brink of final destruction through alcohol, gets the ultimate grip on



Photo © Famous
Players

Marguerite
Clark and
Philip Tonge
in "Still
Waters."

himself and crawls back from the precipice. Here, it is quite evident, Walthall was not endeavoring to be overwhelming, but to act a human being. As a result, he came much nearer greatness.

TRIANGLE, during the past month, has reminded me of Vesuvius in full blast, but spouting instead of red death and vaporous destruction a superb pyrotechnic display. In its luminous eruption we have found old stars, new stars, the picture favorites, dramas, comedies, tragedies, farces, fashion, furniture, the sea, the sky, mansions, hovels, picture-built villages, home and furrin parts, make-believe war and Nebraska peace.

Space prevents any lengthy discussion of these really remarkable programmes—which contain an amazing lot of fine acting, good story and intelligently disposed magnificence, and in full programmes, are certainly worth more than the ordinary picture-play price.

Most prominent in my recollection are "The Lily and the Rose," a Fine-Arts Griffith supervised; "Aloha Oe," Ince; "Matrimony," Ince; and "The Best of Enemies," a bit of Keystone ribaldry about Weber and Fields. Keystone, perhaps against a harder productive proposition, has fared not so well as the other two companies.

"The Lily and the Rose" deploys that half of the Dolly sisterhood variously called Rozsika, Rosie and Rose; deploys her in a scarlet way against Lillian Gish. These two ladies live up to their respective first names, and therein the play's title. Miss Gish plays Mary Randolph, a country mouse who momentarily captivates Jack Van Norman, of the city. He marries her, tires of her, and devotes himself to a professional dancer, none other than our off-stage-charmingly-innocent friend, Ros-



What about Henry Walthall? Unquestionably his is the subtlest and the most spiritual of the screen's impersonative talents. Under discussion here is "The Raven"... based upon the life of Edgar Allan Poe.

sika. When her fancies turn elsewhere he pokes a gun into his vest and takes a trip on Charon's ferry. A newspaper story, but done from start to finish with that fine imaginative sense, tenderness of feeling and technical perfection which makes us all hope for the ultimate wonders in camera craft. A grim smash a moment before the finish is the closeup of husband Jack, in his very real and elegant casket.

This same tribute of verity is the high compliment to be paid Ince's "Matrimony," written by C. Gardner Sullivan and Mr. Ince, for the featuring of Julia Dean. Not a new situation—the old story of the wife, who, losing out, decides to be pursued instead of pursuing—but done so well that for the first time in photoplays I beheld a home that had an individuality stamped upon it. These wonderful interiors were in every caressing detail the

Theda Bara
in "Carmen."



home of Diana
Rossmore. This affair
should have been a co-star event,
for the faultless work of Howard Hick-
man as the husband is above critical sug-
gestion.

I am a little confused as to my real art-
sentiments regarding "Aloha-Oe," the Ince
production featuring Willard Mack, play-
wright and *some actor*. Here we have an
attorney whom civilization has flouted. He
buries himself in a jungle in the Southern
Sea, and, of course, the inevitable chief's
daughter comes along. He loves her, and
makes the routine break back for the bright
lights, but—note the new twist—he returns
to the yam-yams and the yum-yums, and
presumably remains a tropic exotic the rest
of his Nirvanish existence. Here's where
I'm mixed: I would be so darned willing

to come back to Enid Markey anywhere,
were she in the guise of a Hottentot or a
Turk, that I don't know whether my ju-
venile enthusiasm over this play was critical
or personal. Anyone who has ever seen
Mack on the stage will realize that he must
have directed himself in that easy, natural
address to the jury.

"The Best of Enemies" is the first
Weberfields photoplay which has really
seemed funny to me. Usually, Joe and
Lew have invaded the piethrowing field of
Keystone, before whom, as cooking comed-
ians, the whole solar system should stand
abashed. In this Keystone, plus their usual
makeups, they enact a ridiculous farcelet
which has as many guffaws as it has little
reason, and they characterize without hark-
ing back to the little New York music hall's
eternal celebrity and long-defunct jokes.
This filip proves that Weber and Fields
are still funny in unaccustomed situations.

WHEN it came to "Madame Butterfly"
the Famous Players surpassed expecta-
tions, and Mary Pickford fell far short.

I had not thought it possible to find in
America such extensive, natural settings
possessing real Japanese atmosphere. Ac-
quiring a Japanese make-up, like donning
a mantilla and a fan to be a Spaniard, is
an easy matter for actresses. Finding acres
and acres of Nippon, ready at hand even in
our fanciful America, where we just love
to play somewhere else, is more difficult.

The oversigned has been tooting ahead
of this "Butterfly" production for months.
It was with surprise and pain, therefore,
that he beheld Miss Pickford listlessly ap-
proaching Cho-Cho-San, investing her with
some momentary dashes of naive sweetness,
a touch here and there of tender comedy—
but with very little of Butterfly's poignacy
and earnestness. Supercritics proclaim
that Mr. Long put a white woman into a
yellow skin; that there is not in all Japan
a native female capable of such emotions.
Be these things as they may: Butterfly in
the book and the play is a wonderfully
alive, tender, thrilling creature; full of
faith and hope, and, to the very last, in-
vested with not a little dash and brilliance.
Perhaps I wrong the most celebrated little
star in the world when I say she approached
Butterfly "listlessly." Perhaps it only
seemed so to me. Nevertheless, her pic-

tured Butterfly was not worthy her best talents. Fall upon me with Waterman's and typewriters, ye deriders! Mary Pickford *can* act, has acted, and will act again even if she has to be shamed into it.

On the part of the director there was the characteristic Famous Players tendency to neglect close studies and make full pictures; a policy whose perennial value is subject to question. One of the smallest and yet most factful and humorous touches was the *nakodo's* penchant for sandals and kimono—and a *derby*.

KIDDISHLY, bubbly and spontaneously does Marguerite Clark enter into the spirit of a trifle, "Still Waters"—even as Miss Pickford metaphorically yawns in the biggest of serious ventures.

"Still Waters" is the impossible story of a choleric canal boat captain and his daughter, and her daughter. His daughter runs away to the circus, and is disowned. Her baby's cradle is a trunk; the trunk snaps shut under the paws of a jealous puppy, is carted off as baggage, falls into the canal, and is rescued, Rockabyebaby and all, by father and grandpa. The little girl grows up, is carried into a circus by a runaway horse, meets her mamma—and of course everything is just perfectly lovely.

This little spiderweb story is just five reels of quaint unreality, but the gayety, brightness and childishness of Miss Clark, and the really wonderful photography in almost every scene make the spectator enjoy it from start to finish. Sometimes it's lots of fun to be thoroughly, genially implausible.

IN "The Masqueraders," an adaptation from a celebrated play, Hazel Dawn is the saving grace which makes the thing worth while. Odd, isn't it, how a poor spoken play will sometimes turn out splendidly in the filming, while a big footlight success, coming eventually to the two-dimension stage, is totally lacking in interest?

The photography is good throughout, occasionally extraordinary. Miss Dawn is at all times an orchid, a blue diamond, an exotic of loveliness.

IT is good to get away from the payment and tulle of convention and society—occasionally—and seek the primitive emotions and breathful spaces of the outland. Here the photoplay offers some of its most wonderful inducements. And there have been few better pieces of sky and mountain and woodland—and primeval love and adventure—than "The Heart of the Blue Ridge," a World production directed by James Young, with Clara Kimball Young as its stellar feature.

It would be a hard matter to get "Bella Donna" in Egypt, just now, or "Butterfly" in Japan; but one *can* go to the Blue Ridge, and every foot of this film is evidence that Jimmie Young *did* go.

There is nothing harder to forecast than a woman; except another woman. And why Clara Kimball Young should miss her usual touch of sincerity in "Trilby," and hit it so surely, and irresistibly, in this picture, is just a bit past finding out.

If some one had said to me: "We've got a barefooted mountain girl with a maiden's smile, a pet bear and the athleticism of a young Amazon," I shouldn't have thought

Willard Mack and Enid Markey in "Aloha-Oe."





Having taken a long vacation Pauline Bush will soon re-appear upon the screen. She is considering some very flattering offers.

Photo © by De Gaston

of the svelte, motorcary, slightly cynical Clara as her best possible interpreter. But the fact is that in the whole range of lens-women I can think of no one who could have played this part with more delightful and compelling earnestness. The photography and "atmospheric" touches are typically Jimmie Young's. And that means that they are not only poetic, but individual.

BUSHMAN and the Quality company, after months of floundering in a morass of well-meant but misguided effort which exuded such swamp flora as "The Silent Voice," have come through with a smashingly good feature.

This pleasing effort bears the unpromising title, "Pennington's Choice," and to anyone who loves a manly atmosphere of dust and fighting, mountain water and maiden loveliness, I commend it unreservedly.

The story concerns a young college athlete who, in years of perfunctory business success and social favor, has grown soft physically and mentally. His fiancée, an alert, poised young woman, refuses to marry either a coward or a weakling, and he comes back in the Canadian highlands

in a Homeric welter of feuds, pitched battles and rough-and-tumble fights. James J. Jeffries, somewhat thinner, appears as Francis X's sparring partner. Those who, for some years, have been beholding Beverly Bayne's pretty face and smart clothes may learn here that the quality of her loveliness extends to the ground, and that the Paris frocks have been hiding the torso of Venus. Her one piece bathing suit is as brief as an ideal sub-caption.

"Pennington's Choice," has one or two signal weaknesses in story and interpretation, and here and there, a bit of Bushman flubdubery, but as a whole it is one of the most interesting, best made features of the entire month.

AT various times I have censured certain details in the Morosco productions, while praising Morosco's stars, but in the instance of "The Yankee Girl"—which is a real piece of entertainment—the only fly in the ointment, and that a microscopic specimen, is the conceit of Blanche Ring herself.

In this zestful comedy Morosco has provided lavish settings, factful equipment, and a cast with a punch in every name. Here are *actors*: Forrest Stanley, Herbert Standing, Howard Davies, John Ray, Harry Fisher, Jr., and Syd de Gray. The story involves a flint-and-steel conflict between a hero you can't help but like, and a villain you can't help but hate, all for a fairly attractive woman. If Blanche Ring, who screens well, and whose words are actually visible—if Miss Ring were not so perfectly sure of herself this interesting production would hit you as an absolute reality.

But don't let the little cloud obscure your heaven. Miss Ring's nonchalance puts only a little bit of a dent in the fun.

(Continued on page 172)



THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA*

WHOSE PRINTSHOP, MIGHTIER THAN
THE MUZZLE OF A RIFLE, PRODUCED
NEWS, CONGRESSMEN AND A WIFE

By John Sheridan

Produced by the Morosco Photoplay
Company



*"I have come back
to send you either
to jail or into
retirement."*

THE disreputable, dirty office of the Carlow County (Ind.) "Herald" was very still at that memorable moment. John Harkless, the young editor, gripping the sheaf of accusing documents tightly in his hand, waited for Rodney McCune to defend himself. But the fox-faced boss, who for years had dictated the political destinies of Carlow County, said nothing. He was beaten.

Then after a pause Harkless spoke again, raising his voice so that the two other men in the office—his entire editorial and printing force—heard plainly.

"These affidavits, if published, McCune," he said pleasantly, "would send you to jail for that railway franchise steal a year ago. But as it will be better for the community to have you out of politics rather than in jail, we'll make a bargain. You retire for good to-day, and this franchise matter remains a secret. But if you ever raise your head again out it comes and in you go—to jail."

McCune snarled an oath.

"Well, you've got the drop now! But you want to look out for yourself, my smart boy. You may wreck the Party in this County and get away with it, but you can't send eight White Caps to the penitentiary the way you've done and live. That gang at the Cross-Roads will get you yet, and I hope they do."

The editor's thin, rather discouraged-looking face relaxed.

"I don't believe you mean that, Mr. McCune," he said. "Remember, I have no personal enmity in this matter. If I can ever do anything for you privately, I'll be glad to, you know. I'm trying to be as easy as I can by letting you out this

* Film production from the novel by Booth Tarkington.



way and keeping mum."

McCune went into retirement two weeks before his certain election to Congress, and the triumph of the "Herald" spread abroad. Though the underlying facts were not revealed, people knew that the quiet, unassuming young editor who had come to Plattville the year before after a failure in wider fields, had released them from an insufferable bondage, and they were grateful. The Plattville "Silver Cornet Band" serenaded Harkless in the little tumble-down shack he occupied alongside his dilapidated office on Main Street.

And the triumph made the "Herald." From the most maligned country newspaper in Indiana, it became the civic pride of 5,000 Plattvillians, and the envy of neighboring townships.

But Harkless's satisfaction went deeper and farther back—back to the first dismal day of his arrival in Plattville. Swindled by a wily agent into sinking his little capital in the then worthless paper, he had faced almost certain failure. That first morning, alone with his wretched property, had been the blackest in his life. However, on going to lunch, he had pinned on the sagging door the notice: "Will be back in half an hour."

McCune, surrounded by loafing satellites

The young editor, gripping the sheaf of accusing documents tightly in his hand, waited for McCune to defend himself.

on the veranda of the Palace Hotel across the street, swaggered over, read the notice, and scrawled beneath it the query, "Why?" to the intense merriment of his followers.

The new editor's reply on his return had been unexpected and startling. Invading the hilarious group, he had singled out the politician: "I have come back," he said distinctly, "to clean Carlow County of political corruption, and to send you either to jail or into retirement." And now the thing was accomplished.

Happier than anyone else at the outcome was James Fisbee, the patriarchal, white-bearded reporter who had been one to witness verbally the agreement with McCune. This old reporter with his noble dignity, and great learning, was Plattville's mystery. His past was unknown, though the circumstances of his joining the "Herald" staff were common property.

One night Harkless had found him disgracefully drunk outside the Palace Hotel and taken him to the "Herald" office. There, pulling himself together, the old man had told a wretched story of domestic unhappiness and a ruined academic career. Harkless had given him work and restored him to self-respect and the paths of sobriety.

Now, a fortnight after McCune's with-

drawal, the two men sat at the littered editorial desk early in the evening, talking.

"Yes, Mr. Harkless," said Fisbee, his eyes dog-like in their affection, "you and the paper are great powers for good in this community. And everybody feels it."

The other laughed a little heavily.

"That's good of you," he said, "but somehow, I'm not bursting with pride. It's so little, after all. There was a time just after I left college that I thought—" he shrugged, smiling. "Well, a tri-weekly country newspaper in the middle of Indiana for life isn't setting the world afire, is it?"

The sweet sound and smells of the country night drifted in to them through the open window. Added now came the discordant bray of the Silver Cornet Band tuning for practice.

Fisbee was on the point of answering, when suddenly a white pellet of paper flew in through the open window and lighted on the desk. The old man exclaimed sharply and then held his breath as Harkless picked it up and opened it.

"Vengans is close," he read. "Harkless not got 3 das to liv. We come in Wite."

"The White Caps!"

The old man scarcely whispered the

dread name. Terror smote him at the thought of the organized ruffians who, from their slovenly hovels at the Cross-Roads seven miles away, terrorized the country. Night visitants dressed in sheets, it was their custom to drag out and cruelly whip farmers or any others who had earned their displeasure.

"Yes," said Harkless, contemptuously, "White Caps. And I use their notices for pen-wipers. This is the third." He thrust it carefully under a paperweight.

"But I am afraid for you, Mr. Harkless." The old man rose suddenly to conceal his emotion. "Are you coming out to Judge Briscoe's to-night?" he changed the subject. "You are expected, I believe."

The editor's rigid face softened. Since Helen Sherwood's arrival three days before to visit the Judge's daughter, life had changed subtly and wonderfully for him.

"Yes," he replied, "I'm coming later."

Old Fisbee's face wore a peculiar look as he turned away. "I am going out there now," he said, "and I'll look for you." He, too, had been a constant visitor at the Briscoe's since the new arrival, and Plattville had vainly wondered why.

The old man scarcely whispered the dread name. Terror smote him at the thought of the organized ruffians.



As he was about to leave the door of the office burst open and a tall youth strode breathlessly across the room to Harkless's desk.

"Say, Mr. Harkless," he asked excitedly, "you remember them two shell-game men you had jailed yesterday when the circus was in town, and that swore they'd get even with you?"

"Yes. Anything happened?"

"I should say so!" Lige Willetts's eyes gleamed in his broad, tanned face. "They've bruk jail; wrenched a bar right off the window an' cleared out. But the sheriff's after 'em."

"I've always said that jail wouldn't hold a determined infant," laughed the editor. "Now we'll be saved the expense of trying them. Going out to the Judge's to-night, Lige?"

Mr. Willetts blushed. His devotion to Minnie Briscoe was proverbial.

"Yes," he admitted.

"I'll see you later then. I've got some work to do now."

Sensing dismissal the two others left.

But an hour later when Harkless locked the office door for the night, a familiar figure detached itself from the darkness and joined him.

"Oh, did you wait for me, Lige?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes."

Willetts offered no further explanation, but all Plattville knew that since the receipt of the first White Cap notice the young men of the town had taken turns guarding Harkless, since he would not guard himself.

The Briscoe place, a comfortable, friendly house of red brick, softened by Virginia creeper, and with a broad veranda across the front, stood beside the dusty country road some distance out of town. Shrubs and trees surrounded it, and behind there was an orchard and a garden running down to a little brook.

Lige and Harkless were welcomed cheerily by the judge and his daughter, while in



They shook hands as ordinary mortals do, but

the shadows of the veranda old Fisbee stood talking with Miss Sherwood. But when she saw the editor she came forward. Dainty in her evening dress and scarf, she



from that moment he was oblivious of everything but the enchanted circle of her nearness.

seemed to his swimming imagination some elfin creature, exquisite as a flower and airy as a moonbeam. They shook hands as ordinary mortals do, but from that moment

he was oblivious of anything but the enchanted circle of her nearness. The others, watching, smiled indulgently and stole away to another part of the porch.



As Harkless walked bewilderedly to the car platform Judge Briscoe . . . met him amid an ear-splitting shout. "What does it mean?" faltered Harkless.

Down through the garden the two went to a little bench near the brook, and there amid the first distant mutterings of an approaching storm they talked. She drew him out about his work and astonished him a little by her knowledge of it. She wished she could work on a paper, she said. They solved many of the world's problems, but to him just then there was only one, and that awaiting its answer.

He had known her just three days. Long since, conscious of failure in material things, he had given up all thought of the Helen Sherwoods of life. But deep in him the ideal had persisted, and now she had touched it to life again with her magic presence. He felt that he had known her always—that there never had been, never could be anyone else. New hope and resolution stirred in him.

"I suppose you don't know," she said after a little pause, "that I must go back home to Rouen to-morrow. I had intended spending the summer here with Minnie, but my parents have written. They want to take me abroad."

The moon-spun net of his dreams was rent asunder. She, of the great world, of Europe—! What could Plattville or those in it ever mean to her? Ah, his incredible

folly! The desperate futility of things rushed over him. He rose turning a stricken face to her.

"You leave to-morrow!" he said, numbly. Then the tide of his pain overwhelmed him, and he held out his hand. "I'll say good-by to you now," he muttered. "Please excuse me to the others. I can't go back in there—"

She lifted her face to him, sweetly serious, her hair a radiant nimbus in the moonlight.

"Why do you wish to leave me now when I shall not see you again?"

And then it came, the tumbling torrent of his long-pent passion. And as he spoke, oblivious, the first lightning daggers of the storm stabbed about them, and big, warm drops commenced to fall on their bare heads.

"Ah, if I could only hope that you cared—"

"No," she answered, steadily. "I—I do not love you."

His head sank. "I have dreamed and the dream is past," he said presently. "Good-by!" And crushing her hands in his, he set his face against the coming wind and rain and went down through the pasture bars across the fields.

Blindly, wildly, he went into the very teeth of the storm until at last, exhausted, beaten, drenched, he found himself standing beneath a great oak by the roadside. Then, as his mind cleared, there came a tremendous crash of thunder, followed by several moments of incessant lightning that played along the road and in the fields. And turning his face away from it, Harkless saw standing at the fence five feet away a man whose malevolent countenance looked into his along a streaming gun-barrel.

II

WHERE was John Harkless?

All night long men had ridden the muddy roads and scoured the wet fields and woods in vain. Everywhere was the tense quiet of shocked grief, through which ran a savage undertone. As if by mutual consent the baffled searchers gathered in the square.

"The time has come," the word went round. "Clean out the Cross-Roads and the White Caps."

Cooler heads pleaded, but the determined mob moved off on its seven mile tramp to the settlement. And as it marched, someone in the van began to sing.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."

Others joined, and the music swelled hoarse and menacing as the hundreds took it up. And this was the first notice that the Cross-Roaders, hiding beneath their tumble-down shacks, had that retribution was on the way.

It followed swift and sure. Through the fields and along the fences the attackers spread. Guns commenced to bark, there was a rush for the outpost houses, and the terror-smitten defenders fled along their tunnels like weasels.

"Wipe out this pest-hole!" someone shouted, and the flimsy shacks leaped into flame. Then as the last rush for extermination commenced, a man riding a lathered horse galloped up, frantically waving a yellow

slip of paper. It was the sheriff.

"Telegram from Rouen," he roared. "The two shell-game men that escaped from Plattville last night have been captured in Rouen. One was trying to sell Harkless's hat and coat. The other was found badly hurt in an empty lumber car that left Plattville on the midnight freight. He was taken to the hospital. They killed Harkless, not the White Caps!"

Checked, defeated, the mob turned back. The Cross-Roaders had been saved in the nick of time.

During the next forty-eight hours sensations followed thick and fast. The sheriff went to Rouen to identify the prisoners, and made a discovery that electrified the county. The dying man in the hospital was not one of the shell-men, but Harkless himself, so battered and bruised as to be scarcely recognizable. And he, when a lucid moment came, told a story still more startling.

"You said in my—your—paper that I had won the love of everybody," he said. "Is that so?"



The White Caps after all were guilty of the attack. When they had beaten him into helplessness, they had thrust him into the outgoing freight car where the two shell-men had already hidden to make their getaway from Plattville. In Rouen, one of these, to raise money, had stolen Harkless's clothes as he lay semi-conscious, and fled.

But these facts were suppressed until the police had gone to the Cross-Roads and hurried the White Caps to jail in Rouen. They dared not risk again the fury of an aroused Plattville. That same night a friend of Rodney McCune's sent him a telegram:

"Harkless is dying. His paper is dead. Your name goes before the convention for nomination to Congress in September."

III

JOHN HARKLESS, propped up in his hospital wheel-chair, examined critically the copy of the Carlow "Herald" that had just been brought to him. He turned from the newly introduced market reports to the still newer "Woman's Page" with whimsical amazement.

"H. Fisbee is certainly getting out a live paper," he admitted. "Where the old man dug up his talented nephew I can't imagine. Never knew he had one."

On his first return to an interest in life after hovering for days upon the edge of the great Shadow, Harkless's first inquiry had been for the "Herald." It was then he had first heard of H. Fisbee who had been miraculously secured to step into the editorial breach. As his convalescence progressed, so astonishingly competent had H. Fisbee proved himself that even Harkless had been appeased.

Now he turned to the editorial page and read the daily pronunciamento.

"What's this?" he demanded, sharply, as his eye travelled down the column. "Why hasn't Fisbee exposed McCune as I ordered? He has the proofs of that franchise steal, and if he doesn't print them nothing can prevent McCune's nomination. Our man Halloway hasn't a chance! And the convention is only three days off."

Harkless threw the paper down fuming. Then he called for pencil and paper.

"H. Fisbee," he wrote. "Print *exposé* of McCune to-morrow as ordered. Can't un-

derstand your silence at this crisis. Don't reply to this. To-morrow's issue will answer for you."

"Send this by telegraph," he ordered the attendant, and lay back again anxiously, a sudden fear gripping him. What if H. Fisbee were a McCune henchman with the Congressional nomination for the giving?

The doctor was highly pleased when he examined Harkless that day. The young man was evidencing the exasperation and energy of considerable health.

"Wonderful improvement," declared the physician. "Wonderful!"

One of H. Fisbee's innovations had been to change the "Herald" to a daily, and Harkless awaited his copy next morning with anxious excitement. When it came he turned directly to the editorial page and his jaw dropped. Instead of the vitriolic *exposé* he had expected, he found a long-winded article addressed to the Convention delegates in fullsome praise of a candidate who, it was self-evident, could be no other than Rodney McCune himself.

There was a moment of stupefaction, then an oath. Five minutes later this telegram was on its way to the office:

"H. Fisbee. You are relieved of editorship. Turn over McCune papers to Judge Briscoe. If you do not or if you destroy them you cannot hide where I shall not find you.

JOHN HARKLESS."

Five minutes later, a limping but furious and determined man was dressing despite the protests of his nurse. The doctor came, learned the circumstances, and smiled.

"He has needed something like this to wake him up," he said. "I would have discharged him a week ago but for his strange apathy. Let him go."

But Harkless did not leave the hospital before he received an answer to his wire.

"You entrusted me with policy of 'Herald.' Decline to be relieved without proper warning and allowance of time.

H. FISBEE."

"Oh, you do, do you!" stormed John Harkless, regaining health by the minute, and from the Rouen railroad station where he immediately drove, he sent the following:

"H. Fisbee. Arrive Plattville 2 o'clock looking for you. JOHN HARKLESS."

It seemed to Harkless that never, in the memory of man, had a train travelled as slowly as did the one that carried him that day. Every moment was precious now. Two days still remained to print the facts that would send Rodney McCune to the penitentiary and disgrace, and he was determined to publish them if he had to set the type, print the papers, and peddle them down Main Street himself.

And yet there was no other bitterness in his heart. As he looked at the smiling Indiana fields, and the familiar landmarks commenced to come in sight, he felt a little tightening at the throat. His place in the world was small, he had done little, and yet he was going home to the people he loved, and who loved him.

At Beaver, the next stop before Plattville, a number of men quickly tacked bunting over, around, and along the car in which he sat.

"What's the celebration?" Harkless asked the conductor.

"Oh, picnic down the line."

They stopped at a water tank two hundred yards from the Plattville station, and to Harkless's ears was borne the blare of a brass band, punctuated by the bellow of a saluting cannon. A minute later the train rolled in to a platform surging with people, and as Harkless walked bewilderedly to the car platform Judge Briscoe mounted the steps and met him amid an ear-splitting shout.

"What does it mean?" faltered Harkless, paling. "Has McCune—"

"What does it mean?" shouted the judge. "It means that you were nominated for Congress at five minutes after one this afternoon."

Harkless gulped. "But the Convention—"

"We moved it three days ahead so you wouldn't know."

The editor bowed his head.

"Who did this?" he breathed. "I didn't deserve it."

"You might guess it was H. Fisbee."

"I want to see H. Fisbee. I want to make him a present of the 'Herald.'"

"You'll find him in the 'Herald' office, I think. And now get down these steps and into that carriage. The big parade is all set, and we want to give you something to remember when the Speaker of the House is busy recognizing the Gentleman from Indiana."

It was over,—Plattville's biggest, bravest, happiest day; the parade, and the speeches, and the handshaking on the courthouse steps. John Harkless climbed the rickety stairs to the disreputable editorial office wearily. Old Fisbee met him.

"Is your blessed nephew here?"

"Yes." The old man hurried out.

Harkless passed into the dingy room where he had labored so long. And then, suddenly, he saw her standing among the soiled type cases, and falteringly went towards her. She stood, her hands at her sides, her face raised to his.

"You!" he breathed. "You—you!"

"Yes," she said. "I am H. Fisbee. That gentle old man is my father, and because you did so much for him, I tried—I did what I could—"

"But you said your name was Sherwood."

"The Sherwoods adopted me when my mother died and father couldn't take care of me."

"And you didn't go away at all?"

"No. When father told me all you had done for him, and when after—that night—" she shuddered—"you needed me, I tried to make up."

Suddenly he remembered a phrase of the editorial of the morning, and smiled.

"You said in my—your—paper that I had won the love of everybody in Carlow County," he said, laughing uncertainly. "Is that so, H. Fisbee?"

She had looked at him, and now she came towards him, her great love shining in her eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "yes. Oh, my dear!"



Tom Ince's New Wonder-Boy

"CHARLIE" RAY, WHO ROMPED AWAY WITH "THE COWARD," RECENT DRAMATIC HIGH-EXPLOSIVE

By Kenneth O'Hara

OUT California way they're giving the vigorous hand-clasp of congratulation to a tall, good-looking youth who is one of those rare persons that you read about as having "sprung into fame overnight." His name is "Charlie" Ray.

Until a few weeks ago, he was just E Pluribus Unum. His name, linked, from week to week, with the photodramas that were not of the two-dollar-a-seat variety, simply shared the popularity that was enjoyed by hundreds of others of his profession.

Today, the name of Charles Ray really means something in dramatic circles. It stands for a juvenile talent which has literally invaded the sancta-sanctora of the critics and compelled them to recognize and publicly acclaim him an actor of worth. It stands, too, for a modest, unassuming boy who would much rather be tinkering with the greasy carburetor of his automobile than listening to the laudatory language that is being poured into his ears.

"Charlie" Ray needed an opportunity by which to convince that he could act. He needed just such a part as that of Frank Winslow in "The Coward"—which masterful characterization won him his recent laurels. Ray wasn't fitted to the part. The

part was fitted to him, just as was the part of Colonel Jefferson Beverly Winslow fitted to Frank Keenan.

Thomas H. Ince, in writing "The Coward," kept Ray in his mind. The youth has been working under Ince's supervision for three years and Ince therefore prescribed emotional duties which he knew Ray could perform. Is it any wonder, then, that with Ince's dynamic power of direction coaxing him to dramatic heights, the boy gave all that was in him?

Talking with "Charlie" Ray is as refreshing as watching him on the screen. He is one of those mild-mannered youths who make you believe from the start that they are gentlemen and who, moreover, assist you in maintaining that belief.

One of the most welcome things about him is that he and the ego appear to be on the most unfriendly terms. He doesn't court the pad and pencil of the interviewer, but, interviewed, he discourses fluently and intelligently on divers topics of common interest.

Disregarding his frankly boyish face, Ray appeals more as a man than as the mere stripling he is. His dark brown eyes are deeply-set beneath a wrinkle-less brow, which, with his firm and finely-moulded chin, gives his well-shaped head the aspect



When he decided to be a great motion picture actor he and two fellow gentes had a combined capital of seventy-three cents.

of one chiseled for the purpose of attracting attention. His broad square shoulders supply symmetry to a totally athletic-looking frame and long, limber legs help him to carry himself with ease and grace.

An ingratiating trait in Ray's personality is his utter lack of pompousness. His burden of glory is cloaked in modesty.

"I cannot help but feel, now," he said, "that I have contributed a commendable bit of acting to the screen, because all the reviewers have spoken so highly of my work. But I am resolved not to let the flood of praise obstruct my ambition to do even bigger things. Of course, I feel elated to think that my performance in 'The Coward' has been favorably received, but why should I stop here and think that I am famous? Truly, I tried hard to render a strong characterization and I suppose the nice things that are being said of me are simply constituting a reward for my labors.

"Mr. Ince is the man who deserves the credit, though,—Mr. Ince and Mr. Keenan and the other members of the cast. They worked so hard and tirelessly to build a wonderful picture that I simply had to join them."

Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., removed at an early age to Springfield, attended the public schools, without winning any medals for this, that or the other thing, spent three years on the deserts of Arizona and wound up in Los Angeles, as a youth of seventeen, to finish his education.

Nobody told him to "go on the stage." He just "decided to be an actor." But toiling for three dollars a week with spear-

He would rather tinker with a greasy carburetor than listen to laudatory language.



Charles Ray (below) and Frank Keenan in the closing scene of "The Coward."



Witzel Photo

carrying troupes didn't hold forth much to him so he began to contemplate another course. One night, he and two other young actors sat kicking their heels against a trunk in the "deppo" of an Arizona hamlet. The bankroll amounted, in toto, to \$.73 of American money.

One of the trio suggested a flyer into moving pictures. Ray leaped at the suggestion. He wired home for carfare and upon receipt of it boarded a chair car for Los Angeles. In December, 1912, he played the juvenile in "The Favorite Son."

"Nobody had ever told me I was good," says Ray, when recalling the incident, "and so naturally I was tickled when Mr. Ince, after seeing 'The Favorite Son,' complimented me on my work and told me he wanted me to remain with him."

Ray lives with his mother and father in a pretty bungalow in Los Angeles. In his tennis court the young actor finds his principal recreation, when not driving his car. He is also fond of the waxed floor and a dozen silver terpsichorean trophies adorn the mantels of his room.



His Dogship Doesn't Appear to Appreciate

the honor of playing mechanic to racing-driver Helen Holmes. Mrs. Holmes-MacGowan not only drives her own machine, but, clad in pride and overalls, does all the mechanical work that the fast little car may require.

To quote a grizzled admirer, "She's just a actin' fool, that's all!"

She makes most of the male population . . . look like debutantes.



Cleo, the Craftswoman

HEREIN IT IS SET FORTH THAT THE SOFT-EYED
MISS MADISON IS ALWAYS PROVOKINGLY COOL
BENEATH HER MASK OF TROPIC TEMPERAMENT

By William M. Henry

Photography by Raymond Staggs

JANE ADDAMS and other loyal suffragettes are overlooking an awfully good bet in Cleo Madison.

With the lovely but militant Cleo at their head, the suffragettes could capture the vote for their sex and smash down the opposition as easily as shooting fish in a bucket.

Cleo Madison is a womanly woman,—if she were otherwise she couldn't play sympathetic emotional parts as she does,—and yet she is so smart and businesslike that she makes most of the male population of Universal City look like debutantes when it comes right down to brass tacks and affairs.

Miss Madison is at that indefinable period in her life when she is no longer an ingenue neither is she the least bit old. She has apparently just reached the full charm that comes with the realization that she has "arrived."

I should say that Cleo Madison is about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old. And at that age she has been a leading lady, owned and managed her own stock company on the stage, buzzed around the vaudeville circuits, served several years as prima donna in the movies and now is directing her own photoplays.

"One of these days men are going to get over the fool idea that women have no brains," she told me, "and quit getting insulted at the thought that a skirt-wearer can do their work quite as well as they can. And I don't believe that day is very far distant, either." You have to converse with Cleo Madison to get the correct impression of her. To see her in pictures tells you absolutely nothing of her real character.

Before the camera she smiles and weeps with the wonderful sympathy of which a woman alone is capable. You never

even stop to think whether or not she has a brain. If she takes a big chance in physical risk—as she often does—you think of her act as being only an impulse. For these reasons she is accredited a remarkable actress.

When you see some actors in films you cannot help thinking about the director and the cameraman and how they got this or that effect. But when you behold Cleo Madison on the thin white stage you forget the mechanics and are taken up with the girl and the story.

Nevertheless, everything with Cleo Madison is thought out and figured mathematically ahead of time. If she takes a chance, risking her life in a scene, it is because she has figured that she will get far enough ahead in her profession by the risk to warrant it.

If Cleo Madison really weeps you might think that it is because she is naturally sad. But it isn't. It is because Cleo Madison thinks that if she really weeps, artistically and beautifully, she will be just that much farther ahead in public opinion. Also in salary.

Of all the cool, calculating people I have ever met in a meet-ingful newspaper existence, Cleo Madison struck me as being able to calculate the farthest.

Such was her power and realism that as I write these ice-box statements I can hardly believe them myself.

When she talked to me I realized that everything she did was the result of an intelligently worked-out plan, and I couldn't help thinking that she would have made a great diplomatic agent or railroad president.

I thought that after I had once met her she had destroyed all illusion, and that if I ever again saw her in film dramas I would think of her as a cool, calculating business machine rather than as a real person in a real story.

But I saw her in a picture the other night and such was her power and realism that as I write these icebox statements about her real character I can hardly believe them myself.

If Cleo Madison's family hadn't been providentially prudish, I suppose we would never have discovered that she had any brains.

Fortunately, her family made a big kick when she decided to go on the stage, and therefore she had to hustle for herself at the start of her career.

Two years in ingenue parts were followed by a graduation into leads, and a few months as a leading woman found her owning and managing her own stock company.

From managing she skidded off into vaudeville and, after a few gyrations around the circuits, she joined the Universal Film Company and has been there ever since.

She is the idol of the old



timers at Universal City and they scoff at Bernhardt or Petrova as compared to her. To quote a grizzled admirer of hers, who shifts scenery when on the job, "She's just a *actin'* fool, that's all; Cleo's a *actin'* fool!"

When Cleo made up her mind that she wanted to direct her own pictures, the company balked. Her request was refused. Nothing daunted, Cleo decided that what she couldn't get by asking for it, she would force them to give her.

She figured out her little plan. Every director whose misfortune it was to direct her was unsatisfactory and after she had driven half a dozen of them into fits, in sheer desperation they allowed her to pick her own company and direct herself.

Instead of being the expected "flivver" she was a real success from the start. Her first picture was a one-reeler and now she has graduated into the multiple reel class.

"Weren't you scared at all?" she was asked.

"Why should I be?" was the reply. "I had seen men with less brains than I have getting away with it, and so I knew that I could direct if they'd give me the opportunity."

"As soon as I get a little more experience and find a really good play I'm going to put on something of four or five reels that'll make 'em gasp," she added.

And they do whisper it that the fair but ferocious Cleo has taken up the methods of the best directors at "The City," and has improved on them.

"She's second to none" an assistant cameraman whispered to me. "You ought to see 'em hop when they don't do what she wants 'em to. Honest, there ain't a director on the lot that's got the flow of language or can exhibit the temperament she can when she gets good an' peeved."

Miss Madison has her own automobile in which she drives to all her locations. She has a little bungalow and takes care of it with no outside assistance.

Although she first won fame in the movies in such wild pictures as "The Trey o' Hearts" series, "The Buccaneers," and "Captain Kidd," she thinks that the days of "stunt photography" are just about over and that stories of modern life are the popular thing.

Every time Cleo jumps off a cliff or weeps a tear she has figured out in dollars

*Every time she jumps
off a cliff she has
figured out how much
it is worth.*



and cents just what the jump or the tear is worth.

But by the time twenty feet of a Cleo Madison film has been unreeled you will have forgotten everything except the story and will be weeping with her. That will prove that she is a real actress.

The Players from Ocean to Ocean

EDITOR'S Note to press agents: Don't pull any more stories about chapped lips and fever blisters holding up pictures at the rate of a million or so a day. One K. O'Hara, of Inceville, ventured this novelty first, and since then seven of you have (unsuccessfully) imitated him.

ADELE FARRINGTON (Mrs. Hobart Bosworth) will appear in the lead in "This Is the Life" produced at the Santa Barbara studio of the American Film Company.

LILLIAN LORRAINE, lustrous chanteuse, is transferring her shadow-affections from Balboa to the Equitable.

MARGARET GREENE is a new Pathe feature-personage. She will first appear in "Nedra."

RHEA MITCHELL, former Ince star, has joined Griffith.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has been in New York doing two feature pictures after which he returned to the California studio.

WYNDHAM STANDING, one of the notable Standing brothers, is now at Inceville.

ANNA Held, of oscillating eyes and fixed celebrity, is to give screen permanence to her languishing looks. Oliver Morosco secured her services for his Los Angeles studio shortly after Miss Held concluded her prominent share in the recruiting activities in Paris. She even sang her expensive songs in the French trenches. It is said the French comedienne will receive \$25,000 for her screen work in one of her stage successes.

FOR unsinkable qualities, the late bark "Bowhead" is hereby cited to the Board of Naval strategy. Wishing to can a real naval



Moffet Photo
Nance O'Neil is soon to act in a series of Lubin productions.

engagement Tom Ince, with his usual thoroughness, bought the old whaler, recarpentered her until on the horizon she looked like the battle-cruiser "Moltke," and dragged her sixty miles off the California coast for holiday destruction. This was accomplished, amid much cranking, by the U. S. S. "San Diego" and two honest-to-war torpedo boats. To ensure a spectacular plunge when punctured, the "Bowhead" had been loaded with boulders and sand. But though shot-riddled she failed to sink until practically her whole bottom had been torn out by enraged mechanics. Her tenacity of life reminds one of the history of the gentleman who had liver complaint. He finally found

such a marvelous specific that at his own demise from other causes, years later, his jubilant, renaissant, rebelliously live liver had to be taken out and beaten to death with a club.

A UNIQUE feature of the residence being erected in Chicago by S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American Film Manufacturing Company, will be a complete motion picture theatre in the basement. On either side of the stage will be fountains which when playing will reflect vari-colored lights. The seats will be the same as those of an ordinary theatre except that they will be luxuriously upholstered.

THOMAS DIXON, author of "The Clansman," is preparing to produce his "Fall of a Nation" in pictures. "Preparedness for War," will be the burden of this vast new silent song.

CONSTANCE COLLIER, who has at various times been elected to create some of the finest roles in the drama of the past ten years, is a recent screen capture by Morosco. "Tongues of Men," written especially for her by Edward Childs Carpenter, will be her first screen vehicle.

THE King is Dead; Long Live the King! George Bunny, son of beloved John of the



Anna Held

Constance Collier

Two "legitimate" stars well-known on both sides of the ocean who have broadened their activities to the screen.

And What They Are Doing Today

"vast substantial smile," will soon appear upon the screen and attempt to fill his father's big place in people's hearts. "Cap'n Eri," a five reel show, will be his first attempt.

JACKIE SAUNDERS was a model before going into pictures. She has appeared on numerous magazine covers done by Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy and Clarence Underwood.

O SALVE Universitas! The movies have been adopted by one of America's largest institutions of higher education. A course in the art of photography writing will be given this year in Columbia University of New York. Other colleges and universities will soon follow in her footsteps.

TYRONE POWER, well known actor who starred for several years in "The Servant in the House," has given his art permanency by appearing in active photography. He will soon be seen in a feature opposite Kathlyn Williams.

PRIZE fight fans will now march to the movies. Jim Corbett, a former king of the ring, will soon be seen in film stories.

THE youngest actor in the world is said to be Master Warren Scott Moore, who recently appeared upon the screen when he was but two days of age. His was an early engagement, for he was billed in the cast of characters before he was born.

ROBERT BROWNING has come out of covers and on to the screen. His "Pippa Passes," a master-poem, has been Biographed.

GLADYS HULETTE, formerly an Edison star who once played with DeWolf Hopper and Henry Miller, has become a Than-houseran.

THOMAS MEIGHAN, Lasky's new leading man, may be an afternoon performance idol, but he is not a candidate for matrimony, as he is married to Blanche Ring's sister, Frances.

CONGRATULATIONS are being showered upon Bryant Washburn and Edmund F. Cobb,



Allan Dwan, former director of Mary Pickford, is now directing at one of the Fort Lee, N. J., studios.

Essanay leading men, who have become the proud fathers of, etc. It's a Mr. Washburn and a Miss Cobb.

IF your name were Juliet would you change it to Mary? That's what Mary Miles Minter did. Her honest-to-goodness name is Juliet Shelby. She is soon to be seen in "Barbara Frietchie" and "The Old Curiosity Shop."

FORT LEE has been captured—in part—by D. W. Griffith, producer of "The Birth of a Nation." Allan Dwan is his one—regent in actual charge and he has begun work at one of the New Jersey studios.

HELEN HOLMES and her director-husband, J. P. McGowan, have transferred their activities to the Signal Film Corporation and the Helen Holmes railroad pictures will henceforth appear on the Mutual program.

WILLIAM ELLIOT will soon be seen in a Pathe feature opposite Ruth Roland.

THOUSANDS of movie-seers are familiar with the World productions of Albert Capellani. They will soon see his brother, Paul, as an actor—opposite Clara Kimball Young in "Camille."

KITTY GORDON, of the elaborate stage settings and gowns cut low and behold, will soon be beheld through the camera's eye in World productions.

MELVILLE ELLIS, world famous male fashion designer, is to be in a style feature soon to be released by the Famous players.

THE New York Motion Picture corporation has insured Producer Thomas Ince for \$250,000 to protect its Triangle interests.

MABEL VAN BUREN, who scored a success as The Girl in "The Girl of the Golden West," has joined David Horsley and will play in company with Crane Wilbur. Miss Van Buren has previously been with the Selig, Lasky and Balboa companies.



Mabel Van Buren is soon to appear opposite Crane Wilbur.

THE University of Syracuse is offering a course in the operation of the motion picture camera.

THE Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and other dignitaries officially attended the feature film which shows the entire Atlantic fleet in action.

THE School Board Journal reports a New England village in which the annual receipts of the only movie theatre exceed the total expenditure of the community for its school by nearly a thousand dollars.

THE Hamilton Institute for Girls in New York City, the Oregon State Normal school at Monmouth, and the cities of Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and Grand Rapids have recently adopted films as a means of learning.

THE new Vitagraph studio in Los Angeles will be christened by an old fashioned barn dance, with cider, pun'kin pie, overalls and calico dresses. "Al'man left!"

THE Universal Company has acquired Stella Razeto, former Selig star, and her husband, Edward J. LeSaint, former Selig director.

WILLIAM GARWOOD has left the eastern to go to the western Universal studios where he will play opposite Miss Razeto.

MADAME BERNHARDT'S filmed performance of "Jean Dore" has been shipped to the Universal company and for the first time in history a new drama by a French author of renown will be seen on the screen before it is produced here as a spoken play.

MRS. MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO, once the most renowned American actress, and later collaborator with Robert Hichens in "The Garden of Allah," after declining many offers to return to the stage, is soon to appear in photoplays under the direction of Thomas H. Ince.

MARIE DORO will soon appear in a Fine Arts film for the Triangle company and it is possible that she may be seen in a Morosco production before returning East.

IN "A Western Governor's Humanity," a recent Lubin release, the role of the governor of Arizona is played

by Hunt, chief executive of that State.

ACTIVE photography has added another distinction to its long list—a new disease. "Carbonitis," it might be called. A group of players recently worked for several hours under the direct rays of ten stands of arcs. The epidermis exposed to the rays turned a deep blue. A physician diagnosed the ailment as a unique form of skin poisoning.

BEVERLY BAYNE is in New York and will appear in several Metro pictures opposite Francis X. Bushman.

A 600-FOOT film has recently been made in which Charles Brickley, former Harvard star and one of the most noted football players in America, demonstrates the national college game.

PRACTICALLY all the big feature companies are now giving theatre managers practical aid in providing for proper musical accompaniments of the productions they show. Musical scores are prepared by experts and the varying moods of the music are synchronized exactly with the corresponding scenes in the films. These scores gratifyingly enlarge the "Coming-Thro'-the-Rye" to—"The-Rosary" repertoires of some movie musicians.

BLANCHE RING has made her debut as a screen actress in "The Yankee Girl," a Morosco version of her popular stage comedy.

BEVERLY BAYNE gets flighty in "The Yellow Dove," recent Metro release, and soars through the clouds in an aeroplane, with an experienced aviator.

NANCE O'NEIL has left the Fox Film Corporation to join the Lubin forces.

AUDREY MUNSON, the girl whose figure adorns a large share of the Panama-Pacific exposition, and who was also model for the Maine monument and a number of works of art, is to appear in Mutual photoplays.

MISS CANADA is jealous because she hasn't had her history told in films, a la Miss Columbia. Following the showing of "The Birth of a Nation" in some of the larger cities of the Dominion a movement was started to bring about the making of a big picture play dealing comprehensively with certain phases of Canada's history.

THE Ford has been long in vaudeville, but now



Gladys Hulette has become a Than-houseran



Marie Doro, well-known stage star, is to appear in a Triangle production.

it is a film actor. A group of Edison players have completed a feature at the big Ford plant upon the company's sociological activities.

THOSE who saw George Beban in "The Alien" will be glad to know that he and Director Maurice Tourneur are just completing in the south a picture with a Parisian theme.

PAGE PETERS, Forrest Stanley and others have just completed a five-reel edition of one of the old familiar E. P. Roe throb-novels.

OF course she wouldn't be a movie actress if she didn't have a hobby. Vivian Rich collects dolls and she is said to possess dozens of 'em, from rosy-tummied kewpies to life-size dolls that say "Mamma."

HOW'D you like to get five dollars a day just for neglecting to shave? Owing to the fact that it is becoming more and more necessary that "make-up" be natural, when people are required for "rough neck" parts, some of the directors place their "extras" on the salary list the day the men leave off shaving.

RICHARD C. TRAVERS, Essanay leading man, received an eight-inch cut in one arm, a sprained ankle and various bruises when he tried to "flip" a freight train in a recent scene. The engineer leaned out to watch the fun and his cap blew off into Travers' face, spoiling his aim.

SIR HERBERT BEER-SBOHM TREE, distinguished English actor-manager, has arrived in Los Angeles from London. He will work in Shakespearean-Triangle plays under the direction of D. W. Griffith, producer of "The Birth of a Nation."

HELEN MARTEN, who has been absent from the screen in vaudeville for some time, has joined the section of the Gaumont stock company which is now working in Jacksonville, Florida.

THOMAS H. INCE'S press agent claims that a fever blister recently cost

the producer \$1,000 per day. Enid Markey, the afflicted, was unable to appear in her close-up scenes and an entire production was held up.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO professors are doing research work with an instrument which takes moving pictures of the movements made by the eyeballs in reading. It ascertains at what parts of a line the eyes stop. The object of the investigations is to improve the reading ability of future generations.

SOME of the flowers that bloom next spring will form a bridal bouquet for Mae Marsh. While she and Robert Harron have been playing together at the Griffith-Triangle studios at Los Angeles, Cupid has been shooting their hearts full of holes. You'll remember "The Birth of a Nation" is one of the many plays in which Mae has died.

MARY MOORE, sister of the noted Moore brothers, Owen, Tom and Matt, has joined the Lubin company.

"THE Birth of a Nation" played 725 performances in New York, making the longest continuous run in the history of the American stage. It is also expected to break the standing record in Chicago.

HAS "Delorez" more euphony than "Gerber"? Neva used that *nom de footlights* at one time, then later went back to just plain Neva Gerber. You know the parable of the rose.

BABY JEAN FRASER is probably the youngest regularly employed motion picture actress. She is a Selig "leading lady," and appears with such lights as Tyrone Power and Kathryn Williams. She is just two. She says she's sure her director, Thomas Santschi, likes her better than the other leading ladies because she is the only one he ever calls "Honey."

GLADE SPRING, Va., a tiny town of 300, has a movie theatre all its own. Its name is the "Dixie."



James Cruze will play the "heavy" opposite Edna Goodrich in a Lasky feature.



Baby Jean Fraser, just two, is a regular Selig "leading lady."

Earle Williams:
a portrait—



Dr. Hero and Mr. Villain

EARLE RAFAEL WILLIAMS,
AN UPSTANDING STAGE
INQUITY SAVED AND SANC-
TIFIED BY THE SCREEN

By Johnstone Craig

Stevenson in the title? Because as the Williams career now stands, it is about a fifty-fifty division between the thin and deep stages—screen and boards. During his career of words Mr. Williams was a "heavy." He took on righteousness the instant the camera caught him. Before the *one-eye* he has always been innately noble.

We were sitting in the grill-room of the Claridge, which, as to location, is to the white lights about what your heart is to your body—that is, unless you've lost your heart recently. Williams had just rushed across Brooklyn, dived the East river and burrowed lower Broadway. Which means that he had shot himself, via elevated and subway, from the Vitagraph studio to Times Square. He was pausing for a bit of light supper before appearing at
several
Man-

"IN the first place," said Earle Williams, "I want you to make it clear that my folks didn't kick when I went on the stage. Do you believe most of these conventional yarns of parental objection? I don't. I'm sure my father and mother were secretly pleased at seeing that I had an ambition bigger than cracker-box whittling down at the grocery store. Acting is a business—neither an effete art nor a vice. I went into business."

Second place, and second explanation, belong to the author. Why the ghostly reminiscence of



—and
Anita
Stewart.



Himself—not the actor.

hattan theatres. A few minutes each night, and there were several hundred dollars coming in. As he remarked, he is a business man.

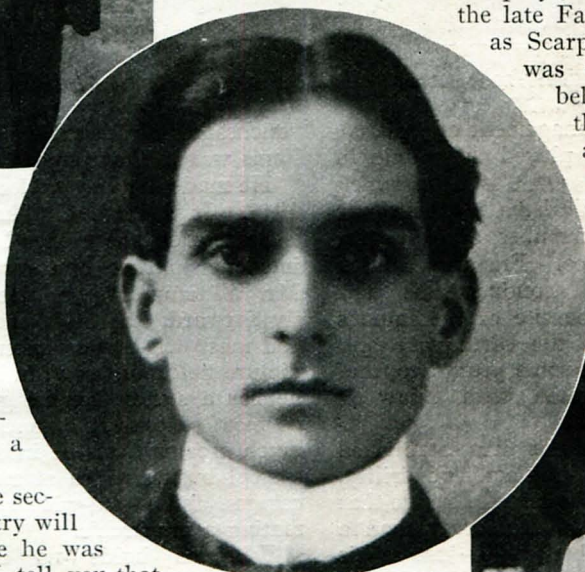
Natives of one section of the country will know what state he was born in when I tell you that his middle name is Rafael. Earle Rafael Williams, born in Sacramento a few more than thirty years ago.

He is now 5 feet, 11 inches in height; weighs 178 pounds without a makeup; has dark brown hair and blue eyes, and is not married to Anita Stewart. Further, he has no Stewartian intentions, nor is she inclined to the handsome leading man. Like one or two other Miss-and-Mister teams in active photography, they form a perfect working unit, probably infinitely better, in artistic effect, than if they were husband and wife. I might as well tell the sentimental that I can't get them started. I have urged Miss Stewart to give Mr. Williams one of her best kisses to keep for his watch-case; and I have incited Mr. Williams to pass a little rough, real love to Miss Stewart. Nothing doing. They are great friends, but their affections are handed

over to the property man every night for safe-keeping. I think he stores them in a barrel, or takes them home for his children to play with—I don't know.

Since this account concerns Earle Williams' career, and not his sentimental adventures in the imagination of some old maid, it may be well to add that he made his stage debut in 1902, at New Orleans. He appeared with a stock company, and was given two "bit" parts in "Siberia." This noble old melodrama would furnish a fortune in salt, could all the tears it has brought forth be commercially evaporated.

Further developments included New York engagements with the Audubon stock company, and at the Academy of Music. About this time he met that redoubtable sailor-actor, Melbourne MacDowell, who had legs like the statue of a Roman emperor, a voice like Byron's poetry, and about as much real art as the old-time "moving picture." But MacDowell had the Sardou plays, an inheritance from the late Fanny Davenport, and as Scarpia, for instance, he was very wonderful to behold. There were things that a young actor could learn from Melbourne



At the left, Mr. Williams at 21, when he went on the stage. Below: a costume part.



MacDowell. And Williams promptly learned them.

How small the world is! Soon after, Williams came under the tutelage of one of stock's leading figures at that day; a learned and enterprising gentleman who has lately been seen in a number of fine Lasky characterizations: James Neill.

He made his San Francisco debut, which was like a home-coming, under the management of Belasco, Mayer & Price. He played the villain in "The Dairy Farm." Of this firm, which really gave Earle Williams his histrionic foothold, only one member actively survives in San Francisco. Frederic Belasco (brother of David) conducts his new Alcazar theatre on the site of the famous Alcazar destroyed in the earthquake and fire; Mr. Mayer died some years ago, and Mr. Price is associated with Klaw & Erlanger in New York.

The productions of this firm established Earle Williams as a young actor of virility, grace and power. It is indeed strange that no one ever considered him other than a capital portrayer of bad men—just as his entire photoplay association has been linked up with prince chaps of outer title or inner royalty.

His work attracted the attention of most of the celebrated folk who came to San Francisco. And they all come to San Francisco.

He abandoned the hard stock routine for fine engagements with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin. He appeared in strong characterizations in such widely different plays as "When Knighthood was in Flower," and "The Man on the Box." He was in Phoebe Davies' company, in her world-beating, heart-thumping, tear-drawing triumph, "Way Down East."

Forgetting his wicked ways, he was for

a brief season leading man in a Salt Lake company, but backslid with Rose Stahl in the original production of "The Chorus Lady." He also appeared in "The Third Degree."

Were you among those fortunate enough to see "The Sign of the Rose," when George Beban had it in its proper length of a single act, the most throbbing and tender document vaudeville has

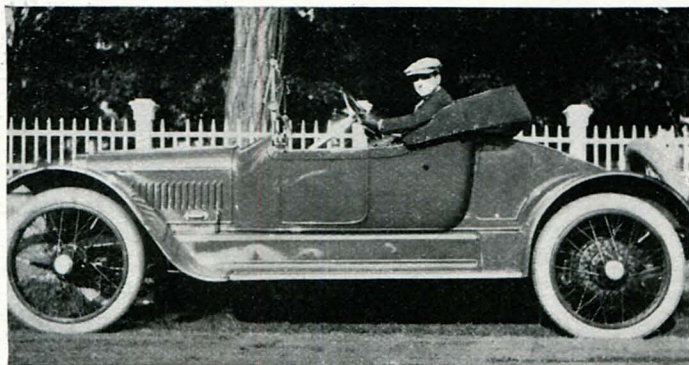
vouchsafed in a decade? Well, Earle Williams was in that famous cast, too.

He made his first motion picture in May, 1911. It was called "The Thumb-Print."

Since then, there have been few exciting incidents and no untoward happenings in Mr. Williams' career. He has gone steadily forward, has been one of the hardest and most consistent workers in the motion-picture field, and now, in his early thirties, he has a steady income greater than that of most successful lawyers at middle age, much greater than the income of most successful business men at any stage of their careers, and world-wide celebrity approximating a monarch's.

Williams holds no ironbound brief toward matrimony. He is not averse to marriage, but he feels that it is a serious matter, to be undertaken only on the rare ground of affection combined with real companionship. Will Earle Williams marry? That depends on who wants to marry him. If the right girl comes along—you bet! He has no opinions on the married and the unmarried actors' relative positions, except to note that weary matrimonial bonds upon either side of the house have frequently smothered opposite talents of extraordinary sort.

He has a modest, fine apartment, a beloved motor-car, and many friends. He loves drama and good books. He is a good fellow, but never a melodramatic "sport."



Mr. Williams is his own chauffeur and spends a great deal of time in his motor-car

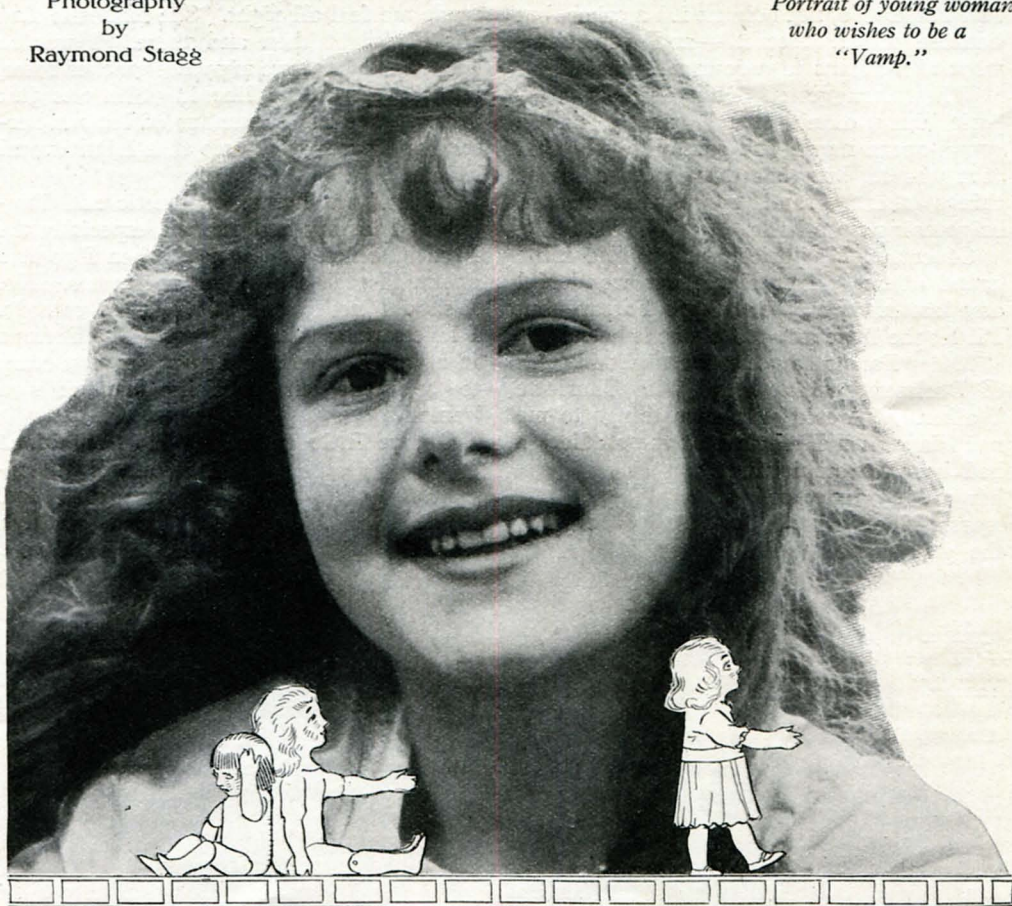
Farrar's Official Youngster

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD MARJORIE DAW,
WHO HAS A VOICE, A MENAGERIE, AND
A FINE LOT OF REGULAR KID AMBITIONS

By GRACE KINGSLEY

Photography
by
Raymond Staggs

*Portrait of young woman
who wishes to be a
"Vamp."*



MARJORIE DAW has been proclaimed Geraldine Farrar's official youngster—but what is she like?

Well, in the first place she's fourteen, and looks about twelve. And when I went to call on her at the Lasky studio I found her climbing into one of the fig-trees which adorn the lot, in search of a ripe fig. Naturally this alone was enough to warm one's heart toward her. But when she exhibited a rip in her apron and refused to repent of it, I completely succumbed to her

naughty humanness. It was so like the temperamental inconsequence of her namesake, who recklessly see-sawed, and, then "sold her bed and slept on straw."

For the rest, nature has been kind in the bestowal of her gifts, which include an oval face, a straight nose, a little, mobile, laughing mouth, and eyes of that illusive green-gray-brown shade which is always changing. She is a very natural, human little girl. There's not a trace of the genius stage child about her. Her color comes

and goes, she has a quick, responsive nature, a contagious, gurgly little laugh, and a vivacious fancy which invests everything around her with beauty and interest.

Having described our heroine with the unrelenting minuteness of the old-fashioned novel, we'll now go on with the plot.

Which thickens when we mention her name. For Marjorie Daw isn't her real name at all. And she won't tell her real name. No, not because it's a crime, but because it's a "secret"—and you know what *that* means to a fourteen-year-old!

When I suggested delicately that Marjorie Daw didn't sound exactly like a grand-opera name, she said seriously that that was so, but that there were a lot of things about grand opera that needed brightening up a little.

Of course Marjorie means to "go into" grand opera. Ever since that wonderful day last summer, when Miss Farrar—but I'll let the little girl tell about it herself.

"Miss Farrar saw me one night in 'Out of Darkness,' which I did with Charlotte Walker. She said very nice things to me next day when I met her at the studio. I had been worshipping her a long time, of course, like all the girls at

the studio, and I used to walk back and forth in front of her dressing room and listen to her practicing.

"Then one day she was going by my dressing room, and she heard me singing. She rapped and asked if she might come in. I was awfully embarrassed, especially as my dressing-table was topsy-turvy, but Miss Farrar only smiled and said, 'You ought to see mine sometimes,' and that made me feel all right. She made me sing for her right then and there. I was so frightened I'm sure my voice cracked some, but she seemed to like it. She was just divine, gave me a number of lessons herself, and promised to see that I have vocal lessons.

"I study at home: arithmetic and English and history and French, especially the French, which I shall need when I go into opera. I read all the big operas too. No, I should never care for musical comedy. I love serious things. I saw Olga Petrova in a vampire part, and now I'm just crazy to be what our publicity man calls a 'vamp.'"

Oh, ye little gods of a kid's ambition!

Marjorie is an embryo artist, too, and at high school,

The younger girl, without a hat, is her mother.



where she spent a year, she used to illustrate her lessons all over the nice clean paper which her teachers gave her to write upon.

And she wants to be a "camera-man."

"Why, they let me take Scene No. 55 in 'Chimmie Fadden Out West,'" she cried, "and it came out all right. At home Chandler and I"—Chandler is her younger brother, and a film actor for the Triangle at the Griffith Studio,—“are always playing pictures. I write the scenarios and dress my dolls up, and Chandler directs while I turn the camera. My dolls are Geraldine Farrar and Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark and Blanche Sweet and a lot of others. But when it comes to expressing things with their faces—well! You know how discouraging and stary dolls are.

"And I myself imitate Lillian Gish and Marguerite Clark and the others before my mirror. But it's awfully hard to make myself look like them. And as for Miss Farrar, I just can't get the Spanish motions. I broke my fan the other day trying to.

"Don't you want to hear about my life? It's very exciting. I can swim and ride horse-back.

"I long to swim in a picture! In fact, I look forward to being really ship-wrecked some time, so that I can swim away out by myself, and find a desert island, like 'Treasure Island,' which is my favorite book.

"Oh, yes, and be sure to say that Chandler and I have nearly a zoo at home. There are two cats, some gold-fishes, a green turtle, and I'm going to get a canary at Christmas. I can't have any dog because I live in a flat. My green-

turtle is a very high-grade turtle, the kind they make soup of. But, of course," she said seriously, "I couldn't think of ever seeing him boiled. I had his brother, too, but he died, and I buried him in a perfume box. I warmed him up every fifteen minutes, all one night, but it seemed nothing could save him."

This is the young person who broke her fan trying to get the Spanish motions. Derisively in the rear: her brother.



Tiggs' Corners Gazette

A. Burstein, Editor

MELVILLE MELKIZEDEK STUBBS, who on several occasions has declared his animosity towards the soul-destroying motion pictures, pretends, when his wife has dragged him along to the show, to be snoring peacefully away in another world. But his wife distrusts this sign very much; his regular snore, she says (and she has had a musical education and ought to know), is three tones higher, and has two additional snorts and one less whinny.

THE Chamber of Commerce had a quorum yesterday in their office over the feed store, three members being present. The first question considered was the publication of literature advertising Tiggs' Corners as a site for a movie studio. Since the new three-story skyscraper apartments were built, the town has taken on a real metropolitan aspect; besides, the ten-acre farm right next door would be fine for outside scenes.

THERE is going to be a vampire picture at the show tomorrow. Young Reginald George Swinburne is among those who do not intend to see it—on the ground that the type is already too familiar to him to be of any interest. Reginald has been jilted no less than thirteen times.

TUMP HODGE, the lightning sign-artist of Clover County, yesterday stated that there is more money in moving pictures than in painting them.

SARY SAMPSON is now traveling about among the neighboring metropolises in Calf County, under false pretenses, it seems. She is telling everyone that she is working in the movies, and is now playing opposite Earle Williams. Still, she may be right; Sary does pound the piano at the Nickel-Odeon, directly facing the screen.

AMELIA SIMPER has raised quite a rumpus, we hear, over at the Rhubarbia High School. Amelia caught the influenza last month and promptly made out her will, leaving all her pictures of movie heroes to Celia Greenfield and Tobitha Keough. The will came to light later and was read by most of the other girls, who now refuse to talk to the three concerned. Jealous cats, say we.

A STORM of indignation swept over here when the motives of the camera men who visited us some time ago were discovered. All the population of Tiggs' Corners turned out to pose, but when the picture came in, it was entitled, "Real Scenes of the Simple Life." The Chamber of Commerce intends sending a round-robin to the president, declaring this to be lèse-majesté toward the sovereign metropolis of Calf County.

ZEILA MOON and Minerva Sintel have entered the State Beauty and Brains Contest. Leila has the beauty and Minerva has the brains.



An Ince "Western Village" Burns!—For Seven Cameras

HINTS on PHOToplay WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

IX

A FINE Production! An interesting "Star"! Acting Splendid! Good Photography! Beautiful Stage Settings and Scenery! Capably Directed! Details almost Perfect! *BUT—"What was it all about?"*

That is the questioning wail you hear from all sides when the average photoplay is under discussion. "What was it all about?"

Everything good, except "THE STORY."

If the production is a so-called "Feature" in four or more reels, then 9 times out of 10 it will be an adaptation of a mildewed, time-worn stage play, or of a fiction book with a plot as weak as church social punch.

If the production is a short, one or two reel subject, then 7 times out of 10 it will have emanated from a "staff writer" who is urged into turning out at least two "original" photoplays a week, or else stand an excellent chance of losing his job.

Dozens of splendid original stories may be amongst the hundreds submitted through the mail by capable free-lance writers, but will never be brought to the eye of the Scenario Editor or of a Producing Director, because if the outside material submitted should prove to be consistently better than that turned out by the salaried writers, the latter would naturally suffer.

Staff writers cannot do it all, and the sooner the real heads of the film producing companies begin to realize this, the better for the moving picture industry. They

must have staff writers—even more than they now employ—but they must be CONSTRUCTIONISTS, not hack photoplay writers. They may be called upon to write stories on special subjects when such are required, and should be capable of turning out a good story in such cases; as the majority of the staff writers at present employed undoubtedly are; but their chief duties should be in reconstructing good original stories that reach the scenario departments from various sources, and adapting such plays and books as the management has decided upon producing.

It is impossible for any staff writer to consistently turn out good original stories in a wholesale manner under the stress and fear of losing a lucrative position if so many stories are not turned out per week.

If "Pictures" are going to continue to interest and hold the public, as we all sincerely trust they will, more attention will have to be paid to the "stories." I do not propose this because I have written photoplays, but because it is an absolute FACT. We are hearing it from all sides.

Scenario writers—free-lance writers—must be encouraged, not treated as mere cranks who are wasting brains, paper, and postage stamps. Their photoplays should never be allowed to fall into the hands of staff writers, but should be conscientiously read by readers especially employed for that purpose, and those that are considered strong and original enough for photoplay production should be presented by the readers to the scenario editor for his perusal. There will very soon be

Staff writers cannot do it all, and the sooner the real heads of the film producing companies begin to realize this, the better for the Moving Picture Industry. . . . Free-lance writers must be encouraged.

a strong demand for original stories especially written for the screen, and the mails will be eagerly searched for good material submitted by free-lance writers, but the searching must not be left to the staff-writers.

The past year has been one of "adaptations," and though on the wane, they are still in vogue. Most of the stage plays which contain sufficient plot for picture adaptation have already been filmed or are in contemplated production; and the value placed on books of fiction has proved to be in most cases purely fictional.

The heads of concerns are beginning to discover that they have paid exorbitant prices, in a multitude of cases, for the film rights of books and stage plays woefully lacking in plot and action and which even expert scenario writers and directors find impossible to weave into moderately interesting screen productions. The selling of these "lemons" has been mainly engineered by parties having an axe to grind and the results are proving to be losing ones to the manufacturers. Well, it is easy to foresee what is going to happen. The pockets of the manufacturers are being badly hit, and we all know that money talks. That is why I feel perfectly safe in my prediction that there will shortly be a wild scramble for original photoplays written especially for the screen by writers who are thoroughly capable and who have virile imagination.

The foregoing may be considered as irrelevant to "Hints on Photoplay Writing," but to you, my fellow scribes, this statement of facts is very important. It will, I sincerely hope, give you courage to stick to the game.

Although there will undoubtedly still continue to be a strong demand for four and five reel photoplays, yet I do not recommend free-lance writers to attempt them, except in the case of well known writers who have a fair sale for all their product. Most of this work will be done by the staff-writers and by the scenario editors themselves, for some time, at least, until they begin to run short on ideas, as they invariably must. Then there will be a fair field for the free lances in this direction.

"Adaptations" are on the wane. Most of the stage plays which contain sufficient plot for picture adaptation have already been filmed or are in contemplated production; the value placed on fiction has in most cases proved purely fictional.

The best thing for the latter to do right now is to confine their energies to strong one and two reel comedies and dramas, and perfect themselves in plot building and the study of practical "continuity," which the working out of short reel subjects enables them to do.

A great many writers are sadly wasting their time in evolving stories based on biblical and historical events, and also in taking the plots from current and past magazine stories and published books. They cannot seem to grasp that there is absolutely no market except for original ideas worked out in an original way. No concern will pay for "old stuff."

And then again, a number of writers evolve plots from happenings which are recorded in the newspapers, and such are often the base of the stories we see depicted on the screen, but you must remember that other eyes besides your own read these newspaper items—staff-writers amongst others—and scenario departments are often deluged with submitted stories all based on the published item, which has probably been syndicated by the press throughout the country.

You can readily see how this is bound to happen, and it is for that reason I have, personally, always ignored the lure of the newspaper happening, no matter how tempting, because I realized that many others besides myself would have grasped the value of the plot for a photoplay.

But I have been singularly fortunate in being the recipient of newspapers—weeklies, mostly—from various parts of the world, and from these I have often culled a plausible plot which savored of originality. Actual happenings very often will enable one to create a more original story than can be evolved from one's cranium, because, as we all know, truth is often stranger than fiction.

And then, besides, you cannot be accused of presenting a story that may be considered as too far-fetched, because you can append the newspaper item to prove its plausibility. So, if you are in a position to easily procure some foreign newspapers from time to time, you will often find them remunerative from a plot-getting point of view—the Australian newspapers especially, as

there is much wild country there, and untoward happenings frequently occur in which the scenes can readily be transplanted to the western states of this country.

Always Americanize your foreign stories, because directors find it difficult to procure suitable exterior scenes necessary to impart the proper foreign atmosphere. Some of them attempt it and, no doubt, think they are doing wonders, but we see the results on the screen, and to those who have travelled through the countries they attempt to depict, their efforts seem pitiable.

The American public likes American pictures. They like to be shown people and scenes of which they have an intimate knowledge. Foreign pictures made abroad do not interest the general public; all our manufacturers of film productions know that; then why should foreign subjects made in New Jersey or California stand a better chance of public favor? They do not.

You should never localize your exterior scenes or try to describe them too carefully, because you cannot know in what city or locality the company which may produce your story is likely to be working at the time. If your story is a "Western" one, do not jump your principal characters to New York and show them in exterior scenes in that city. It would be too expensive a jump. In cases where long distances have to be traversed and the action to take place in specified cities, then you should lay your scenes in interiors. Scenes laid in the country do not so much matter, because locations calling for parks, river banks, fields and country lanes and roads can generally be found that will pass muster for the localities intended.

One of the essential things to create in a photoplay is *suspense*. Do not rush your action and make your story merely a series of happenings. For instance, if Mary is about to meet John, do not have them coming hurriedly towards each other from different directions and meeting and carrying out such action as the story may call for. That is too trite and commonplace. Make John and Mary show what is in their

minds. Imbue them with personality. This can be brought out by a sequence of short "close-ups." Show a close-up of Mary's face peeping from behind a tree, with her face wreathed in smiles. Then show a close-up of John's face looking over a wall, evidently seeing Mary and obviously delighted. Then flash back to Mary and show her blowing him a kiss. Then flash back to John and show him playfully catching the kiss on the palm of his hand and returning it in like manner. Next flash back to Mary and show her looking coyly and invitingly in the direction where John is supposed to be, with a trace of the trepidation which a young maiden would naturally show at the impending approach of her lover.

Then flash back to John, showing a more complete view of the wall over which you have shown him peering, and give him directions to jump over the wall and spring gladly forward, up to, and past the camera. Next flash back to Mary behind the tree and show John joining and greeting her and carrying on such action as may be outlined in the story. Thus you have created "suspense" and at the same time you have brought the audience into close touch with both Mary and John, creating a sympathy for them that the hurried action of a meeting and an embrace would never have created.

Make your characters human. Bring them close to the camera, so that we can see their facial expressions and know what they are thinking about. If your characters know how to act and are anyway near the age they are supposed to be this can be accomplished with as much success as on the speaking stage. But, unfortunately, the artists chosen to depict the leading char-

Avoid "schools" and "correspondence courses" and parties that offer to revise scripts for paltry fees. Always submit your photoplays direct to the scenario editors. . . . Do not place them in the hands of any party who may advertise to sell photoplays.

acters are often so far advanced in years that they will not bear the close inspection that "close-ups" allow. The exploiting of stage stars is having this baneful effect just at present, but they are not proving as lucrative as expected and the era of "Types" to fit each role is fast approaching, as it inevitably must, and photoplay writers and directors are going to be able to evolve and depict stories that will be more logical and pleasing to the paying

public than those of the immediate past and the present.

What is more pitiable than a seasoned woman of 35 enacting the role of a kittenish maiden of 17, or of a stiff-kneed male thespian doing stunts for which he might have been forgiven in his early twenties (which to him are but a distant memory), but which now call only for ridicule, or worse. No, they may act until they are black in the face and until their wearied bones crack, but they cannot fool the camera!

But very few of the stage stars have proved successful on the screen. Neither have any of the regular moving picture stars ever set the stage on fire; nor are they likely to do so. The stage calls for trained voices and hard study. Stars shine in their allotted stage or screen firmament and they are foolish to try to break away from their originally chosen calling.

It is the screen actors proper whom the free-lance writers must study, because they are the ones who are going to endure and continue to be the mainstay of the film business. They may not be so prominently featured just now, but they are more than holding their own in the short reel releases, and it is the one and two reel subjects that free-lance writers must aim to write. That is their sole market at present.

A good title will often go far towards selling a scenario. The shorter the title, the better. One word will often be more potent than four or five. Can anything be more descriptive than the single word, "HATE"? Or the magic word "LOVE"? I am sure you can easily recall many photoplay successes in which the title was embodied in a single word. "Deserted" and "Hypocrites" are of recent date and both big successes. A title need not necessarily be lurid, but it should be one easily grasped and meaning something. A great many photoplays are thrown aside without even a cursory reading because the title has not appealed to the readers or the scenario editor. With a good, gripping title and a fairly original plot and with scenes clearly described in logical sequence, a scenario will not go long abegging these days.

In the little note book which every scenario writer should always carry, several pages should be reserved for titles, and whenever one comes to mind that is worthy

of being recorded, it should instantly be jotted down. A title will often suggest a theme for a story and is almost as important as the story itself.

Again I advise all writers to be careful and send out their scripts in clean, workmanlike shape, with good clean covers, back and front. On the outside front cover place merely the title, with the author's name and address in the left hand top corner. Use simply a blank sheet of paper for the back cover. These can easily be renewed and will keep the MSS clean and fresh-looking on its journeys back and forth.

Above all, do not be discouraged. The day of the original scenario is coming back, and the plots that you have treasured will be worth their weight in gold.

In writing articles dealing with a subject such as this, one is apt to break away from technical points, which, I imagine, most readers wish to have reiterated and fully explained, and for the benefit of those who may not have read the first few articles of this series, I will briefly outline in my next article the most practical method of condensing the synopsis and working out scenes, also again explaining the technical terms commonly used in photoplay writing and in what manner they should be employed.

The sample scenario published in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will prove of more practical value to writers than any so-called "Course" of lessons from any source whatever. Study that sample scenario—it is a practical model and was successfully produced. Also study carefully the one and two reel pictures on the screen whenever you get the chance. I might write in this strain from now until Doomsday, but I could not give you better advice than that.

Do not be disgruntled and discouraged if your initial efforts do not meet with success. Do not bear a grudge against the scenario editors or the producing directors if they do not think as highly of your work as you do yourself. They may not be able to write as good a photoplay as you, but they are probably better judges of what they require than you can possibly be. A hen lays a good egg, but you would rather trust to your own judgment than to hers in passing on the merits of an omelet!

Again I advise you to avoid "Schools"

(Continued on page 164)

STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

June Magregor, daughter of a stern Scotch Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, has aroused all the finest instincts of Paul Temple, leading man of a New York feature film company which has sent him and others into the Canadian woods to take a drama of the North in native surroundings. Temple's estranged wife Gertrude, absurdly jealous of the leading woman, has threatened to come to the camp, but instead, becomes star of another photoplay concern through "personal interest" of its executive. Jack Bailie, handsome scamp with Temple's company, wins June's superficial regard. June substitutes for the company's leading woman in a dangerous bit of rapid-shooting, and, the canoe capsizing, Bailie saves himself, while Paul rescues June. A bit later Temple soundly thrashes Bailie for luring June to a lonely island, where he forces his caresses upon her. Temple now has June's puzzled admiration, but thoughts of his wayward wife prevent him declaring his love. Bailie purloins one of Gertrude's letters to Temple, and plans some destructive revelations.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CHAPTER XIV

THE morning after Baillie's discovery of Gertrude's letter Tom Briscoe came to the bunkhouse while the men were dressing. He himself slept in his office, a corner of the cabin devoted to the camp management where he kept his charts, scenarios, and notes. He was always up and at work at the first glimmer of dawn.

This morning he came to inquire after Baillie's injured foot. "Idyll" was nearing completion and had reached a point where nothing more could be done until certain of Baillie's lead scenes had been filmed.

Baillie planning to slip away to Fort McLeod with his stolen letter when the companies had gone out on location, shook his head despondently when Briscoe inquired. Might be able to hobble around a little, he said, but wouldn't be able to work that day.

"Mm! Serious as that?" Briscoe was concerned. "Well, take a turn up and down the bunkhouse and let's see."

Baillie limped along groaning while a hastily organized comb band added gaiety to the affair. Back and forth the director marched him, observing his actions as if he were a horse for sale. For some minutes the inspection went on. Then:

"You'll do," Briscoe said, shifting his

dry cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "Dress for work. We'll take you to the location on the sledge, and with that you ought to be able to walk through your scenes. Borrow an ankle brace if you can get one."

Briscoe's order rearranged the work for the day, and because of this and the overcast sky Temple found himself idle after ten o'clock. He had gone out to finish a single reel thriller he had been directing, but the light in the necessary location—a snow-filled ravine—was so poor that Sherman, the camera man, gave up in despair. The day's "Idyll" scenes not requiring him Paul found himself at liberty.

As he trudged back to camp on snowshoes, an intention that long had been forming in his mind hardened into resolution. He determined to go to Fort McLeod and see June. By the clear light of calm and detached reasoning, he knew now that he must tell her the truth about himself and his marriage. The conviction had come gradually but uncompromisingly. He realized that for him there must not be even a shadow's shadow of doubt or concealment, or the whole structure of his love could not stand. Moreover, he would not accept June's love under false colors. If she must send him away, ending all his hopes and dreams, let her do so at once, before she learned to care too much.

It was easy to feel all this now, freed

as he was from the bewilderment of passion and the spell of her nearness, and for that reason Paul did not blame himself too much for his flight from the fort that day of their last interview. That hour had been the seething of the crucible which had precipitated today's courage and knowledge.

A third and less vital reason also influenced him into his decision. He knew the crisis must be met sometime, and he realized that the longer he put it off the more difficult it would be to face.

RELEASING his company of minor people at camp, Paul turned down the familiar river trail. But it was not familiar now. Under its muffling robe of snow every tree, bush and withered stock had taken on a new identity. Pines, hemlocks and tamaracks showed delicate tracery patterns of black and white, the work, it seemed, of fairy figures. Over all brooded an immense stillness. The forest slept stupefied beneath a vast quietude which seemed cosmic. The day was overcast, and the snow crust of the trail formed the night before had not melted, so that a blinding, gray glare radiated up from the polished surface.

At his left flowed the bleak river. Lead-colored ice patched with snow edged a centre channel of black water. Eventually, the guides said, this channel would freeze also, and the Onipee become available for sledge travel, a thing considered hazardous now. As Paul walked he faced a peculiarly biting north wind which clashed and creaked the armored tree-limbs.

Despite the unexplained cessation of his visits to June, Temple went to see her now without diffidence. He felt that between them there was an instinctive understanding of the critical state of their relationship, and that she would construe his absence as bearing upon that. She would also know, he thought, that his reappearance must predicate some decision.

As the trail widened to enter the fort clearing the old fear swept over Paul. How would she receive his confession? As he hoped, patiently and with sweet understanding, or brusquely, harshly, leaving him without hope or motive in life?

The trail at this point followed the crest of the bluff, and as Paul emerged and

looked down the river, he heard a merry jingling of bells, the excited yapping of dogs, and the gay, ringing cries of a woman. An instant later round a bend of the shore ice below the fort, swept a team of dogs at full gallop, drawing behind them a light *cariote* in which sat June.

At sight of her a great gladness rushed over him, an emotion which seemed to swell to an indescribable exaltation. The next instant, she had looked up, seen him, and waved her hand. In response he stumbled down the bluff to the river's edge and watched her swift flight.

In perfect unison, the eight huskies, matched in size and color, sped up and down the river, swerving to right and left at her sharp commands and causing the pendent fox tails on her capote to stream blithely out behind. Finally with a last curving sweep she swung about, rushed to where Paul stood, and brought up before him with a grand flourish.

"Merry Christmas, stranger!" she cried. "How do you like my new turnout?"

"Snow queen, it's immense!" he laughed, and went forward.

The dogs, regarding him with half-shut eyes, sat on their bushy tails, panting, pink tongues a-flicker. He could see now that the *cariote* was a fancy affair of polished wood, with a curved dash and luxurious upholstery, a winter toy for a very princess.

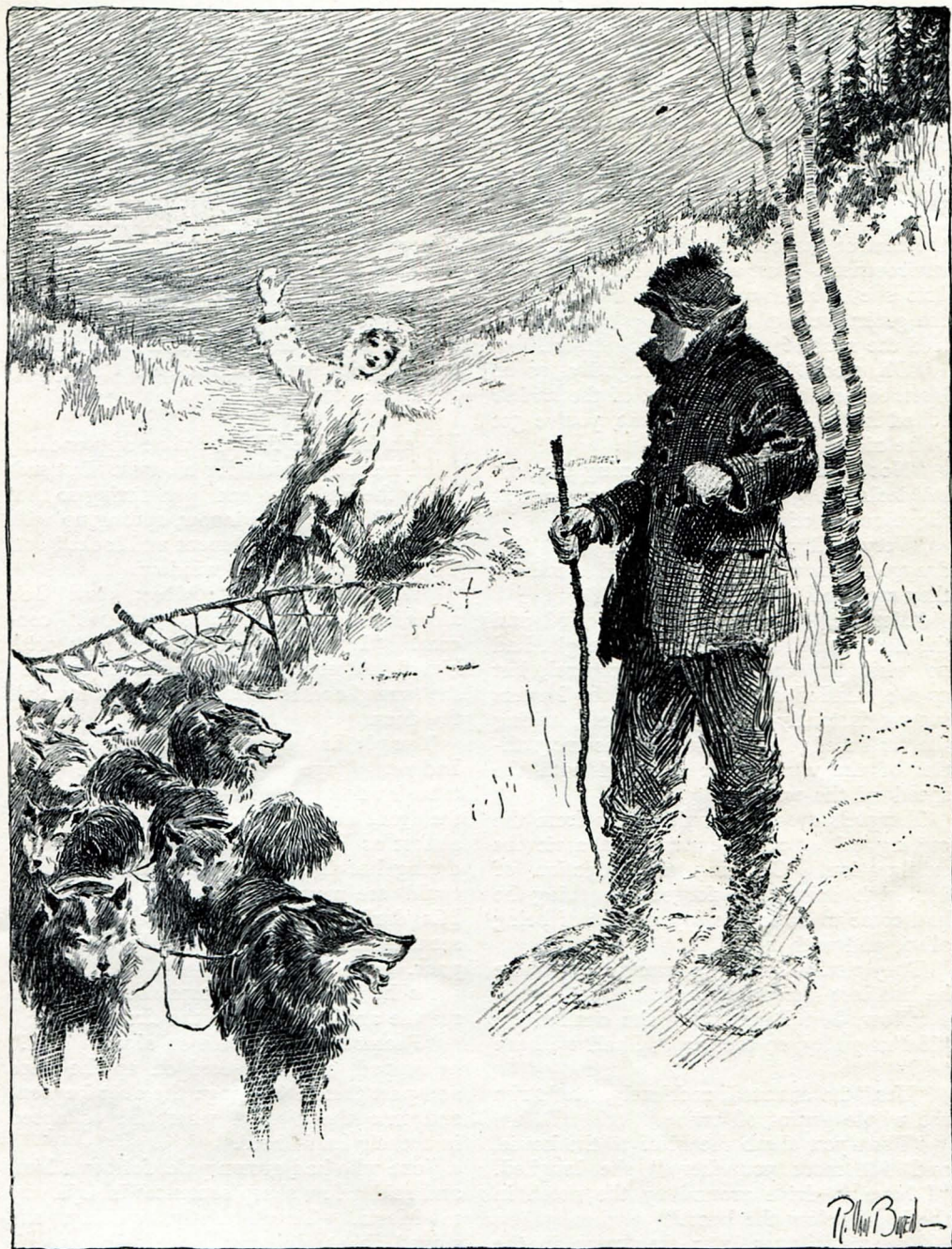
"Would you suspect my dear, dour, gray old father of planning this for me?" she laughed. "I wouldn't if I didn't know him so well. It arrived the day after the blizzard. An Indian at Loon Lake worked all summer on the sledge, and they matched the dogs at Fort Endicott. And all for me! Imagine! I've been training my steeds for two weeks, and I think they do awfully well, don't you?" She pouted. "But no, you don't. You haven't said a word about anything, and—"

He flung up both hands in comic despair at her breathless loquacity.

"That's not nice," she reproved. "As if you hadn't a chance to speak!"

"I'm struck dumb!" he shouted, and she collapsed with laughter. "And now that you're helpless," he went on, "permit me to say a few brief words in appreciation of what I see here before me, and to scold you for racing around regardless on half-formed ice."

June laughed merrily again



"Merry Christmas, stranger!" she cried. "How do you like my new turnout?" "Snow queen, it's immense!" he laughed. . . . The realization of her abounding, glorious vitality came home to him afresh.

WHILE he discoursed, he noticed the details of her dress. She was furred from head to foot in magnificent silver fox, and quite unashamed of fur trousers beneath her long coat. Her vivacious face, framed by the capote, was radiant with color, and her dark eyes sparkled. The realization of her abounding, glorious vitality came home to him afresh, as did the fact of her complete harmony with her environment. Just as when he had met her first she seemed to embody the spirit of the green, wild places, so now she symbolized the soul of the frozen wilderness.

"Oh, pooh!" she said naughtily, as he lectured her, and leaping out of the *cariote* seized his arm. "Just for that, you've got to be ridden yourself!"

"Not alone with those grinning brutes," he declared. "They're slaving now at the thought of my succulence."

"Very well, then, I'll go with you." She dragged him to the *cariote*, and somehow they crowded in together.

"Mush on, there! Mush!" she cried, and the dogs leaped out eagerly. The girl had no whip or other means of control, but as she shrilled her commands, the leaders swung instantly to right or left, taking the frail sledge safely around the inequalities of the wind-swept ice, and with the speed of the wind.

Temple's eyes filled with tears from the cutting cold, but he experienced a riotous exhilaration. Catching the infection of her high spirits he forgot the thing he had come to do in the joyous zest of being alive, and with her.

They circled back and came to rest where he had left his snowshoes.

"Now, Mr. Righteous," she challenged, "if I'm guilty, so are you! Shall we have tea?"

"Yes," he asserted, recklessly, "let's run the whole gamut of crime!"

"Then you climb the bluff to the house, and I'll meet you there," she laughed. "I have to drive around by the notch in the bluff below the bend."

Fifteen minutes later they were in the low trophy-hung library, chatting and basking in the heat of the great log fire. The almost barbaric profusion of fur rugs on the floor gave a sense of primitive warmth and comfort which was heightened by the massive beams overhead, and the small, tight-set windows. Glowing and

tingling with the frosty air, their spirits matched their sense of gorgeous well-being. Old Maria, the house servant, brought tea, and in response to that peculiar craving of the northland they drank cup after cup of it.

In their gay talk the past was not mentioned, nor was Temple's long absence commented on. Lightly, inconsequently, June played over the surface of things with a delicious garrulousness that stimulated and amused him. But the purpose of his coming was constantly in his mind now, and he waited the indication of a veering mood which would give him the opportunity he sought to broach it.

IN an hour he felt the time approaching and nerved himself for his task. But suddenly the girl, who had been sitting so that she half faced the window, sprang up with a little cry of astonishment and looked out. Then she ran to the window.

"Why, here's Jim Albert, and he's alone," she said, her voice sharp with concern. "I wonder why father isn't with him?" After a moment's anxious scrutiny she turned and ran across the room towards the door.

Temple had risen and he, too, saw the Indian. Vaguely alarmed by the girl's tone, he followed her into the hall and to the front door. They reached the veranda almost as Jim Albert did. He was floundering heavily, and wore what the others could see now were broken snow-shoes. His dark face was gaunt, and his eyes seemed unnaturally large. He carried no pack.

As he reached the steps, he seemed to see the anxious girl for the first time.

"Factor hurt. I come on alone. Tea!" he gasped, and staggered on up the steps and past them. Through the door he went and into the kitchen where he collapsed in a chair half-dazed.

June who had grown pale, followed him, and said a few sharp sentences in Ojibway to Maria. Then quietly, quickly, she moved about, doing what years of experience had told her was needful. Temple, without a word, knelt before the Indian and wrestled with the knotted snow-shoe thongs which were frozen as hard as iron.

Presently, revived by basin after basin of scalding tea, Jim Albert commenced to speak, jerking out guttural sentences

piecemeal in his native tongue. June listened quietly, injecting a sharp question now and then. When he had finished, and had fallen ravenously upon the plate of food Maria had brought him, June beckoned Temple and led him into the living room.

"Father is badly hurt," she said, "and I must start north after him today. You can help me if you will. Jim will be able to go back with me in a few hours, but there is much to be done before that."

"Only command me," he begged. "I only hope I can be of some use. Is the situation serious?"

"Yes, very. A week ago father and Jim started south from Moose Factory. They counted on getting back here before snow came, and left with only enough grub to last a quick journey. That early blizzard caught them, and they were snowed up for two days. After that, they had to leave the canoe, and came on overland, but they had no snow-shoes.

"Half way down Jim broke through the ice of a river they were crossing, and they lost half their grub. Then on the edge of a ravine, father went down with some loose snow and broke his leg. Jim dragged him to a deserted trapper's hut but half a day's journey farther on, and left him there with what grub there was. That's where he found those broken snow-shoes. He came on here. We've got to start back today. Oh, poor father!" Her grief and anxiety mastered her for a moment, but she quickly regained control.

"But can Jim go back so quickly?" Temple asked. "Let me go down to camp and get one of our men."

"No. Your man wouldn't know the trail. Jim can do it, I think. Scarcely a winter passes but these Indians go through some experience like this. He'll be ready."

Paul said no more, and for the next two hours they worked fast, loading the traveling sledge that lay ready in the store house. To his relief Temple found that all he had learned at camp for use in the "Idyll" now stood him in good stead. His diamond hitches of the lashings across the completed load won even June's praise.

Under the circumstances, to discuss the thing for which he had come to Fort McLeod was impossible. He put the thought of it from his mind and bent all his energies upon his work. By three o'clock the sledge was ready, and with the

eight splendid dogs whining eagerly in the traces, and Jim marvelously recuperated at the gee-pole, June held out her hand to him in good-bye.

"You have helped me again when I needed you most," she said with deep feeling. "I wonder if I ever—ever will be able to repay you?"

He took her cold fingers between both his bare hands, and searched deep in her eyes. For a long moment they stood thus, and what he saw in those revealing depths made him thrill as he had never thrilled before.

"You have repaid me now," he said unsteadily, "battling with a great desire to take her in his arms.

"No, not yet," she replied, and released her hand.

Jim Albert shouted to the dogs, they strained to the first effort, the sledge creaked as it left its tracks, and then moved across the clearing with increased speed. From the edge of the woods June turned to wave a last farewell. Paul replied to it and the next moment the forest had closed behind her.

All that day Jack Baillie had found that his injured foot was rapidly improving. In fact, so swift was its recovery that he declared that he would gladly walk home that night in order to spare the dogs. The location being but a short distance from Fort McLeod, the thought had occurred to stop there with his letter on the way back to camp.

He arrived at sundown to find the fort gloomy and deserted except for Maria and her husband, a decrepit brave who performed the chores about the place. When he learned that June had gone indefinitely, his fury was epic. And the prospect of the cold two mile tramp home along the river trail did not add in the slightest to his good humor.

CHAPTER XV

THE route that Jim Albert took to the deserted trapper's hut where Fleming Magregor lay was as direct as the crow flies; steadily north and a little east. He traveled without trail and without compass following an instinct as sure as that of a homing pigeon. Gaunt and haggard, but mute and uncomplaining, he plodded on, knowing only that his factor needed

him, and that June depended on him.

The country they traversed was virgin forest land. Here and there on a tree could be seen the mark of a timber cruiser's axe, but as yet no cutting had been done in the district. Pine, hemlock, Douglas spruce, and larch, rose tall and straight, their branches feathery against a cold sky. The graceful, naked birches shivered in the biting wind.

The going was rough. It lay between hills, across frozen trout streams, down gullies and along ravines. Regularly the travelers changed places, whichever was trudging ahead to break a trail for the dogs, falling back to handle the gee-pole, and vice versa.

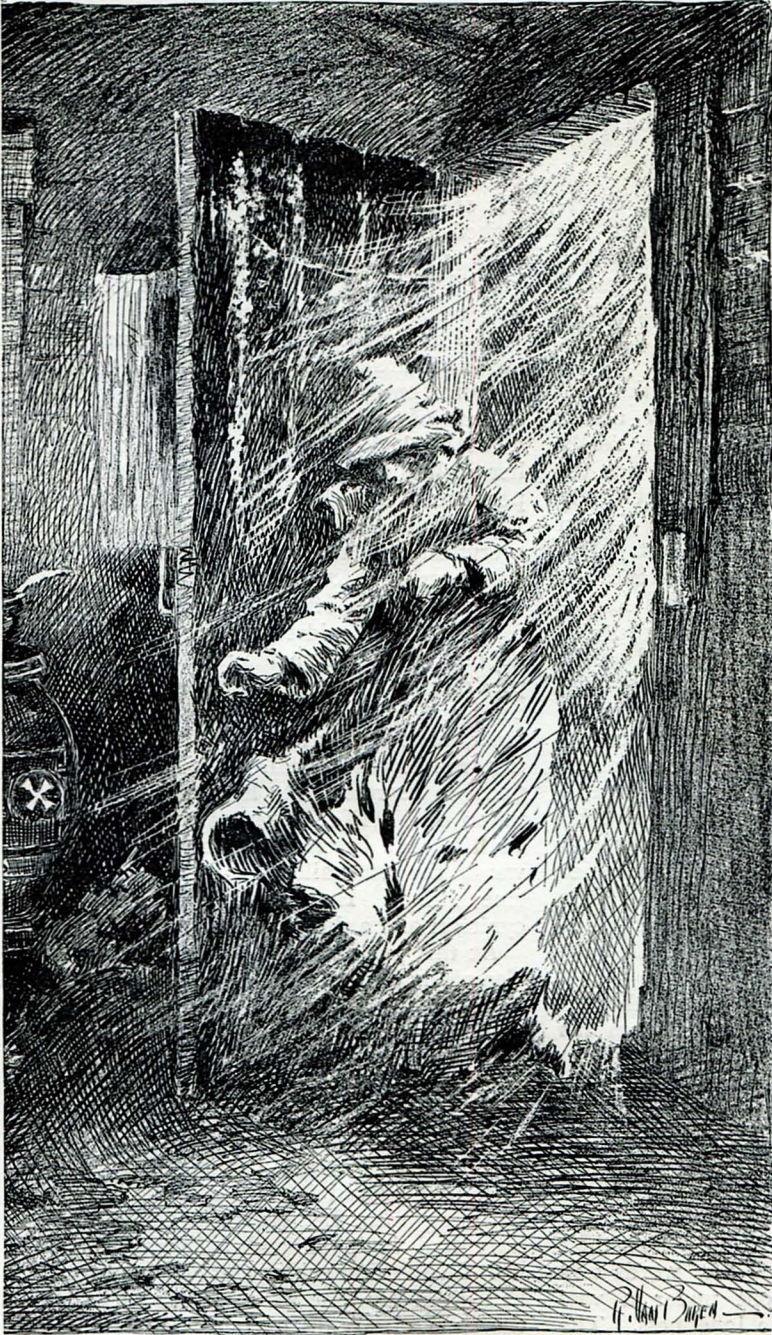
Sometimes on level stretches, or on the solid ice of a stream June or Albert rode or sometimes both; while on downhill work they wrestled desperately with the swooping, skidding sledge, June behind at a tail rope, and Albert ahead at the gee-pole. The dogs, well-fed, fresh, and eager, worked hard. With heads low, tails high, and pink tongues flickering,

they strained to the task that was at once their joy and pride. They seemed to relish this test of their mettle after whisking June's winter confection about.



Crossing the room, June raised the stick of wood that barred the door and figure swayed toward her and she threw her

AT last, when the early sunset showed lemon-colored between the silhouetted trees, June ordered a halt for the night. She knew to the ounce what to ask of Jim



swung it open, only to start back in amazement. The next instant a human arms out just in time to catch it as it fell.

Albert, and she knew that she had asked it today. That he would go on at her command until he dropped, past experience had taught her. But she saw beyond

this day's travel, great though her anxiety and her father's need were. In days to come there might be greater demands on them both and it was then that they must be ready.

They selected for their camp a spot underneath the high north bank of a little stream, a spot so sheltered that but an inch or two of snow had drifted in during the recent blizzard. June helped Jim unharness the dogs, and as always after a day's travel, examined the pads of their feet for cuts or bruises. Then, while she unlashed the sledge load, Jim chopped a hole in the ice of the stream for the dogs to drink, and set about gathering sufficient wood for that night and the following morning.

Next June cleared a place for the fire, and unpacked the lighter supplies, grub, utensils and blankets. The tent she left to Albert. Unquestioningly she shared the common labor, for now they were beyond the pale of race or caste. Though they did not know it they represented the inconceivable bravery of the human soul. To-

gether and alone, surrounded by the pitiless desolation, they dared cosmic forces which, should they make one slip, stood ready to crush them. On every hand, illimitably, it

seemed, stretched the wilderness. In it there was no help; no hope; from it no appeal. Life here was stripped to its lowest terms; to terms of food and warmth, to the one primal need of keeping the spark of life burning.

WITH the camp fire crackling cheerfully Jim Albert thawed out the frozen dried fish he had brought for the dogs, and gave them their one daily meal. When they had finished the animals made their own beds, digging warm nests in the snow drifts along the bank.

June had brought the tent for the sake of privacy rather than for any added warmth it would give her. The really severe weather of the winter had not yet come, and she would have been perfectly comfortable curled up beside the fire in her sleeping bag like Jim Albert. But now she emphasized their difference in caste as well as sex, for the factor's daughter is the true princess of the north.

Together they cooked supper and ate it. They talked little and then only about the disaster that had sent them on this journey. Jim washed the dishes in the remainder of the warm melted snow water, and a few minutes later June withdrew to her tent. Jim prepared for the night and in half an hour except for the glow of the fire and the motionless figure of the Indian beside it, there was no sign of life in the little camp. It was as if it had been absorbed into the immensity of the universal stillness.

The first crack of dawn found the Indian stirring, almost recovered from his hardship of the previous day. Breakfast was ready when June appeared, and they ate heartily. Then, loading the sledge with the skill of long practice they set out again, plodding doggedly into the trackless wastes, just as the sun rose full-globed about the southeast horizon.

For almost three days this was their existence, an existence of few words and great effort, wrought out under a vast silence and inconceivable loneliness. The creak of the sledge, the commands of the dogs, the white vapor of their breath, these were the tokens of animate things moving in a vast region of death.

But though they spoke little, June thought much. Fear for her father haunted her, but with the patient endurance, almost

fatalism that her environment had imposed upon her, she purposely turned her mind to other things.

Oftenest she thought of Temple, of Baillie, and of the strange events that had so recently entered her life to change and influence it. The farther she went from the scene of it all, the clearer, more detached, became her point of view. It was as if she had climbed some mountain and viewed things at last in their true relationships.

She had passed through much since that night of dread and terror on the island. Her first emotions had concerned her realization of Baillie's utter unworthiness. That final disillusionment and wreck of her girlish romance had been a bitter experience. With her ideal had gone for a while faith in life, in human kind, in everything. This was the phase she had been passing through the day Briscoe came to her with his offer of patronage.

Then in the midst of her overwhelming depression had come the memory of Temple, and of what he had been in her life compared with Baillie. Brave, steadfast, quiet, always equal to the occasion, ringing true as pure metal, he had come gradually to represent (to her) the one refutation of all life's baseness as typified by Baillie. He became her anchor to windward, the unassailable evidence of fine, true things. He saved her from bitter cynicism and a distorted image of life.

At this period her strongest feeling for Temple had been one of gratitude, a gratitude which she had tried vainly to express that day at the fort. His startling reply to this effort in abruptly leaving her had bewildered and hurt her a little, but she did not waver in her allegiance to him.

That he loved her she knew. Not only had he told her so, but his every look and deed proved it. This being so, and he being what he was, this action must have had its good and sufficient reason, she felt. His subsequent long absence had given her time for meditation and for the final clarifying of her feelings. Just as with Temple, it had witnessed the realization of an approaching crisis in their relations.

THIS came in a strange guise. As day after day went by and she did not see Paul, she fell to dreaming of him. Alone

at the fort, she built for herself a world peopled only by themselves. She relived in imagination many of the things they had done together, recalled their talks grave and gay. And gradually, as if he had been an essence, he commenced to permeate her life, to take possession of it. No waking or sleeping thought was free from his influence.

And because she had progressed from a girlish worship of his physical prowess to a woman's consciousness of his splendor in deeper things, a new glory that was inexpressible came to surround him. The knowledge came at last that she loved him, and alone there she had gloried in it, singing and laughing through days of ecstasy when life had seemed too poignantly perfect to be true. He had found her in such a mood that morning of the ride upon the river ice.

Now trudging along unbroken trails in the teeth of a cruel wind, every step taking her farther and farther from Paul, her heart cried out for him in this time of trouble. She longed to lean upon his calm, efficient strength—she who had never leaned on anybody—and to hear his words of comfort and courage.

But since that could not be, she found solace in the thought of that moment of farewell at the fort. The memory of it quickened her with a strange, wild gladness, a delicious confusion. Then, as never before she had felt the pull of that mighty hidden current of passion in Temple's nature. Compared with it the magnetism that Baillie had exerted upon her was as nothing. By its very suggestion of undreamed depths it made her quiver with strange instinctive urgencies she dared not analyze.

And at such moments as these she saw clearly and finally the difference between her former feeling for Baillie and the one she now held for Paul. The first had been infatuation; hectic, opalescent—of tinsel and froth; this was love; deep, irresistible, permanent. One was of the flesh; the other of flesh, mind and spirit, that trinity of life all parts of which are equal in holiness and beauty.

Bent forward against the wind, dog-weary after the frozen miles, she thought of these things; and the grim, waiting wilderness, the cold, the hunger, and the bodily fatigue became as nothing. The world seemed a place warm and beautiful,

and colored with the glow of unspeakable dreams.

CHAPTER XVI

IT was almost four o'clock on the afternoon of the third day that Jim Albert broke through an alder and hazel thicket, and came out upon the sloping shore of a little lake. One swift glance and he gave a grunt of satisfaction. A moment later when June and the dogs reached him, he pointed silently across it. On the opposite shore, half a mile away stood a small log cabin.

The girl through the fog of her weariness drew a quick breath.

"You left him there?" she asked, and searched uneasily for the plume of wood smoke from the distant chimney that would tell of life within.

The Indian nodded. Then he pointed to the sledge.

"Missy ride; maybe Jim ride too."

With the deliberate movements of complete exhaustion, the girl walked to the sledge and sank down on the duffle bag. Then because the wind-swept ice offered excellent surface, Jim followed her example, and mushed on the dogs. They responded well, but not with the fire of three days before.

The whole party showed the effects of their effort. On the way by sun-up daily, and traveling until after dark, each hour and minute had been a constant effort for speed, more speed in their race against time. Jim Albert, in poor condition when the trip started was constantly at the limit of his strength, and June, though always physically fit, had begun to fail under the sudden abnormal demand.

The huskies, as if sensing the end of the journey, bent to the work, and swinging wide to Jim's "gee" and "haw" snaked the sledge across the lake at a lope. The girl with constantly growing anxiety searched the clear air for the welcome smoke trail as they drew near the northern shore, but there was no trace of it.

"You left father plenty of wood and matches?" she asked the Indian.

"Yes. After we fix him leg I cut heap wood. Pile um by bunk."

With a merry jingle of harness bells the dogs took the sloping bank with a rush and came to rest at the top panting and

steaming. June leaped off the sledge and hurried to the cabin. The heavy door of half logs was shut, and the small-paned windows covered thickly with hoar frost. The latter fact frightened the girl, for it meant that there was little if any heat inside. She pushed open the door and went in. The air was deadly chill.

THE hut consisted of one room almost square and about 18 by 15 feet in size. In the centre stood a small, pot-bellied iron stove, red with rust, the sheet-tin stove-pipe of which pierced a ceiling of loose poles and a roof of pine slabs. On the floor to the right were a few sticks of wood and, within hand reach a rude bunk made of caribou skin stretched on a framework of birch poles.

Here June found her father, wrapped in sleeping robes and blankets, and, to judge by his quick breathing, apparently asleep. She went towards him eagerly, but with the quick precaution of her training, laid her hand upon the stove even as she knelt beside him. Its faint warmth told her that the fire had not been dead long, and that they had arrived just in time. Another twelve hours would have made their trip in vain.

Quickly, practically, she appraised her father's condition. He was sleeping heavily but unnaturally. A bright spot of fever burned in each cheek and he muttered in delirium. She knew that he lay in the fever coma that was the result of his injury and the exposure that had followed it.

Stepping to the door she called Jim and together they set about the urgent work of fire-making, their fatigue forgotten in the joy of their success. As June worked she took in other details of her surroundings. It was obvious as Jim had said that the cabin was a deserted trapper's hut. Visible chinks in the log walls and a puddle of melted snow water on the floor which told of a leaky roof, testified to its dilapidation. The wind whistled mournfully through these apertures. Fleming Magregor's was the only bunk. In one corner was an old provision box, and in another a rusted trap, broken beyond all hope of repair. The dead weeds of the previous summer still clung in the earthen floor.

Here indeed was work to be done, and when the little round stove was roaring,

and the stove-pipe crackling with new heat, they plunged into it. As fire was the first necessity, food was the second. June found on top of the stove the empty tin dishes that had held her father's meagre rations, and tears filled her eyes at their pitiful, mute testimony to his long days of hunger. With anxious haste she melted snow in a saucepan and commenced the preparation of a broth.

When it was ready she succeeded with Jim Albert's help, in getting the sick man to drink a little of it. The scalding stuff gradually brought him back to consciousness, and he recognized June and the Indian. Then after taking the medicines June had brought, he sank back to sleep refreshed, and with the knowledge that all was well.

But the girl with life-long experience of wilderness accidents knew that it would be two or three days before he would be entirely rational again.

The simple camp arrangements were quickly made. June piled her usual mattress of pine boughs on the floor by the stove and prepared to stay by her father's side. She gave the tent to Jim Albert and he made a snug bivouac in the lee of the lake shore, though expecting to cook the meals for the camp and eat with the others in the cabin.

That first night and all the next day the two stood alternate four-hour watches beside the sick man. So great was their fatigue after the race north, that they dropped asleep the minute they were relieved. But despite this they gradually repaired the cabin, so that by the second day it was a wind-stopped habitation.

"When take um factor?" inquired Jim.

"Not yet," June told him. "He isn't strong enough to be moved yet."

Albert grunted and held up the thumb of his right hand.

"Snow," he said laconically.

JUNE looked thoughtful. Jim's aching rheumatic thumb infallibly forecasted bad weather, and she knew there would be snow within forty-eight hours. Could they risk the delay? She estimated their resources carefully. With the ordinary blizzard of this time of year, and allowing an extra day for the journey south, she felt they would be safe, though their margin for emergencies would be small. But against

this she set the incalculable benefit to her father of the added days of rest and nursing, and she decided to remain.

Next morning they made their final preparations. Jim chopped quantities of wood, guyed the faithful but declining stove-pipe with moose gut from an old snow-shoe, and reinforced the chinks between the logs. Late that afternoon the temperature rose ten degrees, a black, ugly-looking mass of clouds drove down from the north on a howling gale, and the snow began.

At dinner the Indian came in breathless, his dark face wet with melted flakes.

"By gar, a bad one," he said. "You no go out tonight, missy. No can see, no can hear. One blow of wind and pouf! you gone. Dogs dig in ver' deep tonight."

At seven o'clock he went, not to return until morning, June having refused his offer to share watches with her that night. When he had gone she placed the two candles which lighted the cabin on a stump, and drawing the provision box close to the stove, sat down to mend her father's clothes which had been damaged on the disastrous trip south.

About her was the constant clamor of the storm, the trembling and creaking of the cabin, the clicking of icy flakes against the windows and the roaring diapason of the forest as the wind swept through it.

And in her solitude she thought of Temple. What was he doing now, she wondered. How much longer would he remain in the north? He had told her that the Graphics had almost finished their work, and she wondered what the completion of it would bring to them both. The thought brought home to her more sharply than ever before the contrast between their lives, and she tried to visualize the existence to which he would return.

The high lights of that existence she knew from Baillie's glowing description of it, but now she found that she could not orientate Paul clearly in its setting, and she realized with a little shock of surprise how really little she knew about him.

Would he resume a gay, butterfly life such as Baillie had used so often to dazzle her ignorant eyes? Where did he live? Who were his friends? He had told her none of these things, except in a general way on the first day of their meeting, and she tried to imagine them. The result was

a glorified picture of him moving commandingly, amid a world of splendor.

Against this picture her own equipment for the world seemed petty, childish, worthless. Even though he did love her, she thought mournfully could she ever hope to keep his love among the glorious, radiant creatures who, she was sure, inhabited the metropolis?

THE storm without raged in a sudden spasm of fury, shaking the flimsy hut as if it were a toy in the hand of a giant. The tiny rataplan of the snow increased to a frenzied drumming and the forest shouted its tumult. Then suddenly there came a lull of absolute stillness when, to June, the sputter of a candle sounded loudly.

And in that moment there sounded a feeble tapping at the door and a faint moan. Startled June straightened up. Then she smiled with relief. Probably one of the dogs, unable to find shelter from the wind, was pleading to be taken into the cabin. The girl had just resumed her sewing when the sounds came again, louder this time.

Puzzled and a little alarmed, the girl rose and put down her work. Dogs did not whine like that. Crossing the room she raised the stick of wood that barred the door and swung it open, only to start back in amazement. The next instant a human figure swayed toward her, and she threw her arms out just in time to catch it as it fell. The storm, sweeping down again with renewed fury, drew a great draft of air out into the night, and extinguished one of the flickering candles. In the darkness June dragged her burden inside, shut the door again and barred it.

Relighting the candle she returned to the prostrate figure which she discovered now, was that of a woman. Turning the stranger over she saw framed in the capote of the rich furs, an unconscious face, pinched and blue with cold and exhaustion. A hasty examination revealed a white patch of frostbite on one cheek, but the hands, when she had drawn off the gloves, were unscathed.

Yet those hands fascinated June. White and delicate, obviously unused to the toil of their environment, the fingers were loaded with rings whose gems glittered in the dim candle light. June had never seen a woman who wore so many rings.

For an instant the girl sat dazed before an absolutely insoluble problem. That anyone should have reached the cabin, one tiny dot in an illimitable wilderness, on a night like this, was miracle enough; but that it should be a woman, and one patently alien to her surroundings, almost partook of the supernatural. Who was this stranger, and whence had she come?

After the first moment of inaction, June recovered herself and set about restoring the other. Leaving her on the floor, she got a basin of tea from the saucepanful which constantly simmered on top of the stove, and forced some of it down the stranger's throat. Then she commenced gently to strip off the other's furs.

These, in their quality and completeness, astonished the girl. Evidently their owner knew how to dress for the northern winter. Beneath the furs she found a beautifully made suit of rich material.

Chafing the helpless woman's hands, and forcing her to drink more hot tea from time to time, she applied the only restoratives she knew. Finally there was a convulsive gasp, a heaving of the chest, and the eyelids fluttered. A moment later they opened wide and stared unseeingly up at the pole ceiling.

"There!" said June. "I guess you're all right now. Drink some of this," and again she offered the tea.

The stranger, as if roused by the sound of the human voice, turned her head and

looked at June with blue eyes in which the light of reason was rapidly dawning.

"Who—wha—where am I?" she said faintly after a prolonged scrutiny.

"You're in a cabin on Loon Lake," June told her. "I found you outside fifteen minutes ago. You were out in the storm but you fainted when I opened the door."

"Ah— — Oh I remember now. . . . The storm. I saw your light. . . . I thought I'd never make it." Her imperious brows contracted suddenly and a look of ill temper crossed her face. "Why didn't you come sooner?" she demanded with a flash of irritation. "I thought I'd die out there. I almost did."

June looked at her in amazement. This was not the spirit of the north.

"I came as soon as I could," she explained, "and of course I understand how you felt. But tell me—if you don't mind my asking—where have you come from, how on earth do you happen to be here? I had no idea there was anyone within a hundred miles of us."

"You didn't!" It was the other's turn to be astonished. "I thought everybody knew about us. I'm Gertrude Mackay of Al Bergman's Stellar Film Company, and we're up here doing a big piece. Our camp's on an arm of Loon Lake and I was takin' a look around when that damn blizzard came up. I was tryin' to find my way back when I saw your light and finally managed to get here."

(To be continued)

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Tourneur-

OF PARIS AND FORT LEE. HIS
METHODS AND HIS ARTISTIC HISTORY

THIS is a story written, first, for the hundreds of girls who have entered the Photoplay Magazine-World Film Corporation "Beauty and Brains" Contest, and second, for the thousands of people from ocean to ocean who are interested in Maurice Tourneur's pictures.

For the former it is an intimate picture of the man who will instruct and direct the eleven successful beauties; for the latter it will give some sidelights on the career and work of a director whose photodramas have furnished enjoyment for them.

In the all too short list of great directors that the wonderful new art has produced the name of Maurice Tourneur must be given a dis-

tinctive place. Back of the remarkable list of pictures that have come from his camera can be seen the years of training and experience of the French stage.

Yet you will never detect a foreign accent in any picture of American life that he has ever produced. His work is not hyphenated. His American pictures are more American than many Yankee directors can make them; and still he knows Paris so well that he can find true Parisian scenes right in New York City. An instance of this was shown in one of his recent pictures, "Trilby," in which he took the famous Macdougall Alley, the last trench of Bohemian art in America, and lo—there was Paris.

The first time I saw



Maurice Tourneur, chief director of the World Film Corporation.

Below, the noted director explaining a scene to Vivian Martin and injecting "punch" into the "business."



Tourneur he was perched high on a scaffolding under the hot glass roof of the massive Fort Lee Studio directing his artillery fire on a scene below. Had he worn a uniform he would have been my idea of a French Artillery officer.

When he is directing a company, he dominates it — because the players bow to his superior knowledge and training. But anyone who gives him a good suggestion is his friend for life.

Tourneur has lived with the stage fifteen years. He was born in Paris 39 years ago. Before he attained note as an actor and student of drama, he was known as a painter of no mean ability. While an actor and producer of the legitimate stage he played leads with Mme. Rejane, in England and South America, and assisted her in the stage direction.

Then came moving pictures. While they were merely moving pictures Tourneur was not interested in them, but as the day of the photoplay dawned, Tourneur saw the possibilities in the new art. He writes nearly all his own scripts as he says it is difficult to find anyone who can think photoplays.

Before he starts work he knows just what each player should do and just how each study should be arranged. His capacity for work is great, because of this ability to plan it well before he starts. While it is impossible to at all times produce a photoplay in the order in



Tourneur, perched high on a scaffolding, directs his artillery fire on the scene below.

which the scenes are arranged in the script, he aims to begin with the simpler, easier scenes, and works the actors to a climax as in a stage production. His pictures are comment enough on the success of his practical methods.

Maurice Tourneur believes that the future plays of the screen will be written by men who will devote their lives to this work. He abhors the present so-called scenario writers, and a scenario department that grinds out scripts can get no sympathy from him.

With his intimate knowledge of the mechanism of the stage it is not unnatural that Tourneur prefers artificial sets and the studio to out of door locations.

"Many actors simply won't act in the open," he says. "It is very well to display the beauties of nature, but the story, and the movements and expressions that tell the story in a photoplay are more important. We can get scenery in saddle pictures. Out door lights are uncertain and can not be depended upon. The expressions can not be made to register as they should. In a studio with carefully built sets and well regulated lighting, the slightest move and most subtle expression registers accurately. In a studio you may emphasize your story with the slightest glances from one character to another, while the great outdoor locations hurt and artistry would be utterly wasted."

Myrtle Stedman

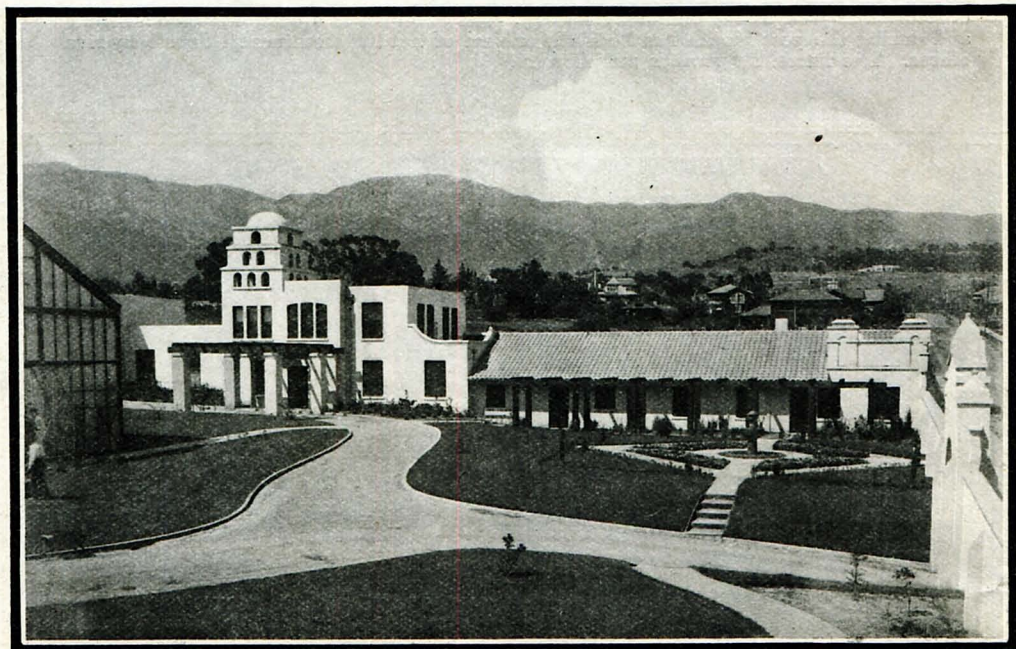


We say: Myrtle Stedman on her bed with a book, and on her front sidewalk with a pup. But the press-agent said: Miss Stedman in her boudoir, and—with her imported herring-bond—lingering in the approach to her town house. But laying aside editorial matter-of-factness as well as the publicist's flattery, Miss Stedman is a chief Morosco attribute, and during the past month has been the subject of hot transcontinental debate by rival offices. The latest: *she remains with Morosco.*

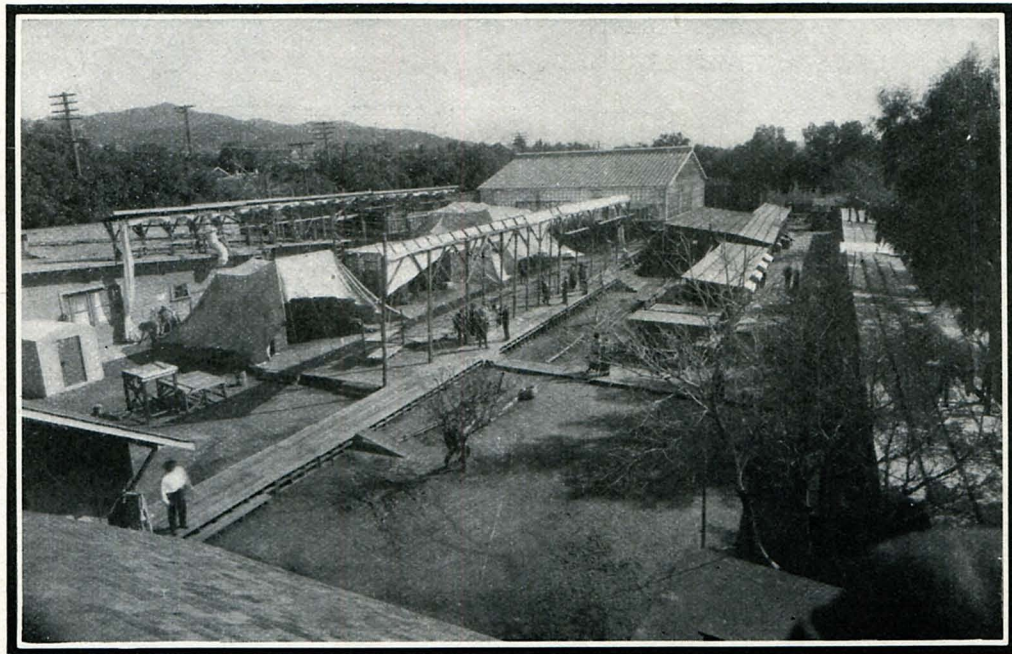


The Houses They Are Born In

AN OPTICAL REVUE OF REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS, FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC



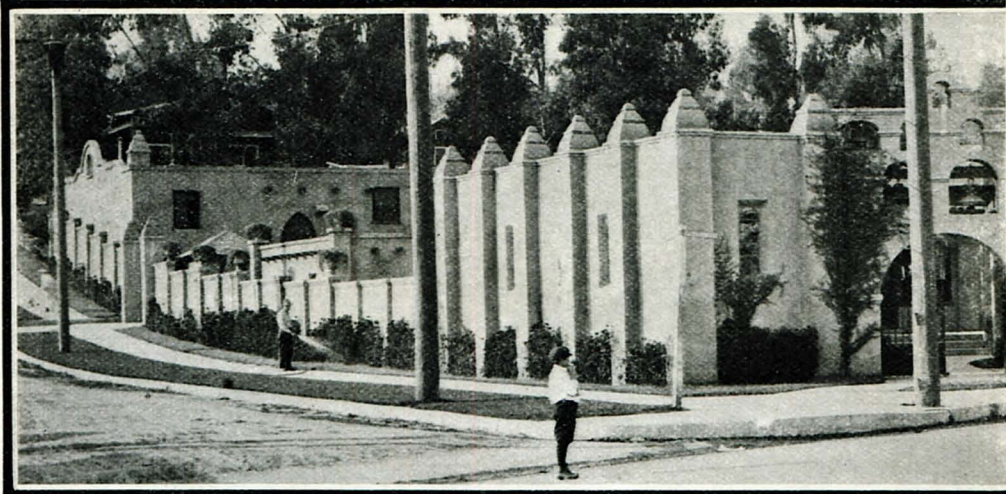
The American studio, at Santa Barbara, California, is a perfect reincarnation of the spirit of Mission days. The architecture of the padres, with its spacious courts and low buildings, especially adapts itself to photoplay purposes, and the little garden is a fine filming spot.



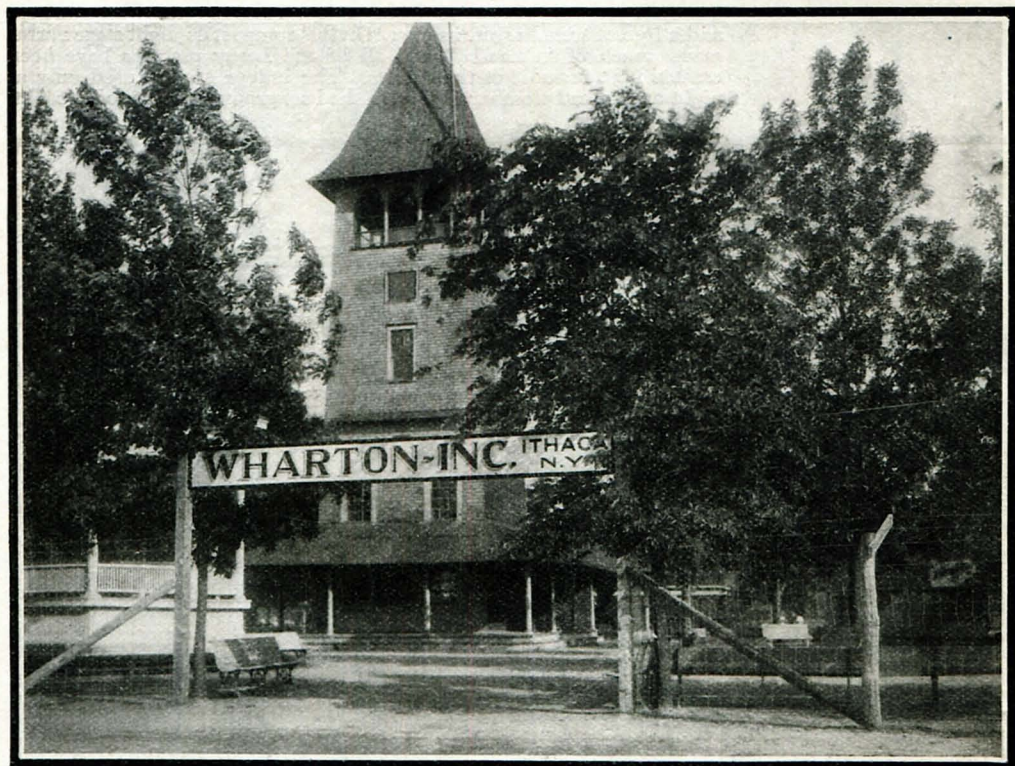
The Lasky studio in Hollywood resembles an armed camp, a big-gun base and a line of trenches, all in one. On this compact daylight stage Farrar made much of "Carmen," and all of the Lasky pictures have been created here in most of their parts. The indoor studio, used only at night and in bad weather, is seen in the background, a trifle to the right.



This Universal sunshine arena is positively the world's largest stage. On it more than half a score of photoplay features have been made at one time. Actors, actresses, directors, camera men and a dozen mechanical crews have room to bustle about—a dizzying maze of artistic labor.



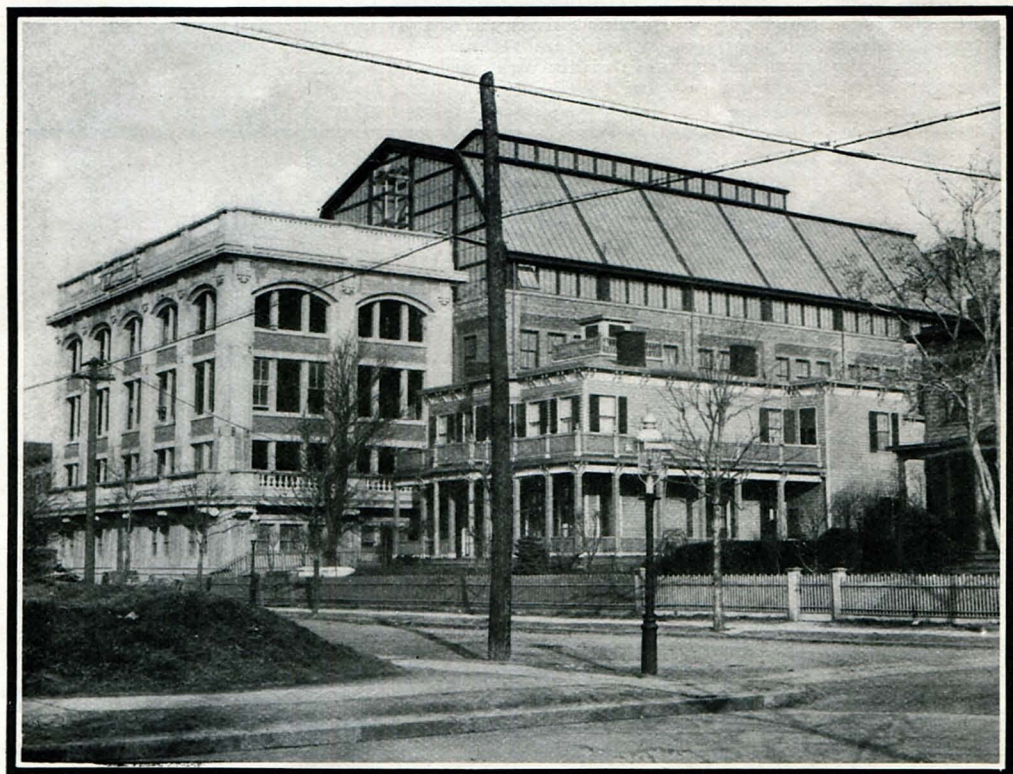
One of the most beautiful studios in the world is the Edendale establishment of Colonel Selig. This is the parent of his group of studios, and is erected on the site (in all probability) of Southern California's original motion picture activities. One of the shrines within this now



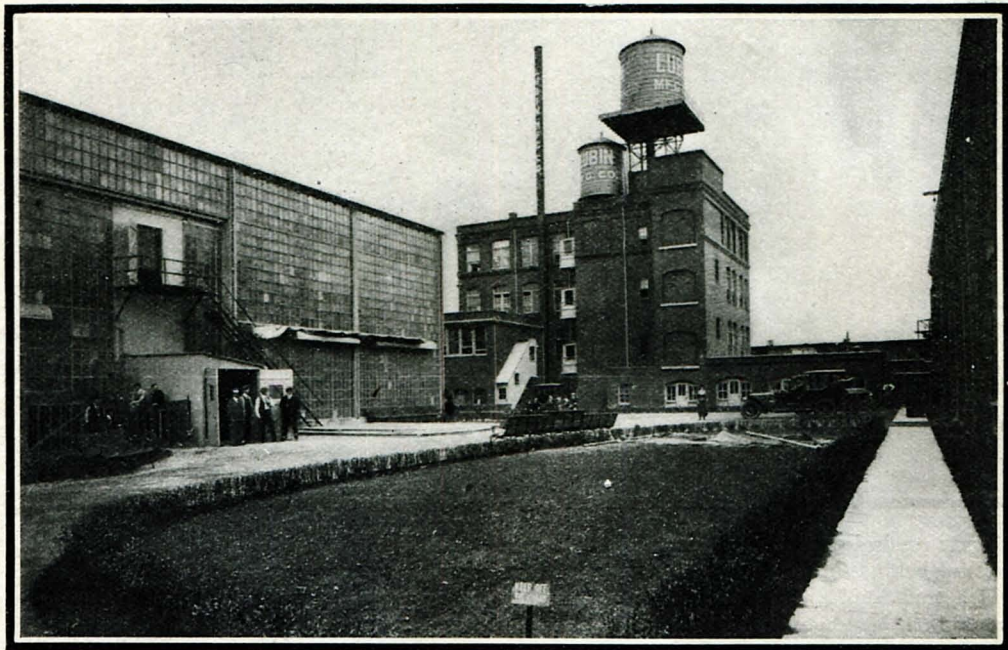
At Ithaca, New York, the Wharton brothers, in a groveland studio with a curfewshallnotring-tower, made the dashing "Adventures of Elaine," and numerous other photodramas well known to movie-seers.



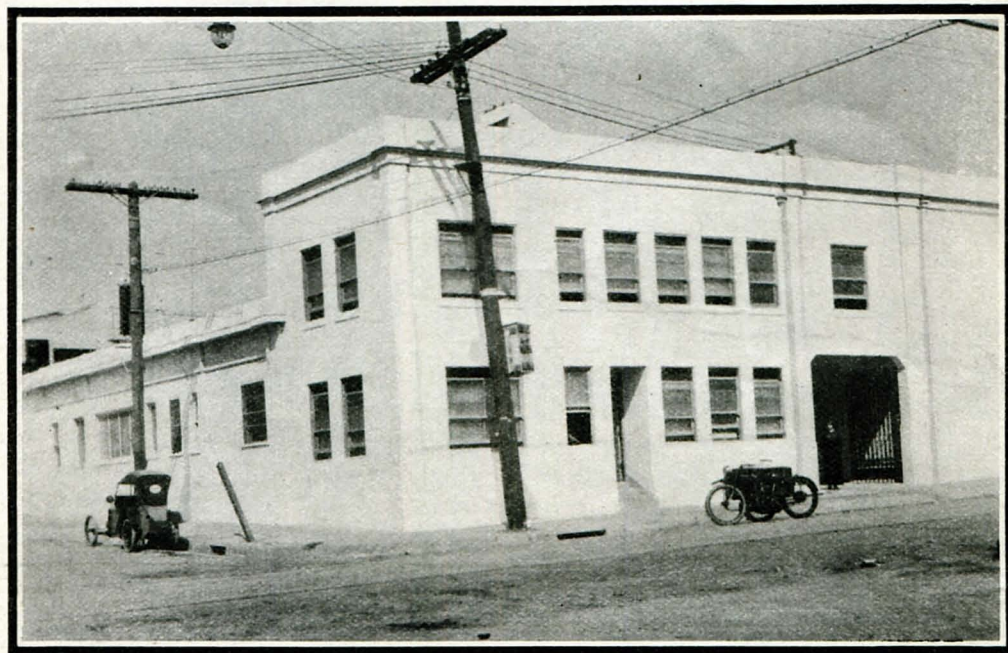
historic quadrangle is a tiny little platform of weather-warped boards, nestling behind the glass studio as a statue reposes behind a pillar, on which tradition has placed the first of California's genuinely staged scenes in active photography. Many noted screen stars débuted here.



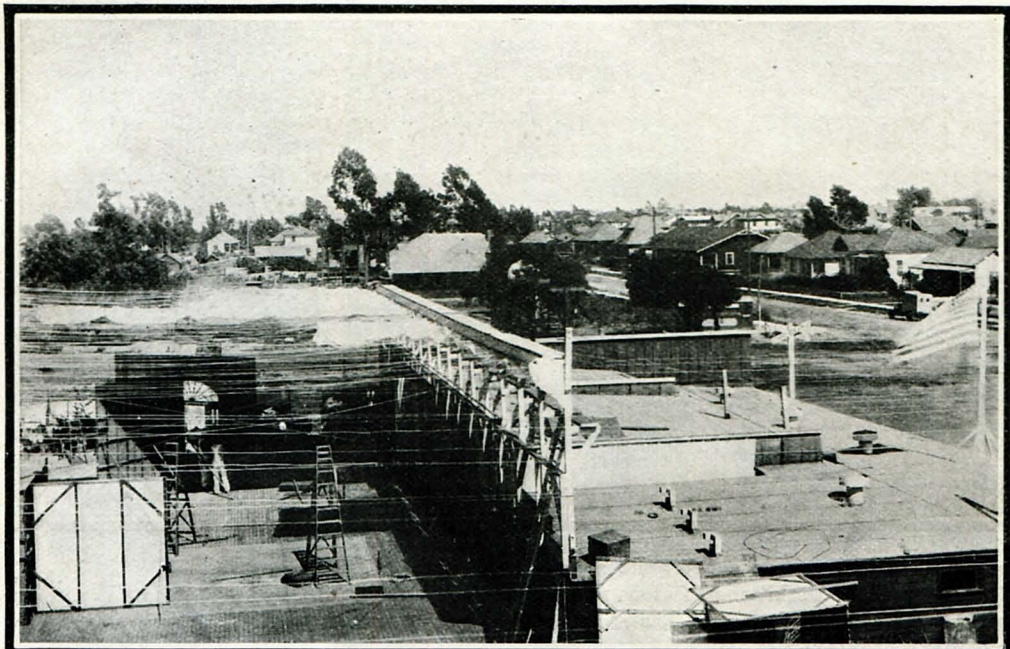
Perfectly equipped is the new Biograph palace of camera-shooting on East 175th street, New York. It is quiet there, with no hint that just over horizon to the south teems the most wonderful city of modern times.



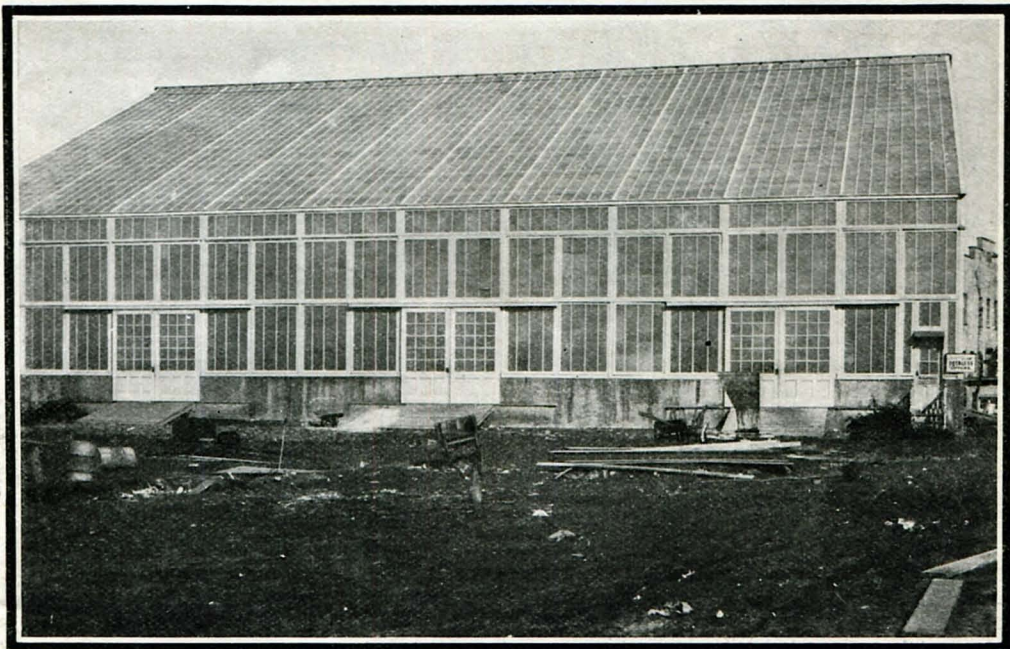
The Lubin studio, at Twentieth street and Indiana avenue, Philadelphia, is the home of the manifold photographic activities of this drama manufactory. It has outdoor and indoor facilities, and at least seventy percent of the Lubin plays you see are made within sight and sound of this quite grass court and the walls of glass.



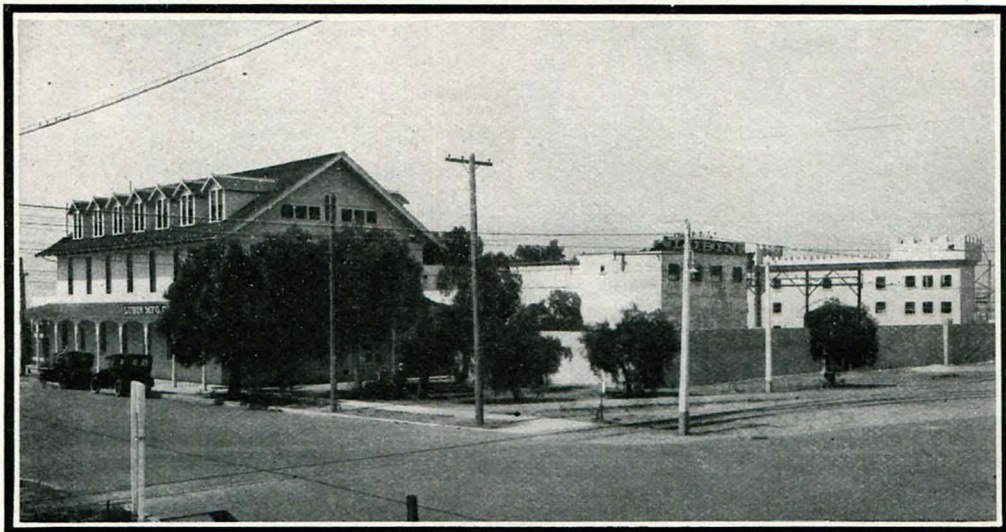
The Morosco studio, in Los Angeles, is white as the California sunshine which beats back pitilessly from its severe walls. One of the youngest studios in point of productive age, it is also one of the best of them in manufacturing photoplays full of art and punch.



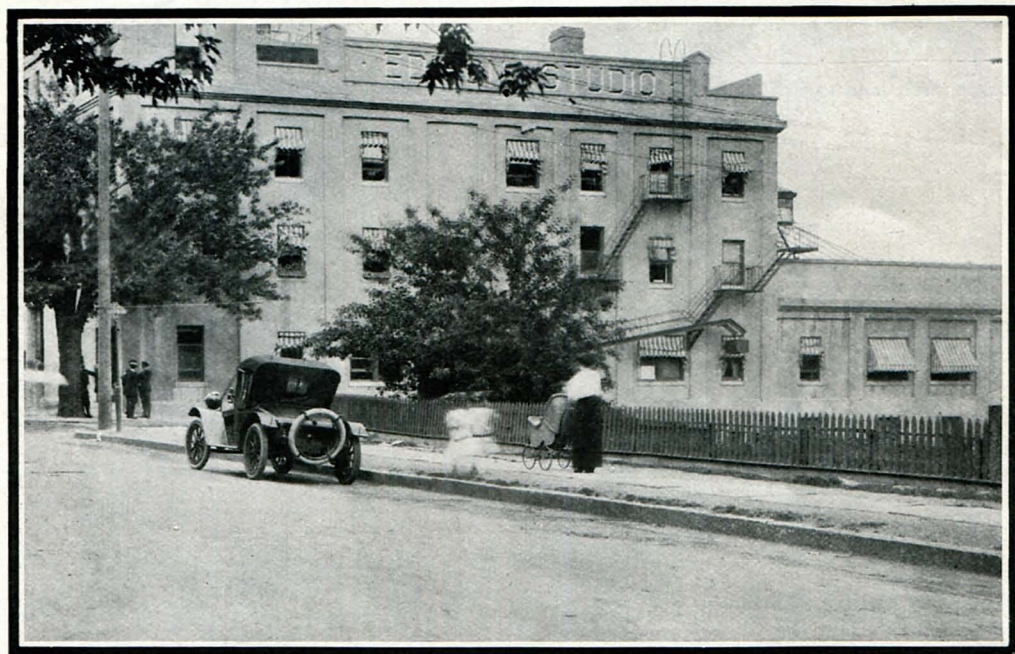
No, this is not a full-rigged ship lying down on its side for a nap. This is the Balboa Studio at Long Beach, twenty-two miles south of Los Angeles, and you are looking into the sunshine stage, where an ingenious arrangement of cloth shields, worked by lines, tempers the fierce semi-tropic light according to the camera man's temper.



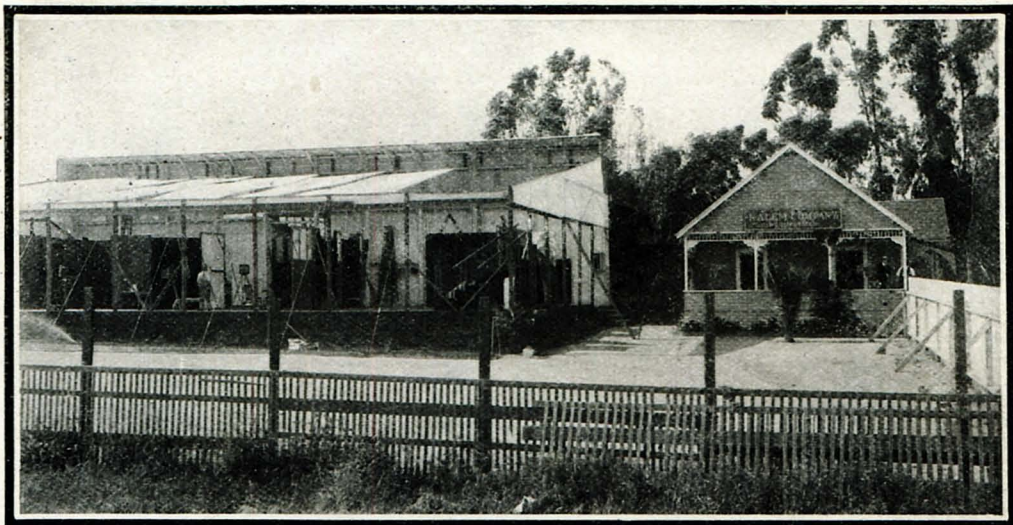
Above is a view of the Peerless indoor studio, at Fort Lee, N. J. Here some of the World Film Corporation's features have come into being. And beneath this crystal hip-roof will be proved the talents of the eleven winners of the big Photoplay Magazine-World Film "Beauty and Brains" contest.



Lubinville is in Coronado, a peninsula across the Bay of San Diego. Here is one of the world's most famous resort hotels, and according to the United States Weather Bureau, a more equable temperature than any other spot in America.



The stately Edison studio at Fordham Road and Decatur Avenue, Bedford Park, New York City, is surrounded by a small town. This studio was entirely gutted by fire about a year ago, and its new interior represents the latest word in photographic mechanics. To the right of the bushy tree a descending fire-escape points to the window of Mabel Trunnelle's dressing-room.



This little stage is much bigger in product than it seems to the eye. It is the outdoor platform of Kalem's Hollywood studio, and here some of the most interesting plays of this company have been lensically inurned and released to the eye-hungry public.



Inceville is a dynamic city of studios where three years ago was a wilderness on a desolate shore some miles north of Santa Monica. Here company upon company works ceaselessly. These apparent shacks house wonderful machinery and the equipment of not one but many palatial homes. Here Billie Burke's recent pictures were made.



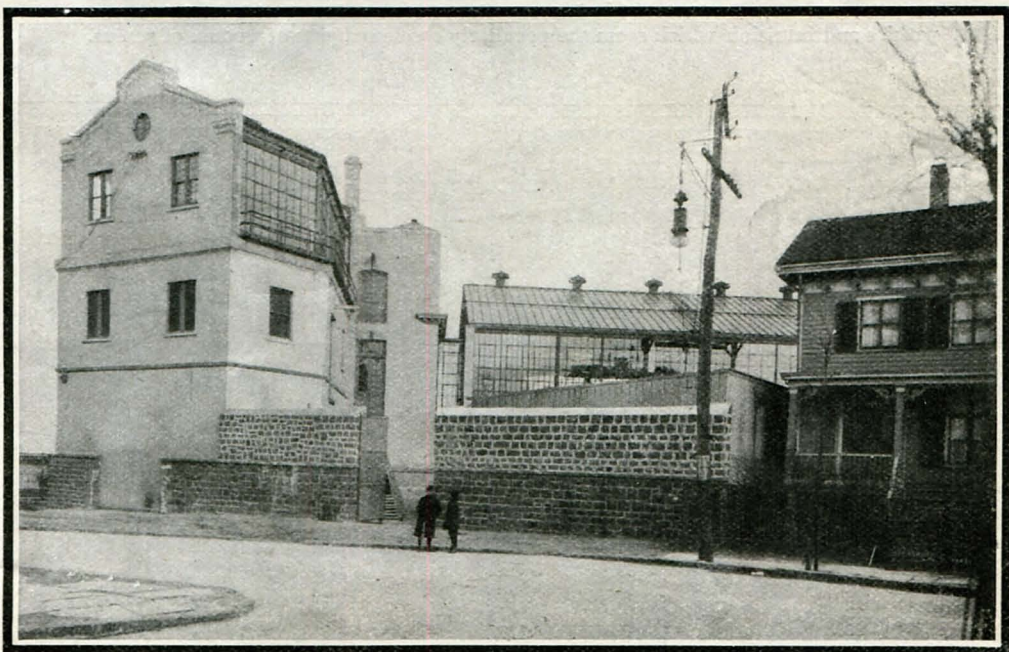
If you have a reverential feeling for David Wark the First, take off your hat. This is his business institution: a group of buildings collectively known as the Fine Arts studio, Los Angeles. However, Mr. Griffith works everywhere, and no house seems big enough to roof his coming scenes; for instance, behold a gigantic display elsewhere in this issue.



In this arena of hilarity and confusion, on the northwestern outskirts of Los Angeles, a big percentage of a war-stricken world's laughs creep to the light. Yes, it is the Keystone home.



The court of the Vitagraph studio, in the outland of Brooklyn, would remind you of nothing but the castleyard of a beefy, belted and belligerent earl—suddenly modernized. In all this array of mechanics, actors and directors there is an air of aggressive, independent artistic feudal sovereignty. Above the wagons and the motor busses is the principal indoor studio.



The Pathe studio in Jersey City, perched like a chateau on the right bank of the Hudson. Fox has been using this studio for half a year, and here Herbert Brenon has made some of his biggest pictures.

The Smalleys

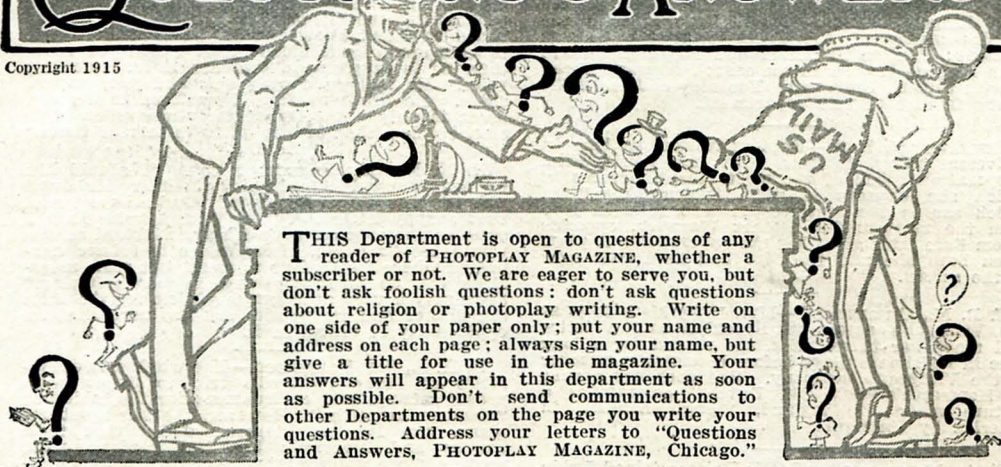


The Smalleys in their Los Angeles home and at its gates. Mrs. Smalley—Lois Webber—is one of the very few women directors, and unquestionably the most successful. Phillips Smalley is equally known as actor and director. Mrs. Smalley's best-known picture is "The Hypocrites," which has caused a deal of discussion all over the country. Its director has the masculine force combined with feminine sympathies and intuition which seem the peculiarly combined gifts of women of genius.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions; don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

A. N., LOS ANGELES.—"Where are the Talmadge sisters playing? Seems to me I saw Norma on the street here the other day." You probably did, for she is playing with the Griffith Triangle studio in your city, and probably wanders away from home like everyone else. Essanay's Chicago studios are glass enclosures—when a winter wind is blowing around Argyle and Broadway and making slapstick comedy of Lake Michigan, an outdoor studio is no place to take pictures. In Vitagraph's "Crooky Scruggs" you probably refer to Anna Laughlin, although your description of her is rather hard to follow in recollection. Your Elizabeth Burbridge questions are answered elsewhere. Charles Winninger has appeared in Universal pictures—"Mr. Flirt in Wrong" for one, and Constance Collier will be seen very soon in Morosco films.

R. J. M., AYER, MASS.—In regard to the scenario market, we again ask that you follow Captain Peacock's series of articles and that you rely upon the information found therein. You can just as well submit your manuscript yourself as to pay someone else for doing so, because, no matter what they may tell you, it is necessary for them to submit the manuscripts to the various editors the same as you do.

K. G. A., BERKELEY, CALIF.—Blue is not used; players before the camera use the regular theatrical make-up, although it is not accentuated as much as it is on the stage. Carmine is used on the lips. White however is displaced by yellow in screen make-up, as yellow gives the same results and removes any danger of halation; in "The Goddess," Miss Stewart's costume, instead of really being white, is a vivid yellow.

D. B., SONORA, CALIF.—None of the studios are running schools to teach their work, and visitors are forever getting in the way. If you can prove that you are of some use to them, they would rather pay you real money than to have you around minus salary doing nothing—or doing nothing well.

A. P., LOS ANGELES.—Henry Walthall is with the Essanay's Chicago studio and lives on the north side near the film studio. He is married to a non-professional. Charles Chaplin toured America in various productions before going into the moving pictures, and played in your city. You will find Marguerite Clark's picture among the one hundred. When there are certain pictures you would like to see, you should mention it to your theatre manager, and if good business reasons do not prevent, he will gladly procure them for exhibition.

E. S., EXETER, N. H.—The music which is played with the photoplays is passing through a great change at present. For a long time, when moving pictures were new, the popular songs of the day were usually the only selections but it soon became evident that in most instances they did not fit—were not in harmony with the play. At the present time, several of the distributing companies are issuing musical scores for use in connection with their plays, and these are made up of music which is very appropriate to the play, from adaptations of existing music and from original compositions specially written. The old days of "anything, mainly rag-time," without regard for the fitness of things has passed. The "Birth of a Nation" was the first big demonstration of the powerful effect to be secured through appropriate music and Joseph Carl Briel, the composer and adapter, has been engaged by Triangle.

T. W. G., WASHINGTON, D. C.—We recognize the fact that as a rule the play-name is rather meaningless in speaking of the person who played a certain role, and for that reason whenever it is possible we endeavor to make some reference to the characteristics of the role itself. In "The Birth of a Nation" you will note that we usually refer to Walthall as the "Little Colonel," as this marks him to every one who has seen the play. Your suggestion is good.

O. H., CHICAGO, voices our sentiments exactly: "It seems to me every other questioner is asking whether Francis Bushman is married or not. He is my favorite actor, but I don't see what difference that should make. The acting is what counts and when it comes to that, he's peerless." (And then you know about that amethyst ring—but we're off that subject for good.)

H. B. N., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—"Hints on Photoplay Writing," by Captain Leslie T. Peacock, started in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and we are able to supply all the back numbers except the first; the May issue is exhausted. Edward Earle, of the Edison Company, should be addressed at the company's New York studio; no, he has not been in Arizona or anywhere else; that is another Edward Earle.

E. M. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Dorothy Kelly, of Vitagraph, was born in Philadelphia—(we never knew just why we liked Philadelphia so well before)—on Lincoln's birthday, 1894, which makes her just old enough to vote. She is five feet three: in the ones with the high heels! She has never been with any company but the Vitagraph, is unmarried and signs her letters "Cheerily, Dorothy D. Kelly;" the "happy ending."

G. E. D., EVERETT, WASH.—It is said that Margery Daw's opportunity came while Geraldine Farrar was in California for the filming of *Carmen*. Miss Farrar was charmed and felt that she recognized ability in her. So she was the little sister in "The Chorus Lady," when Lasky filmed the Cleo Ridgely version. Marie Doro is with the Griffith studio of the Triangle at the present moment; Pauline Frederick and Hazel Dawn are with Famous Players in the east; Rosemary Theby is with eastern Universal. You may address Billie Burke in care of this department.

BISMARCK, N. DAK.—Frances Nelson, so long in Universal plays, is now with the World Film Corporation. One of the most recent pictures in which she appears is "The Stolen Voice," in which she is the matinee-girl who falls in love with the matinee-idol. Robert Warwick, opposite whom Fate later gives her the opportunity to play, when both she and the star had been won over to the screen.

C. R. M., CINCINNATI.—Mrs. Mary Maurice is at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn and a letter will reach her there. Yes, she played for a long time in legitimate plays before becoming a member of the Vitagraph company. She does not appear in Hepworth's "My Old Dutch," as this is a picture made in England, though handled in America by Universal.

H. A., MILWAUKEE.—Lottie Briscoe joined Lubin in 1911, playing opposite Arthur Johnson, and continued with this company through 1912, 1913 and 1914. She left them some time ago, and neither she nor Mr. Johnson is playing at the present time.

C. W., DENVER, and M. M. M., OMAHA.—Edwin August is only part of his name; here is all of it. Edwin August Phillip von der Butz, and he has played under various names in different countries. He is with the World films at present. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are with different companies.

I. G. B., TORONTO.—"I see in the November issue one of your correspondents tried to describe you, but without success. He's only like the rest of us though—we are as curious as can be about our old Answer Man." There it goes again with this "old" Answer Man stuff! Essanay's "Dignified Family" was written by Joseph Roach, the husband of Ruth Stonehouse, and Miss Stonehouse has the leading role; Melville is Eugene Acker. In Biograph's "The Fixer," the title role is played by Irma Dawkins; the maid and her lover are Adila Comer and Gus Pixley; the quarrelsome two are Marie Newton and Jack Mulhall.

A FRIEND IN THE UNION TRUST BUILDING, BALTIMORE, sends us a very interesting Bushman note. It seems that Mr. Bushman will be in the east so constantly during the next few months that he has leased a home in Green Spring Valley, Baltimore, and plans to have his mother come there—Baltimore is their old home, you know—and keep "home" for him. He has a six months' lease and expects to be down from New York at least for the week ends and, of course, for Christmas and mother's plum pudding.

J. G. B., TORONTO.—Yes, Alice Joyce was the "White Goddess," and Tom Moore her lover. Norma Talmadge did not play in "The Girl Who Might Have Been." We gave the cast of this recently. Naomi Childers, Vitagraph's Grecian girl, was a professional reader and classic dancer before joining them. She came from St. Louis. In Biograph's "Drab Sister," Louise Vale and Madge Kirby are the sisters.

B. B., EL PASO.—Franklin Ritchie is *Pierre* in "The Soul of Pierre." Harold Lockwood is playing opposite May Allison in the American pictures. Marguerite Snow is still with Metro and there is no reason to suppose that she is contemplating any sort of a change, except that, since Beverly Bayne has joined them, she is to have a company of her own, as the old Bushman-Bayne combination has been revived.

I. D. H., SO. NORWALK, CONN., writes about Earle Williams this month. "Last week a new theatre opened in Norwalk, and Earle Williams appeared in person. He said he wished to state that he was not married, not engaged to any member of his company nor to Anita Stewart (he pronounced the 'i' long, as in 'high'), but he added he didn't know how long he would be able to hold out. He is much better looking off stage than he is in pictures, and has a very pleasing voice. He had on a gray suit and gray topped shoes. He drove up from New York in his car, as it is only a matter of forty-two miles. I've seen his Jap chauffeur in pictures lots of times."

F. N. N., SAN FRANCISCO, says, "I should like to see Mary Pickford play Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's 'Little Eve Edgerton.' Twice have I read that snappy little story today, and twice have I come to the conclusion that Mary Pickford as *Eve* would be inimitable. Forgive me if I have trespassed where angels fear to tread, but some magazines can do most anything, so here's hoping." Seemingly a very appropriate vehicle for the little scintillator and we wonder she has never had an opportunity to travel in it.

E. H. S., SAN FRANCISCO.—The why's and wherefore's of Mary Pickford's trip to Japan were proper settings and environment for the taking of "Madame Butterfly." However, the war upset the plans, and Famous Players decided that their studios and America's beautiful gardens could produce more appropriate scenery than Japan itself. You know when you build your own landscape you can have it any way you want it! The "Butterfly" was released November 8.

G. M. R., WATERTOWN, N. Y., and K. D., MINNEAPOLIS.—Once more we bayonet a rumor. "Tell me whether Charlie Chaplin and Billy Anderson are dead." No they're not—who told you so? Neither is Norma Talmadge married.

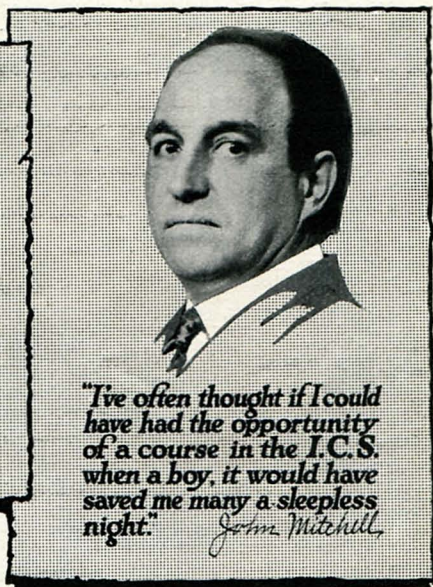
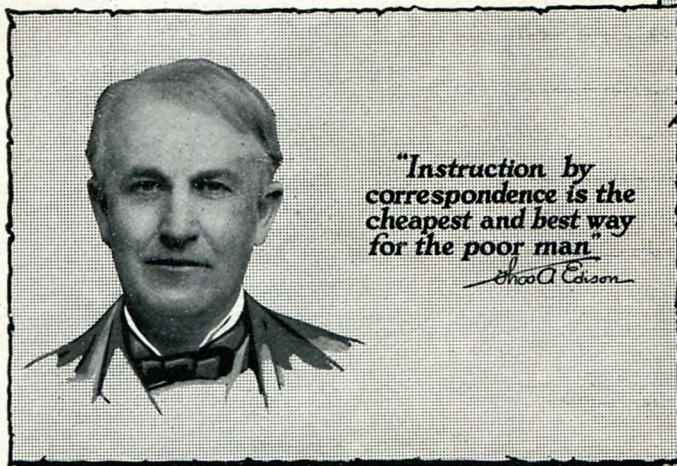
V. D., CHICAGO.—Dorothy Farnum is not related to the Dustin-William-Marshall clan, and Marshall Farnum is not a player but a director, with the World films. Dustin Farnum long played the "Squaw Man," and "The Virginian" in its premier presentation featured him in the title role. (Under the title of "The Virginian," Dustin Farnum was interviewed in July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and "Bill Farnum" was one of the points of interest in the October issue—we can supply both numbers at the usual 15c.) We do not have the exact date of Dustin Farnum's last appearance in Chicago. At the present time Dustin has been featuring the opening programmes of the Triangle and you read "The Iron Strain," in the November issue, in which he takes the principal role, as *Chuck Hemmingway*. Read those two interviews and see if they do not give you all the further information you desire.

J. H. O., ORISKANY FALLS, N. Y.—We are entirely out of the May issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and therefore can not send you either the "Sweethearts" story nor the Alice Joyce story.

F. G., CINCINNATI.—"Her Triumph," the Famous Players' Gaby Deslys play, was produced in France and is the only one of their films in which she has appeared. There is no announcement of a future picture in which she is to play. Margaret Anglin is not under contract with any of the film producers.

G. E. M., AKRON, O.—It is Lila and not Lela—Lila Chester of Thanhouser. Francis X. Bushman should be addressed at the Metro's New York office since he is playing in the east at the present time. "I think Francis Bushman is simply great, and since the new Strand Theatre has been built go to see him in all his plays." See, didn't we tell you!

Z. G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX., and G. E. B., ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Cleo Madison was born in Bloomington, Illinois, which is also the home of Margaret Illington. She is five feet four, has gray eyes and red brown hair and weighs 138. Probably her best known play is "The Trey o' Hearts." *Anne Shelington* in Fox's "From the Valley of the Missing," is Jane Miller, and *Mrs. Vandecar* is Katherine Calhoun.



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E. S., YREKA, CALIF.—“Why is it, that no matter how poverty stricken our hero may be, he can always afford a shave before blowing out the gas and bidding farewell to this cole, cole, world.” Well, even moving picture barbers have to live, you know.

E. C., NASHVILLE, TENN.—In Famous Players’ “Seven Sisters,” Count Horkoy, Mici’s (Marguerite Clark) lover, is Conway Tearle. Both Norma and Constance Talmadge are now with the Griffith branch of Triangle.

M. B., FORT SMITH, ARK., says something about Cleo Madison that will please many of our readers. “I wrote her and she sent me an answer and also the dearest picture.” Remember that when you want to write one of your favorite players.

L. S. F., GRIFFIN, GA.—No, Charlie Chaplin has not been in your city recently. He may have been there during his legitimate career but not since he has become exclusively a mural decoration.

M. K., MANCHESTER, VT., and L. K., HAMILTON, O.—In the “Romance of Elaine,” the professor is Arnold Daly. Harold Lockwood was with Selig for a time.

J. H. K., DALLAS, TEX.—Your Bushman-Bayne questions have all been answered under other titles and so we shall not repeat. However, any time you have questions, just remember where you spent your vacation and send them to that city.

I. W., ALTOONA, PA.—Violet Mersereau and William Garwood are both with the Imp branch of the Universal, but they are not related.

W. D. C., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—There is no better beginning in theatrical work than the stock company. Stock is very comprehensive, gives opportunities for nearly all kinds of work, and is thorough. The company may be either legitimate or studio, the idea is the same in either case. There is no easy way—very few make even a moderate success of it anyway.

M. A., PHILADELPHIA.—California furnished practically all of the scenes in the “Birth of a Nation,” most of them having been taken in and around Hollywood. A few, however, were taken in Texas. Cora, the mother, in Lasky’s “Secret Orchard,” is Cleo Ridgely, and Diane, her daughter, is Blanche Sweet. Theodore Roberts is the duke’s older adviser, the duke being Edward Mackay and his wife, Gertrude Keller.

H. A. F., RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—James Kirkwood is directing for the Famous Players.

L. P., WICHITA, KAN.—Edna Purviance, the pretty blonde who is playing so successfully opposite Charlie Chaplin in his recent Essanay comedies, comes from Lovelock, Nevada. We have not heard that Chaplin intends to return to Keystone, or the Triangle as it is now, but there are always a great many rumors afloat.

M. H. J. W., STAUNTON, VA.—The girl in “Help Wanted,” was Lois Meredith and her lover Owen Moore. Marguerite Clark is unmarried; Julie Cruze, whose picture appeared in the October issue, is an only child. Those two New Englanders, William and Dustin Farnum, the former with Fox and the latter with Triangle, are brothers. There is another brother, Marshall Farnum, who is directing for Equitable of the World program.

G. T., NEW YORK.—Address Lillian Drew and Richard Travers at Essanay’s Chicago office.

J. P. L., THETFORD MINES, P. Q.—In N. Y. M. P.’s “Spark Eternal,” Dan McFadden is Arthur Jarrett; Lola is Leona Hutton; and the doctor is Charles French. Bessie Barriscale is Mrs. Howard Hickman in private life; Mr. Hickman is a very well known player also. Neither Lasky nor Famous Players cast any certain players opposite each other regularly; the players for each film are selected with regard for their fitness for the certain parts and from no other standpoint. For that reason no one is “playing opposite Blanche Sweet now.” It all depends upon the play and the roles.

A. C. C., WHITE HAVEN, PA., and G. F. W., ST. PAUL.—Webster Campbell was born in January, 1891; he appeared in many plays on the Mutual program under the American brand, though he is now with Vitagraph.

A. M. C., ELIZABETH, N. J.—In Selig’s “Pals in Blue,” Tom is Tom Mix, the lieutenant and his wife are Sid Jordan and Eugenie Forde; the recruiting officer, Howard Farrell, and the Indian, Pat Christman. Tom Mix did the directing. We shall have interviews with Bessie Eyton and Tom Mix within the next few issues.

W. K., DETROIT, and A. S., ST. PAUL.—Francella Billington, Sam De Grasse and Richard Cummings are the girl and the two rivals, in “A Child of God.” The operation of the projecting machines is usually learned from an operator; being with him, watching and studying his methods.

F. M. W.—Both William Hart and Leona Hutton may be addressed at Inceville, Santa Monica, California.

H. B., PASSAIC, N. J., and K. D., SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—If you were unable to secure a picture of William Hart otherwise, why not write to him personally at Triangle’s Inceville studio. That is what we should do. Dustin Farnum is married to a non-professional. Did you see him in “The Iron Strain,” the first of the Triangle releases? “The Iron Strain,” was easily the best of the three plays offered on the first week’s program.

E. S., AUSTIN, TEX.—Ella Hall appears in the title role of Universal’s “Jewel” but Robert Leonard is not of the cast. Ella Hall in the Fashion Section? But she’s out at Universal City—what are we going to do? Well, we’ll see.

J. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—You may address Vivian Rich in care of Richard Willis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles—we do not have her present studio address. Joe, the fourth Moore brother, is not playing regularly as yet.

M. B., CINCINNATI, O.—Harry Spingler is no longer with Fox, but is now of the Universal forces. Robert Edson is playing in the legitimate at present.

M. P. A., NEW YORK.—Go and see the companies. That is the only way to do. Don’t write to them—see them personally, and convince them that you perhaps might be able to act if you had the chance. Of course you like all sorts of out-door sports, and can ride camels and goats and flivvers—but can you Act!

E. H. D., BOSTON, and L. E. C., CHICAGO.—We have not had an interview with King Baggot recently but one should appear before long. In Famous Players’ “Rags” Marshall Neilan is the nephew with whom Rags falls in love and whom she finally marries.

V. S., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Anita Stewart may at times wear a wig in pictures that necessitate it, but not on any other occasions. Some wig-wag told you that.

S. F. K.—Mildred, Betty and Mae Marsh are sisters, that’s all, and all unmarried. “Is Mr. Bushman, second in command?” Oh, that’s just the name of a recent play.

C. Y. W., ATLANTA.—We expect that Mr. Bushman wishes to answer his letters himself and because of the great demands that have been made upon his time during the last few months, has been unable to do so. He has made at least three trips from coast to coast in as many months.

W. R. W., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—The only pictures we have for sale are the ones in the book of one hundred photographs: Alice Brady will be among them.

C. S., METROPOLIS, ILL.—Do you really mean that you don’t know Florence La Badie took the part of Florence Gray in the “Million Dollar Mystery?” Well, well! Jimmie Cruze played the part of Jim Norton, the reporter.

(Continued on page 159)

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R. S., LOS ANGELES.—You will find a picture of Edna Purviance among the one hundred players' pictures we are publishing in book form—we do not know that she sends photographs to persons asking for them. You might write her at the Los Angeles Essanay office.

H. W., YOKUM, TEX.—Address Ruth Darling in care of Lasky's Hollywood office and see what happens.

J. H., SYDNEY, N. S. W., says (letters travel slowly). "I think Mabel Normand on the cover and her interview were great. The part about the 'little glooms' was so droll. All I want now is a cover picture of Marguerite Snow and an interview."

H. W., SEATTLE.—Robert Hayes in "The Governor's Lady," is Tom Forman; in "The Girl from His Town," Letty Lane is Margarita Fischer—back in Red Rock she was Sarah Towney, you remember, but in London she was Letty.

B. S., AUBURN, N. Y.—You will find the studio addresses in the Directory, and those of Pearl White and Mary Pickford elsewhere herein. Beverly Bayne, Metro office, New York; Mable Trunnelle, Edison studio; and Alice Joyce, in care of Tom Moore, Screen Club, New York City.

C. P., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—It is said that Charles Chaplin has his feet insured to the extent of \$25,000 each, but we do not know the company that is betting with him. As an added precaution he is said to be considering burglar insurance for them; he tried to get automobile insurance, but the agent insisted that he put his boats on wheels, and he gave it up.

C. B., JOPLIN, MO.—Anita Stewart—none at all, except that she is the sister-in-law to Ralph Ince, who is Tom Ince's brother, and Tom is a brother of John, who used to be with Lubin, now with Equitable, of the World programme. "The Broken Coin," the present Grace Cunard-Francis Ford film-offering, is being made at Universal City. Theda Bara, Blanche Sweet and William Garwood are all unmarried.

M. S., LOS ANGELES.—What is the use of worrying about Mr. Bushman? You probably wouldn't have a look-in anyway, and besides, if you did, what about the hundreds of others like yourself who would give up the ghost if they thought someone had put an end to their fond little fancies? Mr. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1885.

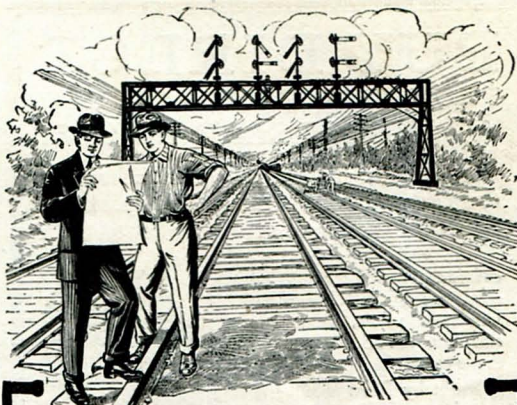
M. M., ARDMORE, PA.—Henry Walthall, who is now in Chicago and not in California, is married to a non-professional. Donald Crisp is on the legitimate stage at the present time.

L. T. S., MINNEAPOLIS.—William Farnum's wife is a non-professional. Barbara Tennant is with the World, Jane Gail with the Universal. Yes, Mae Marsh has a sister Mildred Marsh and a sister Lovey Marsh, and she herself is a sister to everyone who has seen the "Clansman."

S. L. C.—Antonio Novelli took the part of Antony in Kleine's "Antony and Cleopatra;" he has appeared in numerous of the Kleine features. Dorothy Davenport is Wally Reid's wife.

L. F. G., METHUN, MASS.—Laura Oakley is still with Universal—she is the coquette of Universal City and has the goat of every speeder in the town. She was married recently to Milton Moore, one of Universal's camera men. No, Rawlinson is not a Californian—he was born in England. His photograph will appear in the Art Section again before long; it was in the April issue you know.

H. G., NEW YORK CITY.—The "Broken Coin," is still running at large in the daily and Sunday papers and the ending has therefore not been made public. You will have to await the conclusion. Francis Ford is not seen in the shorter plays because of the fact that the serials are requiring all his attention at the present time. His hair has a tinge of gray.



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B. B. B., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.; E. R. G., TAMPA, FLA., and M. S. WEST SUMMIT, N. J.—Address Mary Pickford in care of Famous Players' New York office; Anita Stewart and Earle Williams at Vitagraph's Brooklyn office; Mabel Normand at the Keystone Film Company; Marguerite Snow at the Metro's Hollywood office. Florence LaBadie is not a professional name; it is her first and the only name she has possessed so far.

B. S., DETROIT.—Herbert Rawlinson was born in England, but came to Canada when a young fellow and started out with a circus as his first adventure. Mr. Rawlinson played in stock, with road companies, and on Broadway prior to joining the Selig Company, and, since the Selig pictures, he has been with Bosworth and his present company, the Universal.

F. R., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—There is no truth in any report that Anita Stewart has joined Triangle and Alice Joyce taken her place with Vitagraph. Norma Talmadge and her sister Constance have joined Triangle; perhaps you were thinking of them.

I. J., GALESBURG, ILL.—The play which you have described is "Caprice," one of Mary Pickford's most successful Famous Players' releases. Owen Moore plays opposite her.

A. H., CHICAGO.—Violet Mersereau, Ruth Roland and Jackie Saunders—address the first at the New York Universal office, and the other two at the Balboa studio. Ethel Clayton is a blonde—supposing that the Arizona sun hasn't tanned her beyond recognition as such. You know she has been down through the Grand Cañon region playing in "The Great Divide."

V. M. W., TUSCOLA, ILL.—If you have not seen a full-page picture of Theda Bara you must have missed the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as there was a splendid one in it. Beverly Bayne has re-joined Francis X. Bushman and the Bushman-Bayne films are again to run as the headliners of the program. Marguerite Snow is to have a company of her own. "The Lure of the Mask" is an American featuring Harold Lockwood and the scenes are in and around Santa Barbara, Cal.

J. B., NEW ORLEANS.—We should like to give you her name, but confidences must be observed. "The Confessions of a Star" will have to remain the plaint "of one of filmdom's fairest, no names mentioned." To publish her name would involve her in all sorts of difficulties, and that would never do.

N. A. I., SAN FRANCISCO.—Harry Marvin in Pathe's "Perils of Pauline," was Crane Wilbur, now of the Horsley studios. Owens was played by Paul Panzer, now of the Universal, opposite Mary Fuller. Pearl White has been taking a vacation and her next pictures have not been announced.

L. M., DALLAS, TEXAS, and A. McL., N. Y.—After the completion of "The Goddess," Anita Stewart rested for several weeks, but you will see her in a new play very shortly, if one is not out already. King Baggot's name is exactly that—K. B. Billy in Universal's "Through the Swinging Doors," is Paul Byron. Mr. Bushman is an American, born in Norfolk, Virginia.

H. and D. C., NEW YORK.—Mrs. Pickford was one of the most interesting elements of the November installment of the Mary Pickford story. The mothers of stars are always interesting—that is one of the reasons their daughters are stars—and you will find the mother appears constantly as a guiding force in Mary Pickford's success. George Stewart, Anita Stewart's brother is about fifteen years old. Yes, you must forget all about Signe Auen as she has decided that henceforth it shall be Seena Owen, and Seena Owen it shall be. Signe Auen is her name but she says no one could pronounce it. In Famous Players' "Commanding Officer," the Colonel and his wife are Donald Crisp and Alice Dovey; the Captain is Marshall Neilan; the retired Colonel is Russell Bassett and the Orderly is Jack Pickford. However, the two smaller stars, labeled just "the children" are Francis Carpenter and Olive Johnson.

T. A., VANCOUVER, B. C.—“I am patiently waiting for a good picture with Harold Lockwood in the lead, not assisting some other player who is not half as good as he is. Some of the best pictures are completely spoiled, too, by having a very poor supporting cast, which causes the star to be the only interesting character in the play. Scenes from which the star is absent are therefore in such plays akin to those labeled desert waste.” T. A. continues, “Vancouver is right up to the minute so far as moving pictures are concerned, for the best films are shown here promptly the moment they are released.”

H. S., WASHINGTON, AND D. B., NEW YORK.—Yvonne, in Biograph's “Ashes of Inspiration” is Ilean Hume; Dandy, Glad's lover in Famous Players “Dawn of a Tomorrow,” is David Powell. Webster Campbell played in “The Guy Upstairs,” a July American.

M. S., FORDHAM, N. Y., AND H. H., PEARL RIVER, N. Y.—Ina Claire plays opposite Tom Forman in Lasky's “Wild Goose Chase.” Bryant and Grace Washburn are not related.

L. M. B. NEW HAVEN, CONN., AND E. F., LAKEWOOD, O.—Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal at Universal City, and should be so addressed. Thomas Meighan, Lasky studio in Hollywood.

A. V. C., LOUISVILLE, KY.—“Bullet Dick” Ames, the football hero, in “The Mating,” is Lewis J. Cody; Bessie Barriscale is the girl. Pronounce them: Wall-thal, accent first syllable; My-gan, accent first syllable; La-kye, short “a,” accent last syllable. Herbert Standing and Carl von Schiller are quite different persons.

H. H. R., WINONA, MINN., AND P. W. T., MITCHELL, S. D.—Milton Sills takes the role of Lake in “The Deep Purple.” In “The Shooting of Dan McGrew,” Dan is William A. Morse; Jim is Edmund Breese; Lou is Kathryn Adams and Nell is Betty Riggs. Charles Chaplin is very much present in “His New Job” (Essanay), and the parts of the director and the leading lady are played by Charles Stine and Charlotte Mineau. Address Lois Weber, Mrs. Phillips Smalley, at Universal City. We will gladly forward a letter to Lois Meredith.

A. J., SAN FRANCISCO, AND E. M., SHELburne, MASS.—Lucile, the dancer, in “Whom the Gods Would Destroy,” a Lubin picture, is Rosetta Brice; the little girl in Selig's “Rosary” is Utannah La Reno. Richard Stanton, Leona Hutton, Thelma Salter and Edward Brennan compose the cast of “On the High Sea.”

D. E. T., MERRIAM PARK, MINN., AND A. M., DEPOSIT, N. Y.—We shall tell you about Marshall Farnum, “the other brother,” very soon, and we know you will be interested. Yes, a life of Earle Williams has been published and you will undoubtedly see an advertisement of it in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in this or the next issue. His birthday is February 28th; he is thirty-five and unmarried.

L. L., MINNEAPOLIS.—Both Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are at Universal City and will gladly send you their photographs if you enclose return postage in your letter.

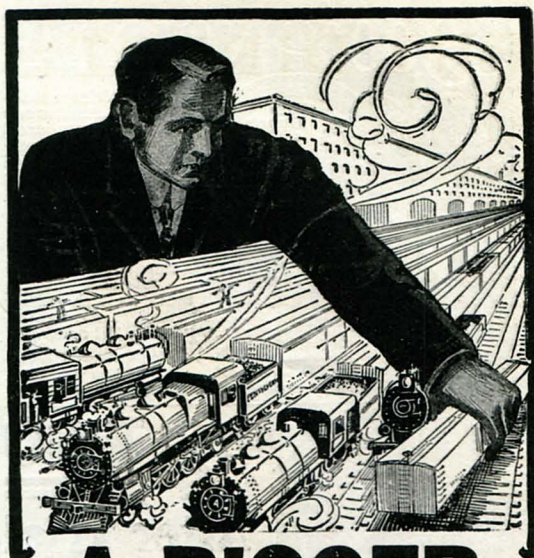
L. L., HOUSTON, TEX.—Blanche Sweet is the actress in “Oil and Water.” Why did Francis X. Bushman wear a sport shirt in “The Silent Voice”? That was the silent voice, perhaps! Beverly Bayne is unmarried—Alice Joyce is Tom Moore's wife.

A. L. H., COLUMBUS, O.—“The Shot,” was a Universal release of September and the cast included: Sydney Ayres and Richard Sterling as the younger and elder Garrett brothers; Doris Pawn and F. J. Titus as the girl and her father; Doc Crane as the valet.

P. J. G., GREENVILLE, S. C.—Lottie Briscoe has been taking a greatly needed rest and a real vacation since leaving the Lubin company. She will return to the screen ultimately but at the present time she says the late autumn weather is too good to spend on pictures.

(Continued on page 163)

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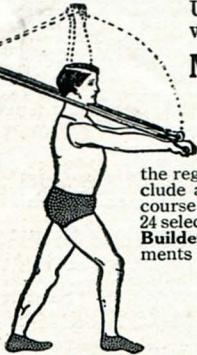
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For the convenience of our readers who may de-
sire the addresses of film companies we give the
principal ones below. The first is the business
office; (*) indicates proper office to send manu-
scripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three
may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chi-
cago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

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ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chi-
cago (*) (s); Niles, Calif. (*) (s); 651 Fairview
St., Los Angeles (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 507 Fifth Ave., New
York City (*) (s); Bronson and Melrose, Hollywood,
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FOX FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New
York City (*) (s).

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New
York City (*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s).

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KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York
City (*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s);
708 Palisade Ave., Cliffsides, N. J. (s); 1425 Flem-
ing St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave.,
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GEORGE KLEINE, 805 East 175th St., New York
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onado, Calif. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

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61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and
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(By C. Gardner Sullivan)

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Andrew Cameron	William H. Thompson
Rev. Donald Bruce	William Desmond
Colin Cameron	Charles Ray
Janet McLeod	Nona Thomas
Mrs. Cameron	Gertrude Claire

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA

(Adapted from book by Booth Tarkington)

Pallas

John Harkless	Dustin Farnum
Helen Sherwood	Winifred Kingston
Joe Fisbee	Herbert Standing
Lige Willetts	Page Peters
Rodney McCune	Howard Davies
Tom Meredith	Juan de la Cruz
Skillet	Joe Ray
Skillet's girl	Elsie Cort

C. D., RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—The lame and hunchback gypsy lad who sacrifices himself for *Kilmeny* in her namesake play, is Marshall Mackaye, and his work is able and convincing. The other gypsy is Howard Davies, and Herbert Standing is the chief of the tribe, with the usual red-bandana and the water-buffalo mustache. This is a Morosco play—Lenore Ulrich's first histrionic record.

H. A. E., ROCHESTER.—Some time PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be compelled to conduct a search for leading men for the "Beauty and Brains" winners, and in that case we shall be glad to let you right into the middle of it. Until then, silent Mansfield, you perhaps must waste your sweetness on the desert air.

J. J., LOS ANGELES.—Wally Reid was christened "William Wallace" at the time it was fashionable thus to address the son and heir, as a few years later it was most proper to call him "Elmer Ellsworth." However, among his friends the alliterative appellation did not seem to stick and they know him as Wally. (We might say that to us Wally is henceforth *Don Jose*, as Walthall is the *Little Colonel*, and, if we may invade the past, as Joe Jefferson will always be *Rip Van Winkle*.) Wally was born April 15, 1890, in St. Louis, and some day Anheuser-Busch will include him among their great Americans. Prior to joining Selig in 1909 Wally had had considerable experience theatrical with his father, Hal Reid, but since entering screen work he has never deserted the gold fiber for the boards. He has appeared with Selig, Vitagraph, Reliance, Universal, American and Lasky, and his charming wife, Dorothy Davenport, has played opposite him in a great many productions. They have a beautiful home on Allison Avenue, Los Angeles. "413" was a Ralph Ince Vitagraph in which Anita Stewart was the feminine subject of interest, as the daughter of the jeweler, Anders Randolph, the diamond smuggler. The Baron and Tina were Harry Northrup and Julia Swayne Gordon, and the secret service man and the Assistant Chief, Harry Morey and Paul Scardon.

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\$3,120 Yearly

Every smart man who runs a theatre, confectionery, cigar, drug, grocery or department store, restaurant, newsstand or concession is going to answer this ad if he sees it, or lose from \$5 to \$16 daily. *Send no money—but mail the coupon today*, and see the *actual evidence* from men like you who are getting rich from this famous Butter-Kist Corn Popper.

See how eager folks crowd around and watch this remarkable corn popper *run itself*! How one installed last winter earned \$2,085.65 the first five months! How many men are making \$25 to \$60 weekly above expenses! How this machine can earn from 70c to \$4 per hour!

Not only that—but win more trade and larger attendance—*put new blood in your whole concern*. Pays the rent of scores of picture theatres.

BUTTER-KIST Corn Popper

turns out big, white, fluffy Butter-Kist Pop Corn with a *coaxing fragrance* that makes folks hungry to buy. Not a sticky, smeary confection—but crisp, crackling pop corn, evenly, *automatically* buttered with pure creamery butter— *piping hot*, untouched by hands. Yes, genuine Butter-Kist Pop Corn, advertised to 43,000,000 readers. The tempting, tantalizing national treat that folks walk blocks to buy.

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Occupies only 26 by 32 inches of floor space— *earns five times as much profit per square foot as anything else in your place*. Gleaming plate glass sides—handsome mahogany, oak or white enameled cabinet, metal parts highly polished and nickelled.

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Photographs, figures that *prove profits*, and full details all shown in our handsome color book, "The Little Gold Mine." Valuable, inspiring! *Sent free, postpaid*. Mail the coupon or a postal *NOW!*—and gain from \$5 to \$16 daily.

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Theatre
or
Store

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1767 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Send, free, your color book, "The Little Gold Mine," that tells all about the Butter-Kist Corn Popper.

Name

Business

Address

Hints on Photoplay Writing

(Continued from page 126)

and "Correspondence Courses" and parties that offer to revise scripts for paltry fees. Always submit your photoplays direct to the scenario editors. If you have an original scenario which has an original plot, do not place it in the hands of any party who may advertise to sell photoplays, no matter how alluring the advertisement or how honest it may seem. If you do, you will be the biggest kind of a fool. And another

thing which I strongly advise is, that if you cannot work a typewriter, then give your photoplay to some typist whom you know and can trust and who does not claim to be a scenario writer. You can always get your work done by a competent typist for ten cents per sheet, including one carbon copy, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that your plot is in "safe" hands. Enough said!

Scenario Writers!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not buy, place or criticise scenarios; neither can it undertake to read them with a view to giving advice to the writers. Therefore, do not send your scripts to us. The surest and quickest way of learning their worth is to submit them direct to the scenario editors of the various film producing companies.

L. V. H., GREENSBORO, N. C.—You refer to Estelle Allen in "The Play of the Season," by the New York M. P. C., who took the part of the daughter Mary, who married the actor-playwright. Cleo Ridgely is with Lasky.

C. M. P., PORTLAND, ORE.—The different scenes in "Jewel," Universal's recent Ella Hall feature, were taken at Universal City and nearby points. "Mr. Flirt in Wrong," is a Universal picture in which Charles Winninger plays the part of the Wandering Gentleman; the flirt is Harry Gribbon; the wife is May Emory and the husband is Vin Moore.

K. E. C., Ocean City, N. J.—Harry Northrup was born in Paris, July 31, 1877. His father and mother, however, are both Americans and Harry was educated in San Francisco and at Berkeley. His first engagement was in a stock company in San Francisco, but within a few years he was playing on Broadway, where he continued for eighteen years. He joined Vitagraph and has appeared in many of their productions, among them "The Christian," "413," and "Vanity Fair."

G. B., ELIZABETH, N. J.—"Who is HAM?" Ham, of Ham and Bud, has a perfectly nice name in private life, among his friends—Lloyd V. Hamilton in fact. He's with Kalem and was with the Frontier for a year before joining them, but it is with Kalem that he originated HAM.

M. H., SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.—The May issue is the only one of the recent numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which we are unable to supply you. Send us the usual 15c. (Canada, 20c you know.)

L. V. G., FREDERICK, MD.—"Gilbert M. Anderson" is a nom-du-theatre, but he also uses it off-stage. There are over three hundred film companies in California alone, and probably an equal number in the East and South, though it is impossible to say exactly how many.

A. J., LAWTON, OKLA.—Bessie Barriscale will gladly send you one of her photographs if you write her at Triangle's Inceville studio.

E. G. M., FREDERICTON, N. B.—Jack, in Universal's "Elsie's Uncle," is Sydney Nason. In Lasky's "Snobs," Victor Moore and Anita King took the leading roles—Victor as the recipient of the unfamiliar dignities and Miss King as the girl.

M. P. P., PEORIA, ILL.—"Who's Who in Society," is a Kleine play dealing with the social climbers and the usual fake-nobleman. The newly rich husband and wife, and their daughter are Dan Moyles, Kate Sergeantson and Della Connors; Lord Algy is Edward Lester and the detective is William H. Power.

M. M. L., SEATTLE, and F. A. P., BROCKVILLE, ONT.—Craig, in "The Black Box," is Frank MacQuarrie, a brother of Murdock MacQuarrie. "The Girl of Yesterday," is a late Famous Players' Mary Pickford release, and "Madame Butterfly" is the most recent—Nov. 8. No definite date has been set for Mary Pickford's return to California, but she will be in New York for several months at least.

K. F. S., NEW HAVEN, CONN., and J. E. F., WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Warren Kerrigan is with the Victor company of the Universal and he did in fact do several months of filming at Lake Tahoe this summer. Edna Mayo is unmarried.

G. S. V., SAN FRANCISCO.—Even though you have just arrived in this country from India you should be able perhaps to secure a place as an actor. You see, while you are disqualified for plays requiring Americans, you have the qualification of being a "natural Indian," and would be valuable just as the Japs are in their roles. Why don't you try the studios of Hollywood and Los Angeles?

(Continued on page 166)



Captain Peacocke Says to Photoplay Writers:

(See Photoplay Magazine, Dec. 1915)

"You must learn to use a typewriter. A hand-written 'script' is never even glanced at in a scenario department . . . Typewrite it (your scenario) or have it typewritten."

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke is Photoplay Magazine's authority on writing and editing scenarios. Take his advice—He tells you you haven't a chance to sell a hand-written manuscript and **he knows**. You don't have to buy a typewriter.

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I. S. L., MEDFORD, MASS.—Those bathing pictures, as you surmised, yielded to the necessities of the season and, like the panamas, faded quietly away. The redeeming part of it all is that there is another summer coming, and 'tis said it will be warmer and breezier than this one—and think what we gave you this year! William Courtleigh, Jr., who, with Lillian Lorraine, takes the leading role in Pathe's "Neal of the Navy," was born in Buffalo March 8th, 1892. He isn't a stray in the theatrical world—he's a regular, he belongs; his father is the well known actor, William Courtleigh, and William Junior joined the ranks when five years old. At it ever since. More recently he appeared with Ethel Barrymore in "Her Picture" and "The Nightingale," and with H. B. Warner in "Under Cover," three legitimate productions. A month or so ago he and Miss Ethel Fleming were married in California, where they have been making pictures of Neal and our navy. Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are both unmarried and so is Joseph Kaufman.

D. B. L., YONKERS, N. Y.—We don't account for it at all!

F. I. O., GUELPH, CANADA.—Oh, very well, have your own way about Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin. Frank Farrington was born in London, Florence La Badie in Montreal and Earle Williams in Sacramento, California, which of course lets in a little ray of sunshine, to cheer us up.

R. G., TOPEKA, KAN.—Captain Peacocke's series of "Hints on Photoplay Writing" have not been published in book form as yet, although they probably will be ultimately. However, we are able to supply all back numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE containing Captain Peacocke's articles at the regular charge of 15 cents per copy; the series started in May and the model scenario appeared in October.

C. R. H., STOUGHTON, MASS.—Don't worry about not being a subscriber—write us any time you have questions to ask regarding the photoplays or the players. Harold Lockwood is with the American Film Mfg. Co., at Santa Barbara, Calif., and you should write to him there regarding his photograph. William Garwood, also a bachelor, is in New York City and should be addressed at the eastern Universal office. You will see announcements regarding the Arnold Daly pictures just as soon as there is anything to tell—"The Old Homestead" ought to make a great film and some company will undoubtedly take it in hand. No, indeed, this service is entirely free to our readers and we do not expect any sort of fee or compensation from you.

WASHINGTON.—Yes, indeed, the District of Columbia is included in the "Beauty and Brains Contest," in the Eastern Division. Canada has also been accorded a place, and from our northern neighbor perhaps will come another Mary Pickford. This is an earnest search for new material—for the latent ability which is only waiting a chance to gain its due recognition.



Want To Be An "Extry?"

If you do, elbow right through this crowd and get in front. Careful! Don't step on this little foreground boy, or jostle that middle-distance veteran. And don't flirt with the pretty Plymouthrock left-center. Photograph taken outside Griffith's "Fine Arts" studio in Hollywood.

R. S., SAN FRANCISCO.—Visitors are permitted in the various studios about as freely as they are on the fighting lines in Europe. Scarcely a studio allows anyone to invade the privacy of production, as cracker-barrel direction is not conducive to best results. A studio is a workshop of the most intense variety. Miriam Cooper may be addressed at 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

A. H., FREEPORT, ILL.—In "The Stolen Voice," a World featuring Robert Warwick, the many summer resort scenes were taken at Rye Beach, near New York City, where he jumped down from the porch and took a sunrise plunge in the ocean as the result of a half-awake dare.

R. K., BELOIT, WIS.—Cleo Ridgely of the Lasky pictures is a New Yorker strayed far from home unless, as we surmise, she now calls Hollywood home. She was born May 12, 1893, the year Edison first exhibited films, so Cleo and the cinema have sort of grown up together. She had much experience on the stage before joining Kalem in 1909. Probably her best known appearances were in Kalem's "Girl Detective Series," and in "Stolen Goods," "The Fighting Hope," and "The Chorus Lady," three Lasky plays. She is five feet four and has gray eyes and light brown hair.

J. A. H., PORTLAND, OREG.—Creighton Hale is an Irishman who claims Cork as his birthplace. He was born over there May 24, 1892, and after being educated in England played for two years in London theatres, and then came to America where he has been seen in the stage production of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Indian Summer," and "Moloch." His best known screen work is in "The Exploits of Elaine." He is five feet ten in height, has blue eyes and light hair and weighs 145 pounds. He is unmarried.

G. B., KANSAS CITY, and A. L. R., CUYAHOGA FALLS, O.—The reason you do not see more of James Kirkwood, who played opposite Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes," is because he is directing rather than playing at the present time. He is with the eastern studio forces of the Famous Players. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not furnish information on the scenario market except as it appears in Captain Peacock's department and herein when there may be real news for our readers.

G. C. R., OWATONNA, MINN., and A. F. H., LA PORTE CITY, IA.—Anitra in Morosco's "Peer Gynt" is Mary Reubens—do not confuse her with Mary Ruby who played the part of Ingrid. Mary Pickford plays the title role of "Esmeralda," her lover is Charles Waldron and the Horrid Nobleman who came so near to winning her is Arthur Hoops—he is always playing a villainous something or other. Ida Waterman is the aspiring mother and Fuller Mellich the kindly old father who dislikes Speed and who can't find Comfort now that mother has been bitten by the society bug.

J. A. M., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—"The Confession of Madame Barastoff" is a Vitagraph production; the self-sacrificing young Lieutenant is Gladden James, and Edna Holland is the young wife whom he refused to compromise in order to save himself. Evert Overton and Lillian Walker play the leading roles in "The Honeymoon Pact," also a Vitagraph.

M. O., COLUMBIA, PENNA.—Neither Dorothy Kelly nor James Morrison is married. Gladys Hulette and Mabel Trunnelle are not related—the way Miss Hulette has joined the Thanhouser company at New Rochelle.

T. A. L., TONOPAH, NEV.—has fallen in love with Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, and like thousands of others, is mighty interested in their affairs. Which we don't mind, but how is an Answer Man to reply to this: "I am interested to know why Anita Stewart and Earle Williams do not get married; I think they are an ideal couple." But supposing each is in love with someone else, what then?

P. J., MINNEAPOLIS.—"The Vagabond" was a Thanhouser production in which Morris Foster and Miss De Carlton took the leading parts.

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Marguerite Clark

Crane Wilbur
Arthur Johnson
King Baggot
Thanhouser Kidlet
Blanche Sweet
Marguerite Snow
Mabel Normand

Carlyle Blackwell
Broncho Billy
John Barry
Ethel Grandon
Belle Adair
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C. G. CLINTON, IA.—If you have a manuscript which you wish typewritten take it to one of the public stenographers in your own city. The pictures appearing in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are not for sale and we are unable to supply them to our readers, much as we should like to do so. Follow Captain Peacock's series of articles in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as it is the most accurate source of information on scenario writing that you can obtain. The principal roles in "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" (Mutual) are taken by May Allison as Louie, the secretary, and Harold Lockwood as Hap, the son of Mrs. Hazard.

V. G. CHATHAM, ONT., and I. D. L., TORONTO.—Velma Whitman is with the western Lubin studio and should be addressed in care of the company in Los Angeles. We have no idea where you might obtain a photograph of Edgar Selwyn, as he was with Lasky only during the production of "The Arab," and is at present in New York City, playing in the legitimate.

A. C. F., ELIZABETH, N. J.—The three Ince brothers are Thomas H. Ince of the Triangle, Ralph Ince of Vitagraph, and John Ince of the World Films. Numerous articles regarding them and their work have appeared in recent issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

F. E. P., ELMWOOD, R. I., and B. D., MANKATO, MINN.—You refer to George Fischer who took the part of Jack Sturges in "The Darkening Trail." Harry Morey and Betty Gray take the parts of the Detective and Enid, the girl he hoped to marry, in Vitagraph's "Girl Who Might Have Been." William Dargman is Jo's brother, the little cripple in "The Awakening" (this is Freddie the Ferret, you know). We understand that Anita Stewart is always glad to hear from her friends and replies just as soon as her very busy days permit. At the Vitagraph studio.

A. A. A., CONCORD JCT., MASS.—In "Monsieur Nicola Dupree" (Thanhouser) the artist is Harris Gordon and the millionaire Morris Foster. You recognized Florence LaBadie, of course, as the girl.

B. M. B., BROOKLYN.—The various business reasons which enter into an exhibitor's selection of pictures are many indeed, and we cannot give you any answer as to why your theater shows certain plays and not others. You might write to the Famous Players Film Co. for information regarding their releases.

E. L., BROOKLYN.—Robert Conness of the Edison Films is married to Helen Strickland, also of the Edison Company. Mr. Conness joined Edison after much theatrical experience, in 1909, and has been with this company ever since.

TOMMY ATKINS remarks that he is strongly in favor of conscription of moving picture directors. A couple of years of army life would teach them how a motion picture rookie should carry a motion picture gun without offending all the dignity and ethics of army circles. Sergeant A. W. of Vancouver says in part: "American directors producing pictures of the British army invariably make the mistake of marching their troops at attention with their rifles on their right shoulders."

A. L. G., SIDNEY, O., and L. D., HOUSTON, TEX.—Address Teddy Sampson at the Majestic-Reliance studio, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. We suggest you write Claire Whitney herself regarding a picture: Fox Film Corporation.

M. K. W., SALT LAKE.—The Thanhouser Twins, Madeline and Marion Fairbanks, are thirteen years old. They probably have had more theatrical experience than any other children their age, as they were on the stage before joining the Thanhouser Company. Charlie Chaplin is not married, and Dorothy Phillips is not related to Norma Phillips.

R. E. W., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Lieut. Richard Coleman, in "Her Own Way," is Robert H. Barrat. This is the screen version of the Clyde Fitch play of the same name and features Florence Reed as Georgiana Carley, Clarissa Selwynne as Mrs. Carley, and James O'Neill as the Grand Duke.

C. H., WEATHERFORD, TEX.—Matt Moore is the only one of the three Moore brothers who has managed to evade the fair sex; he is still a bachelor. Harold Lockwood is in Matt's predicament too—popular and protesting against so much attention. But they will get them yet!

A. E. S., YORK, PA.—For some reason or other you have not been getting the recent Matt Moore pictures, for he is with the Universal, and if you write to him, should be addressed at the Universal's New York office.

M. W., BALTIMORE.—Lottie Pickford is married to a non-professional and is living in California. King Baggot's picture will be in the book of one hundred players' pictures, and before long in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. No, Creighton Hale and Pearl White are not related, and those are their real names.

E. B., SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.—Yes, there is a Beatriz Michelena story in the July issue of Photoplay Magazine—"A Phyllis of the Sierras," from the film of that name produced by the California M. P. C. We shall try.

M. B., MIAMI, ARIZ.—Bert Hadley was born in Walla Walla, Washington, April 12, 1882, and first appeared on the stage in Spokane in 1901. He began screen work with the New York M. P. Corporation in 1912, and later he joined Kalem and then Universal. He is a brunette and usually plays heavy or character parts.

E. K., HOLSTEIN, IA., and J. S., MONTREAL.—"The Girl of the Secret Service," is a Universal Ford-Cunard film. Chaplin's birthday is April 16th—Marguerite Clark's, February 22d.

C. and F., EUREKA, CALIF.—We can't tell you the mechanical process involved, but will ask if you recall the old kodak pictures of a man wheeling himself in a wheelbarrow? That is the same idea involved in the double pictures you see in the films. Olive Golden is the Countess in Universal's "Captain of Villains." There will be interviews with both Warwick and Bushman before long.

M. L., ROSLINDALE, MASS.—You refer to Elsie Greeson and Sidney Smith in "Man Overboard," a Selig. For the Pickford information we want to ask you to follow the story of Mary Pickford's life, which is appearing in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—the installment herewith is the third.

I. Q. T., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., and R. P. C., WILLIAMSTOWN, KY.—The hero, the Crown Prince of Kurland, the man who played "opposite" Ann Murdock in Metro's "Royal Family," is Montagu Love. Edith Johnson is the girl in Selig's "The Face at the Window."

E. W. F., LAKEWOOD, O.—Grace Cunard has been in the photoplays about four years; she started, as seems proper for stars, with the old Biograph company, thence traveled to Lubin, Republic and the New York M. P. C., going from the latter, with Francis Ford to the Universal. Other than the serials, she has played in "Smugglers' Island," "Mystery of the Throne Room," "Study in Scarlet," "Call of the Waves," and "Nabbed." Those are only a few of course.

G. J. B., PARAGOULD, ARK.—In "Rule Sixty-three," Mrs. Tremayne, who was divorced from her husband, is Leota Lorraine. Mrs. Bryant Washburn is Mabel Forrest and she does not appear in this picture. Many thanks for the information—very interesting indeed.

I. A., LEADVILLE, COLO., and L. A.—There will undoubtedly be interviews with your favorite players within the next few numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. We desire, above all things, to please our readers and are indeed glad to hear suggestions regarding their wishes. We hope to publish some interesting Alice Joyce news and pictures soon and ask that you await them—they will be worth it.

S. F., CINCINNATI.—Elsie Janis is not being pictured just now, but is playing Broadway in "Miss Information" at the Cohan. Howard Estabrook was in the cast when it first came out.

(Continued on page 174)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 96)

BECAUSE I have seen just such a picture taken, I suppose the wonderful mechanics of "The Secret Sin" made me look more at its mathematics than its morals.

In this, a Lasky production, we have two sisters, Edith and Grace Martin, played by the same girl: Blanche Sweet. One of the sisters falls a victim to the opium habit, and goes down down; while the other, striving to drag her up, struggles a long time in the dark, not understanding her sister's bafflingly mysterious malady. Most of the girl's scenes are together, and while to the lay onlooker the spectacle of Blanche Sweet playing a pair of parts, dually visible, was uncanny, to the observer who knows a little bit of the trick of exposing half the film at a time, the display was mostly a big scientific triumph. The synchronization of movement and gesture, and especially silent dialogue and concerted action, is appallingly difficult.

In the mechanics, and in the dramatic side of the picture as well, Lasky produced a good photoplay. The Sweet devotees will find here a really serious piece of their favorite's work.

THE CHORUS LADY" is so well known that remirroring its various facets of appeal is hardly worth while anywhere. The news note is that the piece came to its screening last month, and that it has been given a consistent and typical Lasky production, with Cleo Ridgely, erstwhile villainess, in an interesting replication of the role made famous by Rose Stahl.

LAURA HOPE CREWS has made still another Lasky picture. This one, "Blackbirds," does not appeal with the conviction of her other shadow enterprise; probably because the story, a melodrama that seems knocked together on order, is far from enthralling. Still, the producer and the star have done their work well.

ONE afternoon last month, in the midst of belabored dramatic wheezes, hot emotions made censorially cool, and gasping, melancholic comedy, there flashed across the screen a breezy little Western excerpt so effortless, so simple and so thor-

oughly, naturally funny, that the weary house shouted with laughter and took a fresh grip on its faith in life.

This message from providence was a Selig bit called "The Stagecoach Guard." Feature, Tom Mix. The story concerned the rescue of some tenderfooted women at the customary outburst of banditry, and the embarrassed hero's subsequent, horsey efforts to make a personal hit. There was nothing unusual about story or development of character. There was nothing unusual about the picture—except that it was immense!

THE American photoplay, "The End of the Road," has a double-twisted story the telling of which could be successfully accomplished only in several explicitly detailed paragraphs; and for these paragraphs there is no space. However, here is one of the best pictures Harold Lockwood has yet made; and probably the best of all the Lockwood-Allison plays.

WHEN Fox essayed "Carmen" numbers, money, and scenery were evidently not considered as having limits. What Fox secured was less the "Carmen" of tradition and Bizet than a magnificently mounted, rattling melodrama in Spanish garb. Despite certain faults in conception, Geraldine Farrar has probably forgotten more about the character of Carmen than Theda Bara ever knew; nevertheless, I have heard sensible people say they liked the Bara Carmen far better than the gypsy a la the operasinger. So there you are.

SWEET ALYSSUM," Selig production, is lifted above the stagnant level of virtue-eventually-triumphant-over-vice by the fine, human acting of Tyrone Power as Roanoke Brooks. Col. Selig is fortunate in having Tyrone Power, for here is a classic-schooled actor who has been able to transfer, unerringly, every one of his good effects. Few men of such combined finesse and power have been able to so effectually transplant their various gifts from boards to screen.

Kathlyn Williams, as Daisy Brooks, is sweet, womanly, lovely, intelligent.

(Continued on page 173)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 172)

WHEN is Universal going to let us see another photoplay via Lois Weber? This remarkable woman director possesses an opulent, dramatic-poetic and serviceable imagination rivalled by only three other directoral imaginations in America. "Jewel" was a psychologic masterpiece.

THE first of Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman's much-talked-of series of social studies for Lubin, "When Youth is Ambitious," proved to be more promise than fulfilment; a document more introspective than dramatic. It was produced with exceptional thought and care, and in it Robert Cain vouchsafed a studious, thoughtful characterization.

THE Equitable picture, "The Cowardly Way," with Florence Reed, had an original idea, and might have been a psychologic thriller had not so much time been wasted in arriving at the point.

The speculative consideration of the relations of the unseen and the unseen is of course one man's viewpoint, but materially, the Equitable studios have left nothing undone for its success. The photography and mechanics are superb.

HERE'S to Jackie Saunders, one of the cleverest and most appealing of picture ingenues—and to the chance we hope she'll get! Balboa is having a hard struggle to find proper vehicles for this girl.

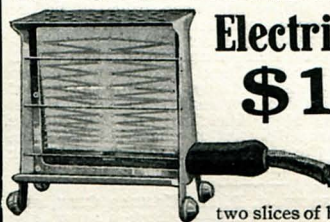
THE newest Chaplin, "A Night at the Show," contains the comedian in a dual role: with plastered hair and respectable evening attire; and, again, in the wildest and most disreputable rig—and an unaccustomed makeup, too—that he has ever assumed.

Here Chaplin loses the rails again by reason of no story. And still he is funny. When they showed me this mussy and at times decidedly unpleasant visual narrative I punctuated it with ribald shouts. I couldn't help roaring. Oh, for a Chaplin author!

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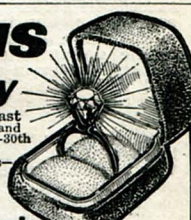
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R. E. M., PORTLAND, ME.—We should like to have given you the story you requested but the magazine had gone to press even before we received your letter and the play had been released before the next issue appeared on the newsstands. However, we shall undoubtedly have something regarding Jack Henderson before long. And then R. E. M. says, "You remember Jack Henderson sang so delightfully in the 'Pink Lady,' and speaking of the 'Pink Lady' I'd like an interview with Hazel Dawn. Aside from Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark, she is Famous Players' one best bet." Grace Darling, who was the Hearst-Selig girl, is no longer on the screen. William Russell is not married.

E. W. S. G., SAVANNAH, P. H., KANSAS CITY, and J. C. K., OREGON CITY, ORE.—Valerie Carew, the mother of the "Millionaire Baby," is Grace Darnmond; the doctor is John Charles. In World's "Dancer and the King," the king is Victor Southerland and Giles is Howard Lang. In Selig's "Tole," the title role is played by Virginia Kirtley; Latus is Robyn Adair and the king is E. J. Brady. Hobart Henley at Universal City.

W. R. W., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—The story of "The Boss," appeared in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the same issue in which the story of Charlie Chaplin's life was begun. We will gladly supply this number upon receipt of 15c. ("The Boss" is the World film, featuring Alice Brady and Holbrook Blinn.)

R. S., PLAINFIELD, N. J. and F. B. S., U. S. S. NEBRASKA.—Creighton Hale did not play in "A Fool There Was," the Fox production.

M. K., LOS ANGELES.—House Peters is married to Mae King, formerly of New York City, but we have no information regarding Marshall Neilan.

A. B. C., GARWOOD, N. J.—The necessity for your wearing glasses would probably prevent your success in screen work. However, if it is not necessary for you to wear them at all times, you might be able to overcome this obstacle. The public does not expect to see a person wearing glasses, except in character roles which specifically call for it, and in such cases it is easier to put glasses on a person with good eyes!

C. S., CHICAGO.—Thomas Chatterton was born in Geneva, N. Y., and his first theatrical experience was in amateur plays in that city. In the Shubert stock company at Syracuse he began serious work on the boards and this engagement was followed by several seasons in stock and on the road. He joined the New York Motion Picture Corporation in 1913 and is now with Universal.

G. H. B., LOUISVILLE, KY.—No, Anita Stewart, Earle Williams and Theda Bara are not married. The young doctor in Vitagraph's "A Million Bid," was E. K. Lincoln, the Australian was Harry Morey and girl of the play was Anita Stewart.

F. C. B., DANVILLE, VA.—Ethel Grandin may be addressed in care of Kleins' New York office: Marguerite Clark at Famous Players' New York office.

R. H., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Both Lillian and Dorothy Gish may be addressed at the Fine Arts studio of Triangle in Hollywood. Lillian is about two years older than Dorothy. Pearl White has auburn—we like the word "auburn"—hair and is Irish-Italian, an unbeatable combination; she says her eyes are green.

S. C., CHERAW, S. C. tells us something that friends of Charlie Chaplin will like to know. He says, "Charlie Chaplin answered my letter."

H. D. O., DENVER.—Lillian Walker, of the Vitagraph, has been in photoplays for about five years, joining them after a vaudeville engagement, which followed a season with the "Follies of 1910." Her first theatrical work was in a melodrama called "The Little Organ Grinder," and it is interesting to know that in this play (not a film) Maurice Costello was the leading man and Mrs. Mary Maurice the old lady. Alice Joyce is a Kansas City girl—Blanche Sweet a Chicagoan.

J. C. L., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Cleo Madison, who has appeared in so many Universal pictures opposite Joe King, comes from Bloomington, Illinois. She joined Universal in 1913 and after two years with them, is now directing her own company of Universal players, Tom Chatterton is now playing opposite Miss Madison instead of Joe King. Mr. Marrophat in "Trey o' Hearts," is Ray Hanford.

T. S., PHILADELPHIA.—The "Sky Hunters," an Edna Mayo-Bryant Washburn picture, was filmed while the Essanay Company was working in the south last winter: Lasky's desert scenes in "The Arab" were taken in southeastern California and Arizona.

L. R., SIOUX CITY AND S. G., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Herbert Rawlinson appeared in the April PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Art Section, and of course he will be included in the book of players. You should write to him and find out. Yes, Earle Williams' photograph will be among the hundred.

L. Q., DALLAS.—"The House of a Thousand Candles," was produced by the Selig company under the direction of T. N. Heffron. Harold Lockwood is a Brooklynite. We refuse to discuss Francis X. Bushman's amethyst ring any longer—the mystery will have to remain unsolved!

C. E., CLARESHOLM, ALTA.—The developing of the long strips of film, varying from five hundred to a thousand feet, is done in large tanks, the film being wound back and forth so that a minimum of space is required. The island scenes in "Lucille Love," were taken off the coast of California. In cartoons and drawings where the work is apparently done right on the screen, the reason there are never errors, is because it is possible to cut out mistakes in editing the film, and thus to run only film of the accurate portions. You refer to Alexander Gaden in both.

J. O., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In Universal's "Tam O' Shanter," Tam's daughter Jean is Marjorie Beardsley. This is sort of "carrying coals to Newcastle" to give a Hollywoodite information regarding the films, but we are glad to be able to do so.

J. H. AND H. G., CLARKSBURG, W. VA., AND O. B. H., ST. JOHN'S, N. B.—Billie Mason and Pat O'Malley—we'll see what the editor has to say. Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams took the leading roles in "My Official Wife," a Vitagraph: James Young directed.

D. H., FT. WORTH, TEX.—Gwendolyn in Selig's "Millionaire Baby," is Charlotte Stevens. This is the screen version of the story by Anna Katherine Green which first appeared in the Ladies Home Journal several years ago. Beverly Bayne is unmarried: Charles Chaplin is twenty-six.

L. E. P., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Yes, indeed, it is the same Marguerite Snow in Metro's "Second in Command," opposite Francis X. Bushman, that played in the "Million Dollar Mystery." Costuming and the character of the roles played, of course, were very different.

H. M. H., ELIZABETH, N. J., AND B. A. B., BUFFALO.—Ruth Roland should be addressed in care of the Balboa company at Long Beach. The little child taking the part of Celestia as a youngster was Baby Wiley. In Bosworth's "Majesty of the Law," Judge Kent is George Fawcett, Virginia Calhoun is Myrtle Stedman, Jackson Kent is William Desmond, and Lawrence Evans is Charles Ruggles. This was George Fawcett's initial screening.

M. A. T., SHAWNEE, OKLA., AND G. M. C., BELLEVILLE, N. J.—Yes, indeed, Blanche Sweet is still with Lasky—be a little bit patient and we'll see. Pearl White is a blonde: why don't we publish another picture of Florence La Badie? Well, maybe we will, in fact the chance is mighty good.

C. D. C., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Earl Metcalf is indeed a Kentuckian, having lived for ten years in Fort Thomas and still owning a home there. Mr. Metcalf is now directing at the Lubin studios.

C. B., BROOKLYN.—In Universal's "Mrs. Plum's Pudding," Mrs. Plum and her son were Marie Tempest and Eddie Lyons; the lord whom she marries is Graham Browne; Mrs. Van Zant, the social engineer, and her daughter, with whom Eddie Lyons falls in love, are Jean Hathaway and Violet MacMillan. The detective is Lee Moran.

L. H., MEMPHIS, TENN.—Gladys Hanson and William Russell played the leads in Famous Players' "Straight Road," and Arthur Hoops and Lorraine Huling also had prominent places in the cast. Regarding Anita Stewart, Julia Swayne Gordon is not her mother; Harry Morey is not her father and Arthur Cozine is not her brother!

E. L., EAST CLEVELAND.—Florence La Badie may be reached at New Rochelle, N. Y., where she is playing with the Thanhouser Company, and a letter of request will bring an autographed photograph, if you enclose return postage. She is not married.

M. L. S., HARTFORD, CONN.—At the present time Henry Walthall is filling an engagement with the Essanay company in Chicago, but Mae Marsh has continued with the Griffith forces. She is with the Fine Arts studio of the Triangle, which is the Griffith division of that organization.

J'N'E, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—As a rule it is a great deal more simple and direct to write a player regarding a picture than to write us to inquire if one will be sent you. There are a great many players who will and with many more it depends upon your own letter as to whether you receive a reply. Try them out—no harm done in any event. Of the players you mention, we know that Grace Cunard will be pleased to send you a picture at your request.

W. T., WALTHAM, MASS.—There will be a mighty interesting interview with Hazel Dawn in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE; you will enjoy it immensely. Although her advent into pictures is comparatively recent she is one of the most popular players in the present day pictures.

E. M. R., OCALA, FLA.—Lottie Pickford is married to a non-professional. The youngest stars of the screen are probably to be found amongst the kiddikins in December PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. We refer you to it.

A. B. G., COMMERCE, TEX.—Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller are no relation whatever. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore have not played opposite each other for some time, but there is no telling when we may see this little wife and her husband on the same screen again. Her hair is a light brown, golden in fact.

D. W., NEW YORK CITY.—Dustin Farnum's birthday is May 27th, and Gladden James' is February 26th.

(Continued on page 177)



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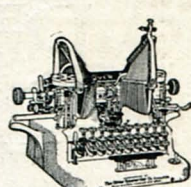
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F. M. WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN.—Henceforth Griffith, Ince and Sennett will release their dramatic artistry through the Triangle Film Corporation. They still have their old studios, though large additions are being made and Ince is to have an entirely new plant at Culver City. Keystone is the same organization as ever and has merely transferred its films to Triangle for release, after they have been produced under Sennett's supervision. Griffith is at the Fine Arts studio; Inceville explains itself. Arthur Johnson, Lottie Briscoe, Alice Joyce and Jesslyn Van Trump are not playing right now, though an early return is contemplated by each of them. Norma Phillips is playing on the stage.

B. C. F. WEST TOLEDO, O.—Jimmie Cruze has not only reached the Coast but he has been playing with the Lasky company in the film featuring Edna Goodrich. Florence Lawrence is not playing.

B. K. DAYTON, O., and A. A. W. STOCKTON, CALIF.—Edna Mayo and Richard Travers have been playing leading roles in many of the recent Essanay pictures. Their company is at the eastern studio, in Chicago. Marguerite Clark, Harold Lockwood and Ina Claire are all members of the single blessedness club.

I. D., SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Irving Cummings was behind the footlights for twelve years prior to engaging in screen work, and his service diverse and in many well known productions—"David Harum," "Way Down East," and "The Man of the Hour." First with Powers, then with Pathe, Reliance, American and Horsley. He is best known for his recent work in "The Diamond from the Sky," in the role of *Arthur Stanley*. Frank Borzage is with the Beauty brand of American films, playing opposite Neva Gerber.

ROSE CITY, PORTLAND, OREG.—Allan Law in "The Trey o' Hearts" is George Larkin, but he is back with Selig again, having left Universal several months ago. He is married to Dolly Larkin.

A. F., MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are both at Universal City and may be so addressed; they will gladly send you photographs upon request.

J. L., CATTARAUGUS, N. Y.—In Universal's "A Shriek in the Night," *Lathrop* and *Patsy* are Warren Kerrigan and Helen Leslie; in Lubin's "Jim West, Gambler," *Jim West* and his wife are Melvin Mayo and Dorothy Barrett. More Terrance O'Rourke are coming.

T. J., THE DALLES, OREG.—Francis X. Bushman should now be addressed at Metro's New York office, and the same is true of Beverly Bayne. They are both playing in the east and probably will continue there for several months at least.

HINAMOA, N. Z.—We turned that post script over to the editor of the Rocks and Roses, it was too good to use anywhere else. In Universal's "Cards Never Lie," the heiress is Delphine Fielding.

H. A. C., COVINGTON, KY.—Mabel Normand is all right again, her injuries not being as serious as feared. Charlie Chaplin denies positively that he has any thought of going into vaudeville and says that he will continue the mirthful genius of silent scintillation.

D. F. M., CUMBERLAND, MD., says, "I don't like the men Mary Pickford has been playing with lately. I liked 'Rags' but didn't think much of the man. Why doesn't she play with Owen Moore or Harold Lockwood or Conway Tearle? I like him very much and I know he is with Famous Players. It would make her pictures still more popular if she played with a good leading man." Mary Pickford's leading man is intimately important to Americans—much more so than European wars and Mexico and stuff newspapers waste the front pages on. "The White Pearl" has been released for some time and Marie Doro is just as innocently uncomprehending of the big, big world about her as she was in "The Morals of Marcus." We liked Marcus better however.

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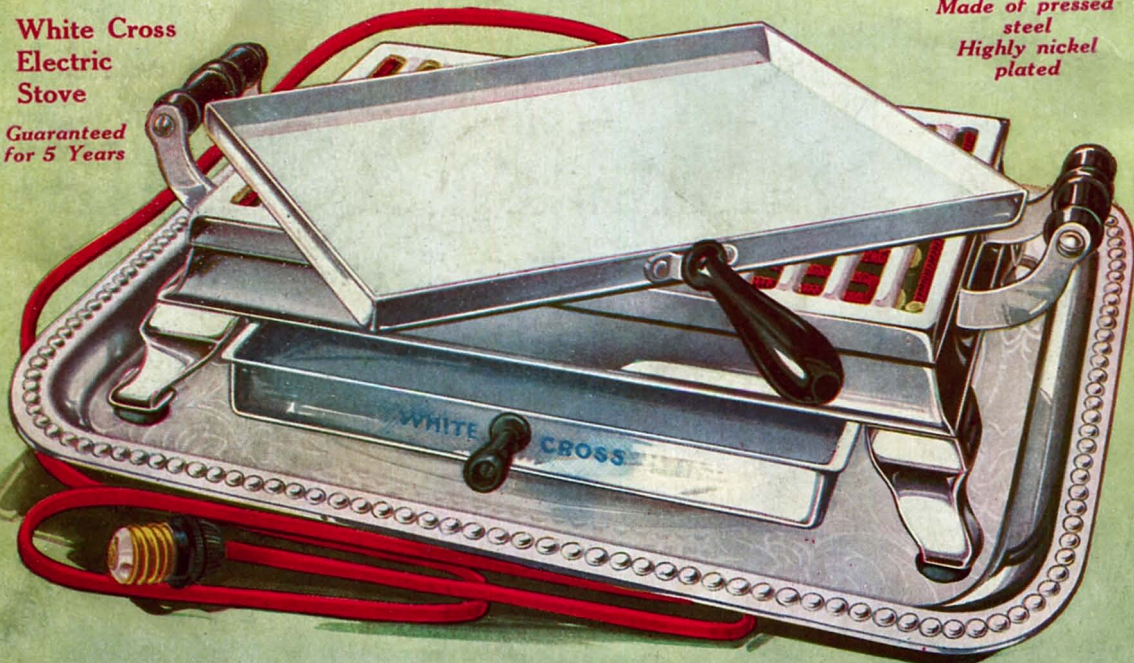
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